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TRAVELS AND TALES

IN VERSE.

And sooth it is (with rev'rence may ye hear
And honour due to passion so refin'd)
The strong affection, which true patriots bear
To their dear country, zealous is and kind.
And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects copy,
Ne other paragone may ever find,
But, gazing on her with an awful eye
And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

Gilbert West's Canto "On the Abuse of Travelling."

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SAMUEL HODGSON, WIMPOLE STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the extensive range which the former part of this volume contains, it may, perhaps, serve as a manual to one visiting the scenes which it attempts to describe, when, whilst resting on his tour, or confined by unpropitious weather, he may amuse himself with the accompanying Tales—or it may entertain a traveller at home—and in its being so fortunate as to meet with this result, the author would fain flatter himself with some hope, who, on a former occasion, in undergoing the ordeal of criticism, did not pass without the meed of encouragement, and may be permitted to refer to the just remark of Eustace, in his Classical Tour through Italy, that "Ovid observes in some beautiful lines (Ep. ex Ponto, lib. 2), there is not a stronger bond than that which is formed by a participation of the accidents and of the vicissitudes of a long and eventful journey;" and how deeply he has cause to feel the force of these lines, he would hope that those who may peruse these sketches with any interest, will kindly judge, and, at the conclusion of the volume, accord due sympathy.

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With awe, with joy, with gratitude imprest,
What exultation may now swell each breast!
Oh well may our exulting bosoms deem,
By precipice, o'er mountain, sea and stream,
O'er many a wild'ring road, some guardian fay
Th' invisible companion of our way,
In storm and darkness!—well may I relate
The pleasures that have crown'd our wand'ring fate,
And, for the promis'd joys it made us gain,
Invoke the Muse to raise the grateful strain:
Enough, indeed, to wake the dullest Muse,
"With all the world before us, where to choose
Our place of rest and Providence our guide,"
With all, indeed, to wake a poet's pride!

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SUMMARY OF THE SKETCHES.

PART THE FIRST.

The author started on this tour from Southampton, enjoying, with his dear companion, the beautiful sylvan drive through Lyndurst to Lymington, where the view of the Isle of Wight kindled their pleasing recollections.

After having coasted Dorset and Devon from Mount Edgecumbe, we had, in a variety of objects, an ample prospect for the contemplation of the glories of Britain, and felt gratified in the retrospection of our course.

In passing over the verdant plains of Sedgemore, to survey them in their vast extent, we ascended the Torr Hill, near Glastonbury. This region brought to mind the names of Alfred and of the redoubted Arthur—the first from the monarch having taken refuge in the Isle of Athelney; and the second from tradition, giving to the hero his sepulture in Glastonbury Abbey.

In our walks about Clifton, and in the domain of King's Weston, whence we beheld the country which we intended to traverse, we anticipated with delight our progress.

We traced, from Chepstow, nearly the whole of the coast of South and North Wales.

After the fine view of the course of the Bristol Channel, the approach by Neath to Swansea is highly picturesque; the effect of the copper works blasting the soil with their sulphureous influence, in its immediate vicinity, must strike every stranger, as well as the beauty of the Bay in which the town is situated.

Through Caermarthen we reached Tenby, which fully answered our expectations of its marine attractions; and from Pembroke floated into the magnificent harbour of Milford Haven.

On passing from the reign of cultivation which clothes the circling hills of Haverford West, Saint David's, indeed, presents, in the dreary approach to it and on its melancholy site, how depopulated are the realms of this part of the principality.

The tract from Saint David's to Fishguard exhibits more strongly the effects of this picture; when a very rough road, from our having deviated from the direct one, made this long stage a most tedious operation, and the unfrequented Fishguard a most welcome resting-place.

At this period our evil genius seemed to have been

pursuing us; yet, in the memorable and toilsome distance from Cardigan, where there was nothing remarkable for arresting our progress, our having got over this space was still a source of congratulation.

The Devil's Bridge and Hafod formed a pleasing conclusion of our tour in South Wales.

The vicinity of Machynlleth presented us with the first striking view of the romantic scenery of the principality, especially from an eminence whence we gazed upon a vast amphitheatre of cloud-capt hills.

Our residence in the inn at Minffordd, at the foot of Cader Idris, while waiting for a favourable period for ascending the mountain, which we twice achieved to its summit, must make a lasting impression on our minds, as it evinces the first specimen of that spirit by which we were actuated in this way, and from which, in so many instances, we derived so much gratification.

Through Dolgelly and Barmouth we traversed another dreary region to Harlech, retaining the entire shell of its castle, situate at the edge of a rock.

After the passage over the sands, at Tre-Madoc, the Herculean labour of wresting an immense tract from the sway of the ocean excited our warmest wishes for the success of so grand an undertaking; though, as we crossed from shore to shore on the embankment, we deplored its offering but an ineffec-

tual barrier to the irresistible element, which, we must observe, was trying its strength at the time with the united force of wind and tide.

The vales of Festiniog and Gwynant were now successively beheld. If the latter cannot boast the luxuriant beauty of the former, it possesses its attractions in its wildness and varied grandeur, presenting, in one of its numerous windings, one of the loftiest peaks of Snowdon; which, after many a cloudy, baffling day, we reached in the manner described in the sketches, in an excursion from Carnarvon.

We were charmed with the space onward by the captivating picture of the straits of Menai, through Bangor, to the foot of Penmanmaur; and, having gone along the shelf of this precipice and reached the extremity of the pass, the enchanting prospect, as it opened upon us, of Aberconway and its castle, with the cultivated country around them, can never be forgotten.

When we had visited the monument of the first Edward's sway, we were ferried across the Conway, and cast a "longing, lingering look" on the scenes which we were quitting, on the retiring mountains, and the Great Orme's Head, where, so boldly projecting, it frowned defiance to the angry element raging at its feet, and, with the landscape, rendered more sublime beneath a lowering sky.

We reached Saint Asaph, and from the tower of

its cathedral enjoyed the view of the Vale of Clwyd, denominated the Eden of North Wales.

Through the flourishing town of Holywell we commenced another portion of our rambles.

The approach to Lancaster (which the curious traveller ought not to quit without visiting the aqueduct bridge which crosses the Lune) excited our increasing anxiety, especially in the prospect from the castle, to resume our romantic walks.

Before our tour of the lakes, we did not fail to make the usual excursion from Ulverston to the ruins of Furness Abbey, enjoying, at a most propitious period, the effect of the picture which might have afforded Claude with a favourable subject to inspire his "delicate touches," and which my sketch can only faintly portray.

Having arrived at such an engaging part of our travels, the charms of the scenes around us could not but kindle some zeal in my attempt to describe the beauties of the celebrated English lakes.

On crossing, through Carlisle, the borders of the sister kingdoms for the first time, I would fain bear the reader along our route, and bring him to the stage from Douglas Mill to Lanark, communicating our feelings of admiration and delight at the falls and in the Dale of Clyde.

After the view of the commercial prosperity which Glasgow displayed, we became anxious to start in quest of those charms to which this city conducts

the enraptured traveller, in the sublime and beautiful track by Loch Lomond, Loch Long, and, over the mountains, by Loch Fine, to Inverary.

On quitting Inverary, through Glen Aray, we gradually ascended to Tyndrum, which has such an elevated site in the Highlands, where, indeed, we might exclaim with the bard :—

> O, Caledonia! stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood!

the effect of which we felt more forcibly at every step, in our winding drive around the base of Ben More, continued through Glen Dochart, and reaching from Callander the very regions made so famous in his song.

We left the Highlands, and took a temporary farewell view of them from Stirling Castle—glorious and enchanting prospect, which can never be obliterated from our recollections!

The fields of Bannockburn and Falkirk, with Linlithgow for the remains of its regal residence, came next under observation.

We were much interested in our approach to and during our stay in Edinburgh, acknowledging the view from Calton Hill to form the finest combination.

PART THE SECOND.

We started from Keswick, where we had sojourned during the winter, as soon as the state of the weather permitted, on our second campaign, in which our exertions equalled those in our former one, and we had more cause to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune.

The road from Carlisle to Edinburgh is not a little indebted for its charms to the classical celebrity of the Esk, Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tiviot.

On quitting Edinburgh for the second time, I have to note the prospect down the Frith of Forth from the hill descending to Queensferry — Kinross, for the interest attached to the ruins of the tower in the midst of its lake—and the charming excursion from thence to the Rumbling Bridge, Devil's Mill, and Cauldron-Lin; which exhibit the picturesque and curious windings and falls of the Devon.

In the approach to Perth by the old road, well might the exclamation of the Romans of "Ecce Tiberim!" on first beholding the Tay come to mind; and, in the vicinity of the capital of the most richly diversified Caledonian county, our impressions never can be effaced with regard to Scone, and the "Glory of Scotland," as Pennant calls the view from the summit of the hill of Moncrief.

From Perth we resumed our course, alternately approaching and receding from the Tay, and taking

full time to contemplate its beautiful banks at Dunkeld, and at Kenmore.

After the survey of Breadalbane Castle, newly reared in a noble style, we started to make the tour of Loch Tay, dividing it at Killen: returning to Kenmore, we crossed Glen Lyon, and, mounting by the towering Shehallion, called also the Giant of Perpetual Storm, descended upon the wilds of heather, through which the Tummel flows; and where, in visiting its Falls, we could have dispensed with the *fall* of the heavens on our heads.

We at length arrived at Blair Athol: whence, through the famous Pass of Killicrankie, we entered on as wild a highland tract as any we had traversed, ascending at a village called Pitlochrie, a very steep hill, and reaching, through a continuation of this wild mountain scene, the castle town, or what remains of it, of Braemar.

Hence we explored the charms of another Strath, and from the Lin of Dee traced the course of this stream, making with it our egress from the Highlands at Pannanach, celebrated for its mineral water.

On leaving Aberdeen we struck out of the high road, and, on reaching the objects of our pursuit in Slane's Castle, and the Buller's of Buchan, found them well worthy of the pains we had taken.

During our sojourn at Peterhead, an event took place which might well awaken our sympathy: it was the joyful arrival of a whaler, as was evinced by

the mutual cheers with which the return of the adventurers from their severe toils was hailed on shore by their friends.

I bear on my observations with noticing in our progress Elgin, for the ruins of its abbey; the Coves of Cowsie, curious excavations made by the sea on the Moray coast; Forres for its ancient obelisk, called Sueno's Stone, near which the Weird Sisters are said to have accosted Macbeth; Fort George, from which an officer pointed out to us the quarter where the Battle of Culloden commenced, in which his father and uncles were engaged on opposite sides, and Inverness.

In the interval which elapsed between our putting into execution one of our most interesting expeditions, we were not inattentive to the charming site of the most northern town of any note in the kingdom: where the Moray and Beauly Friths are seen so beautifully to diverge, and where some of the most picturesque Caledonian Alps, embellished with woods, pastures, and corn-fields, spreading up their sides from the valleys, display their majestic ridges.

We at length started on our trip to John O'Groat's house; in which our track was marked with its most striking features in the ascent of the Ord of Caithness, for the marine view which it commands, when we had surmounted its heights, in the drive along the Moors, in our descent to and rise from Berridale, and in our progress through Dunbeath and Clyth.

After the lonely regions we had traversed at such an unpropitious period, we cannot forget the change which Wick presented; where we arrived in the midst of the herring-fishery, and saw the numerous boats engaged in it. Our recollection of the dreary tract we had passed over made the way from Wick (as little, however, like a regular road as can be imagined) to Castleton a very easy task.

This was further effected by our drawing so near the point of our ambition: where, after visiting the site of John O'Groat's house, in casting a retrospective view from Duncansby Head, we enjoyed a rich portion of our rewards for our exertions.

Having accomplished this much wished-for undertaking, and retracing our course to Inverness, when, by having more time and light, we managed the stage much better between Dunbeath and Clyth, for availing ourselves of an opportunity which might never recur, we felt more than our grateful hearts can express.

We quitted Inverness upon our last tour through the Highlands, which may be thus subdivided. First, from Inverness along the chain of Lochs, the course of the Caledonian canal, to Fort William: in which I have to notice Loch Ness, the Fall of Fyres, Fort Augustus, Loch Oich, and Ben Nevis.

As humble as are the traveller's quarters at General's Hut, and at Letter Findlay, yet who that has a taste for exploring the charming scenes of Nature,

can fail feeling grateful for the acquisition of these quarters, as well as for the improvement of the path through these regions, on recalling to mind the happy thought of the good-natured Irishman, who most poetically exclaimed :—

> "Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> You would hold up your hands, and bless Marshal Wade!"

With thankful hearts, then, by this road we reached Fort William: here, though we have to lament the unpropitious weather, for our ascent of Ben Nevis, still we have the satisfaction of having gained the apex of the highest mountain in the British isles.

The second subdivision consists in our drive, as detailed in my sketch from Fort William to Oban.

In the third subdivision I can but faintly describe our highly-strung feelings, and the success which crowned our voyage, when the most favourably veering breeze, excepting the squall mentioned on our departure from Ulva, wafted us to Iona and Staffa, and swiftly as the keel could cut the waves back from Aros, down the engaging Sound of Mull, to Oban.

And in the fourth subdivision my sketch can do as little justice to the pleasures of the drive from Oban along Loch Etive to Tynuilt, and to the borders of Loch Awe; having been ferried over which, we soon began to retrace our course of the preceding year.

Favoured with the finest weather, we concluded in the ascent of Ben Lomond, and in our voyage to the isles on Loch Lomond, our romantic rambles.

With gratitude for the gratification which these rambles had afforded us, we quitted Luss on the banks of Loch Lomond, and arrived again at Glasgow: from which we traversed Scotland in another direction, and entered Tweeddale, near Peebles.

The ruined sacred pile at Melrose, and the prospect from the summit of the "Cleft Eildon Hill," were exhibited to our fancies, as, indeed, well worthy of awakening their poet's song.

After paying our last tribute of admiration to the charms of the sister kingdom, which so luxuriantly adorn the vicinity of Kelso, we arrived at Berwick, and in our survey of this town could not refrain from congratulating it, as well as the realm at large, on the dilapidated state of its extensive fortifications.

We proceeded from Berwick to visit the castle of Bamborough, where "Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat," of Alnwick, where the Percies rear their crescent as far as ever from its wane, and of the deserted time-struck Warkworth with its hermitage.

At Newcastle we had reason to be satisfied with the completion of the hopes which animated our passage through this city: this was no other than our plunge into a coal mine; and I need not add with what joyful hearts we achieved the feat.

From Durham to York well were we repaid in our

détour by Bishop Auckland, and in the delightful drive by Raby Castle.

We next halted to survey the classical region of Barnard Castle, and, on crossing the "Woodland Tees," reached Greta Bridge, where, in exploring the charms of Rokeby, we concluded our visits to the choice scenes of the famed minstrel of the day.

Making a further deviation to contemplate the pleasing site of Richmond, we reached Ripon, and perambulated the gardens of Studley, kept up in the old style, and embellished with the grand ruins of Fountain's Abbey.

After York and the combination of majesty and elegance in its Minster, I have no more notes to offer along the beaten path to London.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

SONNET TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT FROM LYMINGTON.
RETROSPECT FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE.
SONNET ON THE PROSPECT FROM THE TORR.
——— ON VISITING THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.
——— AT CLIFTON, AFTER SEEING KING'S WESTON.
TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

A TRAVELLER'S SKETCHES

IN VERSE.

THE HOME TOUR.

PART THE FIRST.

SONNET

TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT FROM LYMINGTON.

Vecta! though at a distance thou dost meet
But with a transient view our kindling sight,
Where the bare Needles lift their chalky height,
With a brief sonnet can I fail to greet
Thee, whose dear memory my bosom warms?
Enchanting Isle! O may that fav'ring sun
Shine on the course that we're about to run,
Beneath which we so oft have hail'd thy charms!

Enchanting Isle! remembrance brings the hour,
What time, to lead our roving steps afar,
Propitious when arose our wand'ring star
Its cheering lustre on our path to pour—
Our path illumin'd by its orient beam
Along the banks of thy Medina's glitt'ring stream.

RETROSPECT FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

I.

Rejoicing as we climb thy verdant height,
Mount Edgecumbe! where, on our enraptur'd sight,
Nature and art, and strength and beauty, vie
To charm the heart and captivate the eye;
With such to fill her fancy with delight,
Say, can the Muse resist another flight?
Her verse with those choice flow'rets to array
Which retrospection scatters o'er her way?
Along the margin of thy shore,
Britannia, as her steps explore
The Garden of thy beauteous Isle,*
As well thy Poets deem the while:
To lead th' enraptured bard along
Where bloom the fairest realms of song;
O'er which, unweary'd, he may range,
Beholding such a frequent change

* Some apology may be due for this distinction, as I am aware that other provinces, besides Devonshire, of our island lay claim to it.

Of plain and woodland, hill and dale,
That, with such vary'd charms, prevail.

II.

Though, where bright Ocean turns his face
On scenes array'd with every grace,
The loveliest Naïads of the land
We hail along Devonia's strand!
Although the Sid, and Ex, and Teign,
Might for awhile our course restrain;
Yet, on a distant voyage bent,
Like passage-birds we nimbly went,
Until the Dart, gay nature's pride,
Bore us upon its glitt'ring tide.

III.

O ever may the stream of Time,
Like thine which prompts this grateful rhyme,
Enchanting Dart! gay nature's pride!
Bear us upon its glitt'ring tide!
May Fortune dip for us her oar,
Like that along thy past'ral shore

Winging our course! like fairy dreams,
While, sweetly, through a vista, gleams
The past, where Memory loves to rove,
Retreading every lawn and grove,
With which delightful Devon fills
Her blooming plains and verdant hills:
The future opening to our view,
For ever charming, ever new—
Now, where the stream, with staiten'd course,
Flows with its utmost rapid force;
Anon, more gently when we glide,
Where, circling in theatric pride,
We view its pendent sylvan grace
Reflected in its glassy face:
Till, where the rolling ocean laves
Its widening bays with bigger waves,
We steer to greet the frequent sail
Swelling before the fresh'ning gale;
The while, alternate to our eyes,
The village and the villa rise:
Nor let the fisher, by his cot,
Mending his tackle, be forgot,

Riding at anchor where we mark
In yonder cove his little bark.

IV.

Though more than in a thousand ways,
Vaga, thy stream, meand'ring plays;
Although the monuments of pride *
Adorn thy steep majestic side,
Where, still, with lordly frowning towers,
The castle fierce defiance lowers—
The abbey's ivied windows seem
Still with its tapers' lights to gleam,
Where but the moon pours her lone beam;—
Along a bolder length of coast
Than aught the charming Dart can boast;
Yet here a voyage we complete,
Though shorter far, yet not less sweet!

* Alluding to the ruins of Tintern Abbey and Chepstow Castle.

SONNET

ON THE PROSPECT FROM THE TORR, NEAR GLASTONBURY.

Sedgemore, for willows dank so vast a bed!
What ken, surveying hence thy marshy plain,
Can doubt it rescued from the tyrant main?
Hence, in its ancient fam'd extent outspread,
Which we now view, by musing fancy led,
The Roman and the Saxon foe distain.
'Twas there, before the fierce marauding Dane,
Awhile the noble royal Exile fled
To Athelney, into the neatherd's shed;
To bind it with their wavy magic zone
Where Parret hastes to meet the rapid Thone,
Forming a refuge for great Alfred's head:
Whence, bursting from beneath a cloud, he shone
With sunlike radiance, to resume his throne.

SONNET

ON VISITING THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

Here, happy pilgrims, as ye take your way
(Methinks, amid the triumphs of his pow'r,
I hear the voice of the Destroyer say,
Where he invites us at this solemn hour),
Here, pilgrims, pause! and, musing, gaze the while
The ruins which the tide of Time o'erwhelms—
How few the remnants of as proud a pile
As bigotry e'er boasted in these realms!
Where but some mould'ring walls and tow'rs remain,
On which the mantling foliage I entwine—
Here, pilgrims, pause, far happier than the train
That erst I saw approach this splendid shrine—
This wondrous spot, which legends old adorn,
Where Arthur sleeps and blooms the Holy Thorn.

SONNET

AT CLIFTON, AFTER SEEING KING'S WESTON.

Renowned Avon! who can range thy side,
Nor feel, like us, through every kindling vein,
The wish to pour the grateful flowing strain,
Whom health and pleasure lead along thy tide?
Lo! here her western walk, by Clifton's Spring,
Where pausing Contemplation would review—
And where, arrayed with every changing hue,
Plume, for another flight, her joyous wing!—
Hence, onward, as she takes her destin'd way,
And from thy charming park, King's Weston, hails,
Beneath the opening morn's auspicious ray,
Thy fair inviting scenes, romantic Wales!
To kindle all the roving Muse's fire
Well may the prospect thus her strain inspire.

TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

INVOCATION TO CAMBRIA.

Hail, Cambria, to thy solitary shore!
  Which as, with anxious ken, we contemplate,
Thy richly varied regions to explore,
  What pleasures may we here anticipate!

The wand'rers, who their course prepare to steer,
  Such musings cannot fail to prompt the while;
The wand'rers, who, with awe-struck steps, draw near
  To gaze upon Saint David's ruin'd pile.

Thou, who these meditations dost awake,
  Hail, sacred shade! hail, tutelary saint!
The wand'rers now beneath thy guidance take,
  Thy varied landscapes who would strive to paint.

Hail, Cambria! whose fam'd realms we pant to trace,
Where Beauty and Sublimity combine,
The rival Sisters, to bestow their grace,
To which fair Freedom adds her charms divine!

THE TOUR.

I.

Rejoice, O Cambria, now rejoice,
And lift, O lift, thy grateful voice
At the fair scenes thou dost supply
In peace to charm thy wand'rer's eye
O'er cultivated hill and dale,
In view where Commerce spreads her sail,
Sabrina,* till thy chariot rides
No farther on the swelling tides;
O'er which, oft, from his boiling deep
Old Ocean's boisterous Tritons sweep!

* By the rushy fringed bank
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays.

Comus.

II.

Soon winding through the Vale of Neath
That sends up many a smoky wreath,
With joy we linger to survey
The peerless charms of Swansea Bay.

III.

Hence, Towy, through "thy shady dale,"
Which every poet's eye must hail,
We pass'd and cross'd thy past'ral flood;
There, gazing on its charms, we stood,
Where, once, Carmarthen, so renown'd,
You hanging rock thy castle crown'd.

IV.

Hail, Tenby, thence, another boast
Of Southern Cambria's charming coast!
In halcyon sleep so still thy flood,
The sea-fowl eye the scaly brood
In its translucent bosom play,
Like mountain-hawks pois'd o'er their prey;

On which they plunge, and up they spring
Triumphantly with dripping wing,
And, with a transient ruffle, stain
The broken mirror of the main:
Along whose awful-beetling verge,
To which the gently falling surge
Uplifts its lulling sounds, we stray,
And, from its pleasing heights, survey
Unmooring from their beauteous bay
The fishers' barks, to ply their toils
By moonlight, where the ocean smiles
Round Caldy and Saint Margaret's Isles;
The while more grandly in the shade
Yon time-struck towers rise display'd.

V.

Rejoice, O, Cambria, now rejoice,
And lift, O lift thy grateful voice!
Rejoice that from thy ruin'd towers
No longer stern oppression lowers!
No longer o'er each subject plain
Thy hostile feudal tyrants reign!

But that such walks thou dost supply
In peace to charm thy wand'rer's eye,
As that, where earth and ocean bright,
Along this fair commanding height
To Pembroke, meet his raptur'd sight :—
Though here, again, he doth survey
A moss-clad ruin'd castle grey,
O let him not its lot deplore
Still gracing yon receding shore!
Where e'er upon thy charming tide
Each son of Albion's bark should glide,
O Milford, till with patriot pride
On thy capacious opening Haven he doth ride!
O let him there, exulting, note
Her proudest bulwarks there afloat!
Where, land-lock'd, it is seen to form
A lake secure from every storm,
Combining in the favour'd scene
Britannia's strength and lovely mien.

VI.

Hence, further, to engage his sight,
Hence, Holford,* to thy pleasing height,

* Haverford West.

Profusely where the circling hills
The reign of cultivation fills,
With these to gladden his survey
There should each son of Albion stray!
Whence, onward, he must love to range,
Where cause to muse upon the change
Of sublunary things the mind
Of every wanderer may find;
And cannot fail to mourn the while,
Saint David! o'er thy ruin'd pile.

VII.

Due thanks thence from our hearts you claim,
O Fishguard, of unclassic name!
For shelter to each way-worn frame;
And for the pleasant course we ran
Next day, refresh'd to Cardigan:
Whence, with such raptur'd gaze, we hail
Cilgarran's captivating vale,
Where wood, and rock and ruin'd tower,
So richly wave, and darkly lower,

Upon its lofty shelving side ;
While down the rapid Tivy glide,
With net and paddle, oft we mark
The fisher in his wicker * bark.

VIII.

Ah me ! what toil and trouble wait
Upon this sublunary state !
How all the various roads of life
With difficulties seem so rife !
O'er which you oft exult in vain,
Vaunting the triumphs that you gain,
Presumptuous Man ! with conquest flush'd,
When, to the goal with ardour push'd,
You think your course that you can steer
To crown with rapture your career,
What sudden disappointment clouds
Your pathway and your prospect shrouds—
Lengthens your labours, so opprest,
Till you can only sigh for rest !

* The coracle.

IX.

Yet, as our journey we pursued,
With strength and spirits unsubdued,
The emblem the departing sun
Then of the course which we had run—
The emblem which his glory gave
Upon the gilded western wave,
When bursting forth magnificent
We hailed the ocean, as we went
Along a shelf of tow'ring coast,
We felt that emblem we might boast—
Our kindled fancies might inspire,
And with new zeal our bosoms fire!
When in the deep those beams were set
We reached Llanrystcd, where we met
The Cambrian (no "Corinthian boor")
Who hospitably op'd his door.

X.

And now, elate with joy, we reach
The much frequented wish'd-for * beach,

* Aberystwith.

Where their accumulated store
The Rhyddol and the Ystwith pour;
And, from the confluence of these streams
(To prompt a poet's rapt'rous dreams),
The Rhyddol we, delighted, trace
Meand'ring with enchanting grace
To where, upon his deep-sunk bed
The wilder'd Mynach rests his head,
So dizzy with the dreadful fall
Which every eyesight must appal.

XI.

With such a thrilling deep alarm
Hath Pont-ar-Fynach * power to charm
The awe-struck fancy: thus we stood
Where, far beneath us, the dash'd flood
We heard in trouble and turmoil
That made our startled steps recoil;
And quit the dread o'erarching ground
That spans the awful gulf profound.

* The Devil's Bridge.

XII.

Where, with thy genius to befriend
My verse, Salvator, now descend,
To view adown its shaggy side
In all its length the tumbling tide!
Explore with us this savage glen
Congenial to thy raptur'd ken!
Beneath thy influence let us tread
This wilderness so deep, so dread—
Here, where thy Saint John * might have taught
His lore with heav'nly fervour fraught!

XIII.

Yet, let us not too long delay
Thy sojourn from the light of day,
And damp, O Muse, thy flagging plume
Within this chine's horrific gloom!
Joyous, escap'd, hence let us haste
Across the intervening waste,

* Alluding to Salvator Rosa's picture of Saint John preaching in the wilderness.

Where, in the rising heights around,
We view the Southern Cambria's bound.

XIV.

Like the first palm-trees that arise
Skirting a sand-girt paradise,
From the thin-scattered pines we hail
Upon the borders of thy vale,
Ystwith, to where we sink so deep,
What varied foliage decks each steep!
How do thy sylvan charms increase
Till they enrich thy realm of peace;
Where favour'd with a wider space
Thy silver-winding course we trace:
Where if within their favourite seat
Her Cambrian sisters she may greet,
Nor they a welcome kind refuse
To an ambitious British Muse,
Her song their Hafod's pride proclaims
Like a bright phœnix from the flames! *

* Alluding to the destruction by fire of the first edifice erected here.

II.

RETROSPECT AT ST. ASAPH OF OUR RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

RETROSPECT AT SAINT ASAPH

OF OUR

RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

I.

Though, Cambria! we must bid thy scenes farewell,
For ever must their deep impression dwell
Upon our hearts—for ever we must feel
How thou inspir'd our spirits with that zeal
Romantic, thy renowned heights to climb,
And roam, Britannia, through thy realms sublime!

II.

Say, Dovey,* who can cross thy wizard stream,
And borne to such enchanting regions seem,

* Which divides North from South Wales.

Nor, Gwyneth, gaze around in ecstacy
When you burst forth upon his charmed eye?
Say, can thy harp, which hath so often rung
Upon my ravish'd ear—thy harp though strung
To mock the feeble efforts of mine own—
Not wake those efforts with its powerful tone?
For, like the pilgrim, Kedron,* in thy vale
List'ning the wondrous strains that swell thegale—
The realms so beautiful, so wild, so grand,
And fam'd as fair, O Cambria, of thy land,
Their wand'rer's kindled fancy must inspire
With Talliessin's sweet re-echoing lyre!

III.

So, where our ardent fancy's rich reward,
On yonder crag she paints th' indignant bard
Rousing his countrymen to arms, she hears
The echoes of the songs of other years!

* For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear.
HEBER'S PALESTINE.

Whence we ascend, and, from the glorious height,
For which we panted, sate our raptur'd sight.
Twice, Cader, twice thy topmost rock we scal'd!
And, from thy triple peaks, with transport hail'd
All the vast prospect, Snowdon, you command!
In vain, ye rival monarchs of the land!
The feeble efforts of my kindling verse
Your awe-inspiring influence would rehearse,
When ye, propitious—as, with vent'rous feet,
Through gath'ring clouds, we gain'd each craggy seat—
The envious curtains from your brows withdrew,
And open'd all your wonders to our view!

IV.

First, Cader, when thy arduous side we scal'd
And reach'd thy summit, though our prospect fail'd,
Beneath their skirts, yet with a scene sublime
The clouds could charm us in their changeful clime:
Nor can the Muse from such a scene depart
Without her tribute to a sister art;
Her humble praise to him,* whose pencil's pow'r
Revives her joys of that romantic hour.

* Alluding to Wilson's picture of Cader Idris.

V.

But, welcome now each bright propitious hour!
The day when not a cloud is seen to low'r,
When we remount, and, from the glorious height,
For which we panted, sate our raptur'd sight;
While, as becomes the toiling mountaineer,
We go not unprovided with our cheer:
Feeling with transport our congenial lot,
Methinks, e'en now we hail the wish'd-for spot!
Where yon green mossy patch its course betrays
On the brown mountain's side, whence, oozing, strays
The water, to its lofty fount we've trac'd—
And, in its rocky cleft for shelter plac'd
From Phœbus' rays, reach the refreshing rill,
By which we feast upon a happier hill,
Partaking of a banquet of delight
The gods might envy on Olympus' height!

VI.

Thus, Cader, from thy steep our gaze we cast,
Exulting o'er the region we had past—

And where thy rival met our longing sight
How soon our steps o'ertook our fancy's flight!
Yet, as the Muse there spreads her anxious wing,
Oft would she pause and all her pleasures sing—
Delighted, hov'ring, own the potent spell,
And o'er each chosen spot with rapture dwell,
By Mem'ry's fav'ring pow'r now seen to pass
With bright reflection in her magic glass!

VII.

Dolgelly first appears amidst "a sea
Of mountains that seem tost tempestuously;"
And, next, where Barmouth rears her rocky strand,
We mount the Calpè* of the British Land:
Unwearied, thence, the windings we explore
Again of Cambria's solitary shore,
To view where, once, upon thy sea-beat rock,
Thy stately castle, Harlech, stood the shock
Of warring elements and batt'ring foes—
Whose force combin'd thou seem'st thou could'st oppose

* Barmouth has been compared to Gibraltar.

E'en now, to fancy as thou tow'r'st sublime
And mock'st th' unsparing rage of tyrant time;
Yet, still, a warning for the works of pride,
By man deserted and the ebbing tide.

VIII.

O could the daring genius, that has plann'd
To wrest from ocean such a tract of land,
Which, wond'ring, at Tre-Madoc we survey'd,
Feel his Herculean labour well repaid!
(Not that such spirit would, presumptuous, brave
The salutary lesson Canute gave)
For who, that wanders through the smiling land
Which he has decorated with his hand,
But must, in deep-felt admiration, halt
To view its charms spread out from Tan-y-Ralt?

IX.

Whence, on our joyous pinions, we now roam
Like birds of passage, still without a home;
And from the crags, that o'er our road impend,
See the sure-footed mountain-goat descend,

Swift as a meteor, down the rugged steep,
And up its side again as nimbly leap.

X.

To those, whose stars have led their steps to tread
Stupendous tracts that fill the soul with dread—
To listen to the torrent's deaf'ning roar,
And pathless wilds and beetling cliffs explore—
Amid such awful regions 'tis most sweet
A soft and tranquillizing scene to greet,
Sooth'd by the murmurs of a tuneful stream
That wrap the senses in a golden dream:—
Such are the charms, Festiniog, which we hail
Within the bosom of thy lovely vale;
Such are the charms, Festiniog, you display
Unto the rapt enthusiast on his way—
The welcome and refreshing charms he needs
Ere on his arduous journey he proceeds.

XI.

Whence, Cambria! where thine Alpine scenery
Rises again in all its majesty,

Pont-Aber-Glaslyn's Pass terrific towers
And in its blacken'd floating mirror lowers;
And leads us where, upon its little plain,
Romantic spreads Beddgelert's fair domain.—
And, when these regions we survey around,
In which we pant to see our wishes crown'd,
Lo! 'twixt his opening subject ridge appears
One of the loftiest peaks huge Snowdon rears,
Enraptur'd as we thread the wild grand dale
Of Gwynant (striking contrast to the vale
Which we saw yesterday) the solemn sight we hail!

XII.

And, now, her fav'ring genius to supply
The strongest pinion'd pow'rs of poesy
Well may the Muse invoke—or, else, in vain
Thy summit, Wydfa,* she may strive to gain;
In vain may she attempt in verse to speak
How we attain'd at last thy awful peak:
Now, like thy eagle would she cleave the cloud,
That seems to tell in thunder deep—not loud—

* The highest point of Snowdon.

Its kindling wrath at our approach, and give
Our steps at best a dire alternative—
As swiftly to o'ertake us in our flight
Downwards, as on the most tremendous height.
Such is our state—when lo! what transport swells
Our bosoms, as the fav'ring breeze dispels
The sultry vapours—and the sun can fling
So strong its lustre, that the welcome spring
We grateful quaff upon this lofty wild,
On which the opening heav'ns so calmly smil'd!

XIII.

With strength and spirits at this fount renew'd,
Our pilgrimage, ambitious, we pursu'd,
To pay to thee, on this stupendous shrine,
Our homage, Nature! and thy charms divine
Contemplate on a pinnacle so dread,
Piercing thy temple, which begins to spread
So vast its vault cerulean o'er our dizzy head!
Through fleecy clouds, which now, dispersing, fly
And open, all around, earth, sea, and sky,

In boundless varied prospect—on this peak,
Where, late, the whistling winds, that blew so bleak,
In their etherial region to detain
Us, seem their threat'ning fury to restrain:—
Until the setting sun shall reach the deep,
And warn us from the dread enchanting steep,
Our toils on Arvon's tranquil shore to close
And seek the strength'ning opiate of repose.

XIV.

Thence, now, we trace no dreary length of coast,
For Arvon smiles the cultivated boast
Of Britain, waving wide with corn and wood
Unto the lovely margin of her flood:
Across which no fell Druid-rites the while
Resound, as once, O Mona, from thine Isle;
But many a pennant gay is seen to gleam,
Menai, upon the bosom of thy stream.

XV.

Thus, on the opening prospects of the way,
We feel more fascinated our survey;

From where Carnarvon still o'erlooks the tide
As well arrayed in castellated pride,
To where the station of the "Beauteous Quire" *
The fancy, like enchantment, may inspire.

XVI.

And, in the Pass of Penmanmaur sublime,
When thy last awe-inspiring tract we climb,
To reach at length another far-famed flood,
And, Cambria, gaze on thee in pensive mood—
There might I with some portion of the fire
Of the devoted Bard now strike my lyre
(So hateful to whose "haggard eyes" appear'd
Yon Towers by the "ruthless king" uprear'd),
Then should the Muse, beneath its kindling beam,
Revive the fading subjects of her theme,
O Conway, now beyond thy flood survey'd
All sinking in impenetrable shade!

* The signification of Bangor, or Banchor. "The situation of Bangor appears more like a scene of airy enchantment than reality." —*Cambrian Directory.*

XVII.

For lo! yon rising spirit of the storm
Now brooding o'er thy head, stupendous Orme,
In deeper night, beneath the low'ring skies,
Wraps the last landscape to our sorrowing eyes—
The vales, the mountains—no, another day
Of glory bursts forth with its brilliant ray!
Where, Cambria, such a mild—attemper'd grace
Shines on the noble features of thy face,
There—scarce resisting where these charms we hail
Embellish, Clwyd, thy sweet golden Vale—
The prompting wishes of our heart seem bent
In such a Paradise to pitch our tent.

XVIII.

Yet, not unmindful did our steps depart,
While such strong impulse sway'd each wav'ring heart
With such an effort as we broke the chain,
To close, as we began, the votive strain:—
Though, Cambria! we must bid thy scenes farewell,
For ever must their deep impression dwell

Upon our hearts—for ever we must feel
How thou inspir'd our spirits with that zeal
Romantic thy renowned heights to climb
And roam, Britannia, through thy realms sublime!

III.

SONNET AT HOLYWELL.

——— AT LANCASTER.

——— ON HEST BANK.

——— ON VISITING THE RUINS OF FURNESS ABBEY.

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

SONNET

AT HOLYWELL.

With fervent bosoms we approach thy spring,
  Saint Winifred! but for no miracle,
  Which from thy holy-wonder-working well
Can issue, votive off'rings do we bring,
Hale, happy pilgrims—whom kind Heav'n forefend
  That aught, as yet, arresting our career,
  Should make us vot'ries at thy shrine appear,
Thy trophies, in our crutches, to suspend!
O hear our warmest prayers in this porch
  (Where pious zeal yet fails not to inspire
  Our grateful hearts within its little quire,
Illumin'd now by Reformation's torch) :—
That, e'er their healing blessings to bestow,
E'er may these wondrous-welling waters flow!

SONNET

AT LANCASTER.

Although not long in cities were we pent
  Ere, joyous, we resum'd the wish'd-for way,
  How the lov'd objects gladden our survey,
Upon our pilgrimage of pleasure bent!
How the lov'd objects prompt each anxious heart
  To wander on the charming banks of Lune,
  And, on the noble aqueduct, attune
Our praises to the raptures they impart!
But, chiefly, to ascend yon antique tow'r,
  Thence to behold, lit by the western beam,
  Our glorious destin'd walks of grandeur gleam!
How each blithe heart, in such auspicious hour,
This golden omen must, exulting, chaunt,
Bestow'd by thee, illustrious John of Gaunt!

SONNET

ON REST BANK.

In awful contrast, while the magic wand
  Of Fancy spreads those regions waste and wild,
  Where sinks, o'erwhelm'd, the wand'ring desert-child—
Preparing now to cross yon tract of sand
(Where lighted like the mirage to the eye,
  Yet not so falsely does the view there smile
  With many a lovely land and sun-girt isle
Upon the waters of the estuary),
Here as we join the gath'ring caravan,
  Renewing our romantic pilgrimage,
  In ardent prayers here our hearts engage,
That, Britain! favour'd like the course we ran
So far through thy fair realms, the Power Divine
Will further deign upon our path to shine!

SONNET

ON VISITING THE RUINS OF FURNESS ABBEY

Furness! upon thy roofless ivied walls
How brightly do the opening heavens beam!
And O how joyfully the brawling stream
Sparkles beside thee, where its course recalls
The times, when mournfully 'twas heard to glide,
In cadence to the dismal-chaunting swell
That shook the depth of this sequester'd dell,
With which the breezes, too, in concert sigh'd:—
Where, Bigotry! around thy moss-clad pile,
Beneath thy scatter'd clouds to fancy's eye
(Like those dispers'd in yonder clear blue sky),
This evening sheds upon the scene the while
A charm so glowing, calm, and full of grace,
The pencil of a Claude could only trace!

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

PROEM.

O Nature! source of pure delight!
  Ne'er does thy sovereign sway impart
Such beauty to thy poet's sight—
  Such rapture to thy vot'ry's heart,
As when thy peerless charms are seen
Gracing with rock and vesture green
  The margin of some lovely lake;
On which his fancy cannot fail
Thee with its joyful notes to hail,
  And feel its utmost pow'rs awake.

There, when no ruffling breezes pass,
  The blissful calm of life we view
Reflected in the liquid glass,
  Holding to heav'n a mirror blue:
Or when, its mirror to deform
And vex it to a little storm,

O'er the small ocean sweeps the gale,
If we begin to ply the oar
Soon can we reach the neighb'ring shore—
Soon find a port to furl our sail.

Where Britain's fairest Naïads dwell
Fain would I sound the tuneful shell
Amid their echoing mountains wild;
Fain would I raise the lyric strain
To celebrate their charming reign,
Till all their lovely landscapes round me smil'd:
Until my kindling verse proclaim,
Though variously arrayed, yet equal shines their fame.

I.

CONISTON.

As, in some fond and faithful breast,
The image, that is first impress'd
Beneath the glowing seal of love,
No future object can remove—

Of thee the traces mem'ry left
By time can never, never be bereft.
Thee would the Muse thank with a song,
Whose beauteous winding banks along
Her footsteps enter'd his domain,
Where, thron'd on rocks in grandeur pil'd
To Heav'n and deck'd with scenery wild,
The Genius of the Lakes holds his romantic reign.
Yet, when these regions she began to hail,
These regions not less beauteous than sublime,
The frowning mountain and the smiling vale
Inspir'd her fancy with alternate rhyme:—
Still with increasing rapture she pursu'd
Her way until she reach'd its distant head,
The station where the liquid plain she view'd
In all its wide extended glory spread.
Thus, Nature, as you prompt the strain
Where the first Naïad holds her reign,
By whom our rambling steps are led
Thy fair secluded scenes to tread,
There may we for our country's weal
Still own the warmest patriot-zeal!

As through thy lonely dales we wind
There may the love of humankind,
Midst the blest quiet they bestow,
Unquench'd within our bosoms glow!

II.

ESTHWAITE.

Then as your verdant banks so fair,
O Esthwaite, spread before our sight,
Unboastful nymph! your past'ral air
May fill your poet with delight.
Though, midst sublimer scenes, perchance,
Which such romantic joys inspire,
Your unobtrusive charms may glance
And kindle but a transient fire—
Yet, where can lovely Nature lead
Her vot'ry to a choicer seat
Than where its beauteous lake and mead
Embellish, Belmount, thy retreat?
Sweet region! where your features mild,
So tranquillizing, meet his view,
And where the mountain-background wild
Fades softly in its azure hue.

III.

WINDERMERE.

Thence, say, what expectations swell
His breast as he surmounts the fell,
When, winding round the rocky height,
Beneath yon broken scar his sight
Surveys the grandly opening scene,
In which shines forth the Lakes' fair Queen!
Queen of the Lakes! The Station well may be
Thy throne, whence, with such rich variety,
Thou dost behold thy liquid empire spread
From Finstead Hill to tow'ring Rydal Head:—
The numerous villas that adorn thy side,
The verdant islets that inlay thy tide—
The painted barks that o'er thy bosom glide!
And when thou choosest to repair
To hold thy glitt'ring pageant there,
Thy proud regatta to display,
Bedeck'd with many a streamer gay,
Queen of the Lakes! The Holme may be
Thy throne set in thy silver sea!

Its lawns and groves thy splendid court,
Thy ardent vot'ries' bright resort,
Which such a birthday throng affords
Of ladies fair and gallant lords:
Whence they may love to contemplate,
Through yonder pillar'd walks of state,
Thy realms—the soft aërial scene
That smiles yon aged oaks between:
To which our fancy wings its flight,
Troatbeck, on thy commanding height,
Where, to our parting gaze appear
Thy charms, imperial Windermere!

IV.

ULLSWATER.

When, Kirkstone, as we gain thy rugged brow
Where next the Muse her course, enraptur'd, takes,
As now we cast our anxious ken below
We hail the rival Regent of the Lakes—
First through thy realms disclos'd we hail,
Romantic, glorious, Patterdale!
Attendant, while, so stately at her side,
Three gorgeous nymphs, to swell her regal pride,

Array'd in nature's richest pomp, combine
Their splendours in Glenridden, Greisdale, and Glencoin:
Not less enraptur'd we pursue
Our course along her mirror blue,
Reflected in whose face we view—
Ingulf'd in rocks sublime
So stilly where its waters sleep—
The various richly-wooded steep—
Or, jutting far into the deep,
Grey with the moss of time;—
As by the fairy-scene * we glide,
Upon its lofty shelving side
Decking the crags with dress so fair,
And smiling, midst a gay parterre:—
Then, winding, beauteously embay'd,
Beneath its hanging woods delay'd,
Where, on the opening banks, we mark,
Gowbarrow, thy wild scatter'd Park—
There, Lyulph, where its shades embow'r
The turrets of thy Gothic Tow'r,
As still uprear'd in feudal pow'r:—

* The villa of the Revd. Henry Askew in Glenridden.

Thus we speed onward, till we make
The triple trendings of the Lake
By Hallsteads, on, with ecstacy,
From Eusemere Hill to charm our eye:
Where as the widely wand'ring Muse
Can, Emont, scarce thy voice refuse
To join thy progress to Dalemain,
She hears the Genius to his reign,
The Genius of the Lakes, recall
her rambling strain.

V.

RYDAL.

Neglected, in thy wild attire,
Where, Rydal, thou dost next inspire
And well canst spare a reed
For me to try my skill,
And with its notes so shrill
To strive to give thy charms their tuneful meed:
In vain, along thy sedgy shore
We pant those beauties to explore

Which thy more favour'd Sisters grace—
Where thou display'st thy haggard face
Like some bewilder'd maid,
  Reclining on thy rocks
  With thy long dripping locks,
That with wild rushes hang array'd.
Yet, here the musings of each mind
Full scope may for its fancy find—
Thee silent, sad, and desolate,
Still love, lorn nymph! to contemplate:—
The barren rocky islets which you rear,
  Silver'd by age, with moss imbrown'd,
Whilst others, in thy marshy lake, appear
  With dark'ning pines and weeping birches crown'd
  Whom thus thy genius loves to rule,
O'erlooking, from yon crag, some lone Norwegian pool.

VI.

GRASMERE.

When lo! what region seems to rise
In Eden's richest colours drest?

What "unsuspected Paradise"
Doth, Muse, thy wand'ring steps arrest?
'Tis, Grasmere, thy enchanting vale,
Where no vain worldly cares intrude;
Where nature's warmest lovers hail
The sweetest haunts of solitude.
O how profusely here the hand
Of smiling cultivation fills
So fair a tract of fairy-land,
High up its beauteous circling hills!
How brightly, by yon steeple's side,
With silver-serpentizing stream,
Feeding the lake with ample tide,
The waters of the Rothay gleam!

VII.

WYBURN.

Whence, Nature, as thy pilgrim strays
Beyond the cairn of Dunmail Raise,
Beyond where next his curious gaze

"Thee, savage Wyburn," greets
(Like those, who love now to retrace *
That dale of grandeur and of grace,
Along the mountain's mighty base,
With their romantic feats) :—
When with the well-wrought mystic tale †
(As opens on his view the Vale
Of Saint John) deep imprest—
More deeply there the Castle Rock
Doth now the pilgrim's fancy mock,
Its magic stands confest.

VIII.

DERWENT AND BASSENTHWAITE.

Still, onward, as the pilgrim strays,
And, from that glorious height,‡ surveys,
Link'd with their silver chain,
The Naïads that maintain

* Alluding to our Rambles in this Region.
† The Bridal of Triermain, by Sir Walter Scott.
‡ Castlerigg Brow.

Their empire o'er their gorgeous Vale,
Say, Nature, can th' enthusiast fail
To raise to thee his song of highest praise?
Say, Keswick, can I there refuse
The inspirations of the Muse,
When the auspicious hours we hail
Thy Skiddaw's purple crest to scale?
Th' expanding prospects to command
Around the giant of thy land?
Then, Derwent, when thy charms invite
To fill thy wand'rers with delight?
To compass with their steps thy shore?
To listen to thy voice, Lowdore,
When, swollen with the melting snows,
More fierce thy foaming torrent flows?
When, Castle Crag, thy point we climb,
To gaze upon the scene sublime
Of Borrowdale, the region wild
Of tow'ring rock on rock up-pil'd?
Say, can the Muse unheedful range
Through thy romantic realm, O Grange,

To Newland's cultivated vale,
Up to its verge at Keskadale?
Pursuing thence our Alpine track,
Until we ken the cataract
That murmurs down the lonely dell—
And, where as we surmount the fell,
The awful depth of hills descry
To roam there with a charmed eye.

IX.

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK, AND LOWES WATER.

There, where again my fancy seems to climb,
Huge Honister, thy rocky side sublime—
As when to range upon thy crag I came,
And from their heathy cover rouse the game—
As on thy brow (though with no murd'rous gun)
To hail the glories of the rising sun,
Awe-struck, to thy commanding verge I stray'd,
And the whole valley at thy feet survey'd;
That with its triple Naïads' empire gleams,
Reflecting, as they catch, the solar beams.

X.

ENNERDALE.

There—spread out, like a carpet, with rich meads,
To where in azure distance it recedes,
That valley—our romantic path proceeds;—
We own the guidance of our golden star
As deep into that vale we rove afar—
And issue thence thy tranquil scene to hail,
Secluded, solemn, soothing, Ennerdale!
There, where thy liquid mirror to our eye
Expands beneath the bright cerulean sky,
Save where yon passing summer-cloud appears
Upon the top the mighty Pillar rears,
Chief of the ridge, that, with its rocky screen,
Guards, at the dale-head, the sweet peaceful scene.

XI.

WAST WATER.

Nor can their varied path thence fail to please
The pilgrims, Calder, as they come the while,
Excursive, by Whitehaven and Saint Bees,
To gaze upon thy ruin'd sacred pile—

The circuit which the willing wand'rers make,
O Naïad! to thy grand sequester'd Lake—
There, where, majestic Wastdale! who can trace
Thy realms? (each, with his intersecting base,
Where, with their tow'ring monarch, huge Scawfell,
The loftiest English Alps are seen to swell)
Ah! who his raptur'd way can take
Along the margin of thy Lake,
Nor, awe-struck, tremble as he sees
Th' enormous and impending crags of Screes?
Then, Wastdale, when his steps shall tread
Thy realms to their majestic head,
O may no noontide sky serene!
(Ill-suited to the awful scene)
May not the garish eye of day
Shine on those heights with cloudless ray!
But, as they frown, wrapt in their changeful clime,
O may its misty veil invest
The half-hid mountain's rugged breast,
Illumin'd by the frequent gleams
Of the piercing solar beams,
To make him own a picture most sublime!

XII.

HAWES WATER.

Thus thou, who, with thy guardian hand,
Hast led us o'er thy awful land!
So far, where, still so charm'd, we hail,
Through Bampton's sweetly opening vale,
The beauteous-varied realms sublime,
Britannia, of thy northern clime!
To where, to our admiring gaze,
The last fair Naïad * now displays
Her not the least enchanting reign,
Recounted in his raptur'd strain—
O thou good Genius of our Isle!
Who now through Penrith and Carlisle
Dost seem to raise his rambling song,
Thy friendly guidance still prolong!
And, onward, with thy sway inspire
Thy humble wand'ring minstrel's lyre!

* Hawes Water.

IV.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.
THE FALLS OF CLYDE.
FIRST TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.
SONNET AT STIRLING CASTLE.
——— AT LINLITHGOW.
——— AT EDINBURGH.
CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST YEAR'S TOUR.

ENTRANCE INTO SCOTLAND.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Rapt in romantic visions of delight,
O Caledonia! how our anxious sight,
When first within thy borders, gaz'd around!
As if, by his enchanted circle bound
And subject to some wizard's potent reign,
We trod the fearful realms of his domain—
But ah! not long extending our survey
Where Nature, simple Nature, holds her sway,
We found our sight that sovereign could entrance
Beyond the boasted rulers of romance!
And, seated on her Southern Highland throne,
Could make us, in our charmed progress, own
All Hope had painted, or all Fancy plann'd,
Exceeded in the beauties of thy land.—

Such, Caledonia, the vast range of hills
With meditation which their wand'rer fills :
Whence as he traces thy meand'ring course,
Engaging Current ! from its secret source,
He starts, he stops, until thy Falls, O Clyde,
Smite his stunn'd ear with deep-felt awe descried !

THE FALLS OF CLYDE.

I.

Oh! what a charm this walk imparts
To our anxious beating hearts!
From where we catch the rising din
Of far resounding Corra Lin—
From where, 'twixt waving foliage, flash,
Till, full in view, the waters dash,
Indignant, with a voice so hoarse,
'Gainst the vast crag which turns their course,
Where they have scoop'd, with ceaseless sweep,
Their rocky channel dark and deep.

II.

Thence, sated, up the steep sublime
With ardent panting breasts we climb,
Gazing, in romantic mood,
Through the hanging opening wood,
Upon the deep-sunk, sounding flood,

Its wand'rings where we now pursue
Till Bonniton next foams to view.

III.

Unwearied, whence, our charming way
When we retrace to Lanark gay,
Well, Lanark, may thy Country's pride
Turn our willing steps aside
Among the Crags,* with curious ken
To seek thy hero's shelt'ring den!
And with their stream† pursue our way,
Bursting to the light of day,
Where, with its tributary tide,
It joins the swelling course of Clyde
To rush, Stonebyres, adown your steep
With furious triple-bounding leap—
Thence, in capacious bed, to glide
Through the enchanting regions wide
Of Clydesdale's glorious cultivated pride.

* Cartlane Crags. † The Mouse.

FIRST TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

What rapture fills the roving mind!
What joy to wander unconfin'd,
O Nature! where thou dost supply
With such a rich variety
Of wood and water, rock and glen,
Thy ardent votry's charmed ken!
Whose pencil feebly doth portray
Where, pausing first upon our way,
We burst upon the view of Clyde *
Where she devolves in all her pride—
And when, amid her liquid plain,
Thy castle's bifork'd rock we gain,
Dumbarton, where our anxious sight
First greets Ben Lomond's tow'ring height,

* At Dalnotter.

Ben Voirlich, and the vast array
Of Highlands, as they fade away
In azure distance to our rapt survey.

II.

There, flowing with such past'ral grace,
Leven, thy course we love to trace
"By bow'rs of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flow'r'd with eglantine,"
Till, with "the charming maze they make,"
We reach thy "waters' parent Lake."

III.

There, where, awhile, the Muse must pause—
Where Nature both delights and awes;
There, where the goddess first she greets
And in her Highland-portal* meets:
Where, Stronehill, from thy fav'ring height
She next directs our curious sight—
Where every mountain, field, and glen,
Each haunted wood, stream, fairy-isle,

* At Luss.

Lie open to our raptur'd ken,
And grandly frown, and sweetly smile.

IV.

By savage glens, by torrents wild,
By the vast ridge to heav'n up-pil'd—
By where, midst his attendant peers,
His brow, like Saul, their monarch * rears,
Lo! then around that point † we wind,
Loch Lomond, where we cast behind
Upon thy smooth and bright expanse
A longing, ling'ring, farewell glance:
Until, enclos'd, our course we take
Beside the dread contracting lake,
Where, like a river, dark and deep,
It rolls betwixt each tow'ring steep.

V.

When, Tarbet, soon thy realms we tread,
By which our wand'ring steps are led

* Ben Lomond. † The Point of Firkin.

Deep in the Highland tract afar
Of grand romantic Arroquhar,
Supreme, amid the solemn dale,
Ben Artur, where thy rugged brow we hail
Upon the borders of that desert * drear,
Where the few fishers' huts that cheer
The margin of the ocean-tide †
Which deep into that dale doth glide—
Where the few shepherd-shiels we meet
With, mighty mountains! at your feet,
There all, betwixt your tow'ring portals, disappear—
Approaching where with awe we view
The savage grandeur of Glencroe;
Whose aspect more terrific frown'd
Upon us, in its prison bound
By yon stupendous rock ‡—
But, when its arduous steep we try,
And gain the height which thus could mock
Our vision, with exulting eye

* Glencroe. † Loch Long.

‡ The eminence with the inscription on it of "Rest and be thankful."

We hail—with hearts so grateful at our lot—
The mark'd Memorial on the wish'd-for spot!

VI.

Whence, as, beneath the low'ring skies,
A waste * as cheerless seems to rise,
What guiding genius will befriend
Our progress to its journey's end?
Or are we doom'd to contemplate
Our own approaching awful fate
In yon devoted shiv'ring form,
At the bleak pelting of the storm?

VII.

Desponding and ignoble thought!
With heart with higher courage fraught,
Lo! as yon hardy plaided form
Defies the pelting of the storm—
As thus, when boldly forth he stalks,
We cross the shepherd in his walks—

* Glen Kinlass.

Wrapt in thy mantle, Fortitude!
May we, with spirits unsubdu'd,
Encounter each tempestuous hour—
Till, on the passing of the show'r,
Such an enchanting view doth greet
Us, 'twixt yon mountain's opening sweet,
Beneath th' autumnal calm that fills
Yon woods, and meads, and mighty hills;
And makes their glorious image shine
In the smooth mirror of Loch Fyne.

VIII.

Soon, on a level with its glass,
Beside that noble flood we pass;
And, pausing at its stately head
Behold its liquid plain outspread
Beneath that sky so calm, so clear,
Which decks the northern waning year,
Where its moist regions to the west
Gleam with such genial sunshine blest,

And smile beneath October's sway
As on a show'ry April day :—
Where round the screening point we sweep
Projecting far into the deep,
And burst at once upon the scene !
Embay'd, so lovely, there between,
We view, Loch Fyne, thy tranquil flood,
Where town and castle, lawn and wood,
With Dunicoich's inverted cone
In autumn's various vestment, shone,
Reflected in the roseate light
Of eve to our enchanted sight.

IX.

O Inverary ! deep imprest
Thy station reigns within our breast !
Thy richly variegated groves
Our ever-musing mem'ry roves—
The glen, through which the Shiray winds,
Which, like an Eden, charms our minds ;
Still do we feel the heav'nly glow

Which made our highest spirits flow,
Which autumn's clear aurora doth bestow.

X.

Whence, as we trac'd the winding way
Through thy romantic dale, Aray,
Just gleaming, in our course, we saw
The beauteous bosom of Loch Awe;
And on thy lovely fading glen,
Dalmaly, fix'd our charmed ken,
Ascending thence that region wild,
Where many a stranger lowland-child,
So far, rejoicing, where they roam,
Most welcome find their Highland home—
The humble hostel which they gain
In Tyndrum's desolate domain.

XI.

The morn, again, smiles on our path,
Saint Fillan, through thy far-famed strath,
Around the base of huge Ben More
Wrapt in his frosty mantle hoar:

When lo! beneath the fav'ring ray,
That frosty mantle melts away;
Loch Dochart, like a diamond bright,
Sparkles upon our charmed sight—
And opens, on our rapt survey,
The distant azure gleams of Tay,
Pledge of the raptures of a future day.

XII.

Thus did the ling'ring season seem
Upon our favour'd path to beam,
Yet warn'd us, in its smile, to turn
Then southward by thy Head, Loch Erne—
To quit the dreary braes of heath
For the soft past'ral banks of Teath—

XIII.

But hark! as by these banks we chose
Our long protracted course to close,
With pleasing awe what voice appals
And still our wav'ring steps recalls?

XIV.

'Twas his—that, deeply echoing, gave
Its welcome from the Goblin * Cave—
'Twas the Magician of thy Land,
Who, Scotia, with his minstrel-hand
Thy ladies' loves, thy heroes' fights,
Thy wizards' wondrous feats recites,
That made our fancy feel his pow'r—
When, starting at the murky hour—
When, as "the breezes hoarsely blew,"
The sun was darken'd to our view—
We cross'd the realms, to which belong
The potent spells wove in his song;
Beneath the guidance of whose star
We pass'd the shores of Vennachar,
Pursuing our romantic way
Along the banks of wild Achray:—
Beneath yon quick dispersing clouds,
When, as the sun no longer shrouds
His fav'ring beams—and as we trace
The windings of the savage place,

* See "The Lady of the Lake."

Where the black Trosacks rear on high
Their bare tops to the awe-struck eye,
And with their venerable locks
The weeping birches hang the rocks—
At last it opens on our view
The Lake the Poet's pencil drew :
We think we see before us stand
His very Naïad of the strand !
And though the fancy, all in vain,
May strive to paint such charms again ;
Like one so lovely and so wild,
Well may the Muse seem'd to have smil'd
On him, whose footsteps she has led
So far, such wondrous scenes to tread !

SONNET

AT STIRLING CASTLE.

Old as the hills, tow'rds which their stately crest
In venerable grandeur they uprear,
To fancy as your ancient tow'rs appear,
Stirling! with retrospective joy imprest,
Fain would our hearts to thee their thanks address,
Where thou restor'st, rob'd in their azure light,
To our rapt gaze each rang'd romantic height,
Whose mem'ry e'er our golden dreams shall bless:
And while no tyrant, Scotia, can erase,
As here, thy glory from its rocky base,
Rejoice thou, on this lofty battlement,
That, on the waving Standard of thy power,
Glitt'ring afar, thou seest thy hardy Flower
In happy Union with the Rose and Shamrock blent!

SONNET

AT LINLITHGOW.

Hence, as the roving Muse's kindling sight
Fires with the fame of Bruce of Bannockburn!
Soon doth her ken the awful Field discern,
That with "the bugle of the Wallace Wight"
Rang mournfully—hailing each glorious name
The rival stars, that, Scotia, in their sphere,
Adorn thy annals with their bright career:—
Until to its deserted site we came,
To which we, pausing, paid our homage meet—
Linlithgow, to thy ruin'd regal seat!
Where, Scotia, beams on thee a brighter hope,
Than when thy evil-boding pow'r appear'd—
Where still yon haunted sanctuary is uprear'd—
Or when here shone thy hapless Mary's horoscope!

SONNET

AT EDINBURGH.

Edina! through an envious haze thy crown
Of tow'rs, as on the brow of Cybele,
Approaching with deep patriot-love we see:
Afar, around, hence spreading thy renown,
Fair Seat of Science! where, with heartfelt pride,
Well may we deem, too, with her radiant crest,
As of her Northern Athens here possesst,
The "blue ey'd maid of heaven" doth preside.
O, when the morn withdrew the envious veil
That shrouded all thy beauties to our view,
Ne'er did we, in such varied form and hue,
A combination of such glories hail
As those, which from the top of Calton Hill,
Edina, the rapt contemplation fill!

CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST YEAR'S TOUR.

And, now, farewell, Edina! till the spring
To thy fam'd haunts shall spread each anxious wing!
Warn'd by the summons of the waning year
To fold our pinions on our blest career,
Like weary birds of passage which we chose
In Keswick's "sweet fantastic Vale" to close;
To muse upon the margin of its flood,
Congenial to our souls' romantic mood:
With Hope and Mem'ry, with alternate sway,
To charm our thoughts and cheer the wint'ry day,
Until, again, the fav'ring genial clime
Shall send us forth to wander and to rhyme.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

RETURN TO EDINBURGH.

SONNET AT QUEENSFERRY.

——— AT KINROSS.

——— AT PERTH.

SECOND TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

A TRAVELLER'S SKETCHES IN VERSE.

THE HOME TOUR.

PART THE SECOND.

RETURN TO EDINBURGH.

Soon as again the fav'ring genial clime
Now sends us forth to wander and to rhyme,
Say, first, O Muse! how welcome is each scene
Enamour'd where we rove, again the queen,
O Caledonia! of thy land to greet!
August Edina! tow'rds thine ancient seat
How the rich sylvan banks of Esk we hail
And greet the varied realms of Tiviotdale;—

How musing mem'ry—where, in past'ral pride,
The Ettrick and the Gala-water glide,
And where a transient turn of Tweeda gleams—
Still charms us with the murmurs of their streams!
Though often desolate and wild your way,
Long o'er your rocky channels as ye stray,
Fam'd classic streams! and, o'er such dreary tracts,
Though oft unheard ye shoot your cataracts,
Save by the hardy swain who yonder stalks
And watches, in his solitary walks,
The fleecy flocks and sable herds that rove
Wide o'er the downs, which gird some lonely grove
Of gloomy firs. Thus as I raise again
Tow'rds thy renowned haunts the rambling strain,
To which, Edina, with such glee we stray'd
Again "to shelter in thy honoured shade,"
Our anxious pinions there we fain would plume,
And thus our flight auspiciously resume.

SONNET

AT QUEENSFERRY.

Farewell, illustrious Regent of the North!
Farewell, fair Lothian, to thy rich array!
O, with such anxious hearts whene'er we stray,
May such a prospect—o'er the silver Forth
Yon prospect of unrivall'd beauty bright,
Which, in the radiance of the opening morn,
Hope, to our joyous ken, doth here adorn—
E'er to such charming walks our steps invite!
O Caledonia! panting to explore
Thy glorious realms, we feel, when we have past
This flood majestic, that our die is cast:—
Where, musing, we now pause upon this shore,
Not envying him, upon whose gaze it shone
So fearfully—the course of Rubicon.

SONNET

AT KINROSS.

Of him* who, with a poet's eye and painter's hand,
Has made in never-fading verse to bloom
The beauties, Leven, of his native land,
Fain would my strain lament the hapless doom,
As, on the softest summer-eve, we take
Our walk, and, musing, there recall the hour,
When, captive, in the bosom of thy Lake
The beauteous Queen mourn'd in yon lonely Tow'r:
Glen Devon! while so anxious for the day,
That, with its cheering light, arose to fill
Our hearts with rapture where your realms display
Their awful Rumbling Bridge and Restless Mill; †
There, where we rov'd, arrested by the din
Re-echoing from the rocks of Caudron Lin.

* Michael Bruce, the Author of Lochleven.
† Vulgò dictum "Devil's Mill."

SONNET

AT PERTH.

When, scar'd, before the hostile standard, flew
The grampian eagle through th' horizon dim,
Well might the Roman "Ecce Tiberim!"
Exclaim, with transport, at the rival view,
With which, O Tay! thou own'd the power to charm
His fancy:—but, our humble track of fame
The while no such ambitious thoughts inflame,
With stronger ardour does thy lustre warm
Our kindred hearts—here, where, O Perth, the pride
Of this enchanting region you arise;—
Here, where though kings no longer now reside,
At the prophetic words,* yet, to our eyes,
The glory, which you yield the British Throne,
Shines with reflected splendour on thy Scone!

* Ni fallat fatum, &c.

SECOND TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

All hail! thou rival Glory of the Land!
Upon whose summit as we take our stand,
Fain would the feeble accents of my lyre
Express the raptures which you now inspire!
Whence, sweet meand'ring Tay! and, past'ral Erne!
Through your fair straths, enchanted, we discern
Your glitt'ring streams, until, in friendly pride,
By the same channel to the main ye glide:
Soften'd by distance to our rapt survey,
Where ye uprear again your grand array,
Welcome, O welcome, to our anxious sight,
Ye Grampians! where, to greet each tow'ring height,
Such a commanding station we possess—
Soon may your charms sublime our wand'rings bless!

II.

Thus did thy glorious view inspire,
Moncrief, the Muse's kindling fire:
Soon, on our parting gaze, when shone
The new rais'd tow'rs of regal Scone,
Between us where the noble Tay,
Their "floating mirror," wound his way;
Whose course with joy we meet again
In Athol's beauteous rich domain
At Dunkeld, with her witching reign
Where fancy doth the region fill,
Beneath the brow of Birnam Hill.

III.

Than, Dunkeld, where thy charms arise,
Romantic, sylvan Paradise!
Not Vallombrosa's pomp of shade
Can more profusely be array'd;
Impervious, where they seem to stand
Like pillars, on thy lonely land,
Norwegia, statelier groves of larch
Do not thy darken'd realms o'erarch.

IV.

First, Inver, where to swell the pride
Of Tay, is sweetly seen to glide
Thy streamlet of no common fame,
To thee with anxious hearts we came:
Romantic, sylvan Paradise!
Here, where your awful crags arise—
Here, where our winding walk began,
Fain would I sing, impetuous Bran!
How, o'er thy loud resounding fall,
From their aërial echoing hall
Hung on the verge of yonder steep,
Our charm'd ears drank the murmurs deep,
Where Ossian's spirit swept his lyre
With all his renovated fire:
And how, through fancy's aid, we own
The influence of each softer tone,
With all their heav'nly languor fraught,
So soothing where the strains we caught,
Which might each worldly care assuage
Within this mossy hermitage,

With its sweet blooming garden blest
By Art with taste so richly drest :
Whence, Nature, varying our delight,
Our wand'ring footsteps doth invite
To where the Rumbling Bridge displays
The Bran, again, unto our gaze,
Extending, through her grand domain,
Through the rent rock, his roaring reign.

V.

Romantic, sylvan Paradise !
Lo ! where your awful crags arise,
Ascending, through its hanging grove,
Long in the winding walk we rove,
Until the opening point we climb
To burst upon the view sublime ;
Beneath us where glides forth the Tay
To lead us on our charmed way,
Completing our romantic path
Along his richly varied strath.—
Charm'd with the view our way we took
And, all along, thee, Tay o'erlook,

Until, a gentler stream, you turn,
Above where Tummel from his urn
Joins with his tribute :—whence we gain
Fair Aberfeldie's past'ral plain,
Our "journey, curious, to pursue
"Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to our view."

VI.

Where each enraptur'd breast returns
An echo to the lyre of Burns,
Renown'd Breadalbane! when they greet
Thy charms crown'd with their princely seat;
And where an idly strolling Muse
Would fain invoke thee to excuse
Her simple numbers—by the fame
Due to another poet's name,
She cannot, like his verse, deride
Thy "palace's contiguous" pride:
For, if each laird on his domain
Would be more of a rural thane,
Such blessings he around would spread
To chase "the meanness of the shed."

VII.

Whence, to complete our rapt survey,
Tay, of thy vast and varied sway,
As we advance now from Kenmore,
The triple trendings of thy shore
With height'ning rapt'rous joy we trace,
Skirting, Ben Lawers, thy mighty base;
Until Strone Clachan's fav'ring height
In all its glory to our sight,
Above Finlarig's broken scalp,
Uplifts the loftiest Perthshire Alp; *
And spreads thy precincts to our view,
Killin, in varied form and hue,
Where furious Dochart's foaming force
And Lochy's mild attemper'd course,
Through thy romantic region, wind
And well can charm each roving mind:
Nor can we fail, like pilgrims, there
Awhile with Freedom to repair,
And meditate "How sleep the brave,"
Illustrious Fingal! o'er thy grave!

* Ben Lawers.

VIII.

The hast'ning season—on each grace
That decks this wild and beauteous place
The while enraptur'd as we dwell—
Calls us to bid it now farewell;—
To compass the romantic shore,
Returning to thy realms, Kenmore—
To bid adieu for the last time
There, Taymouth, to thy charms sublime.

IX.

When, Lyon, thy terrific glen
Soon kindles our most anxious ken—
The Giant of Perpetual Storm
Uplifts his darkest threat'ning form,
Triumphant, panting, as we scale
The steep beside him, but to hail
Alas! a tract more waste and wild,
Where no inviting shelter smil'd—
When lo! on one sweet sunny spot
The loveliest ray of splendour shot!

Loch Tummel, 'twas thine azure gleam,
Thy verdant banks—a golden dream—
Which, through the misty atmosphere,
A smiling Eden did appear
In vain to turn us from our track,
Beneath the heavy sailing rack!

X.

Drawn on by some fatality,
Thus oft the port of peace we fly,
Through danger, doubt, and darkness, go,
And brave each dire impending woe!

XI.

Beneath the tempest's whelming fall
Amid thy desert, Fortingal—
Beneath the gath'ring shades of night
Increasing our disastrous plight,
O'er moor and mountain thus we stray
A cheerless, toilsome, rugged way—
Till, just in time, for our's to gain
A smoother road, the tiny wain

Of Hesper twinkled o'er our head,
And, with its friendly lustre, led
Us safe, assuaging every care,
Into the welcome realms of Blair.

XII.

And, now, upon our needful rest,
The morn, in brighter splendour drest,
Her brow clear'd of those heavy show'rs,
Array'd the sweeter scented flow'rs
With brighter tints—array'd the hills,
The lawns, the groves, and sparkling rills;
With deeper tone the torrents hoarse
Dash down the steeps their foaming course;
And, through their triple regions,* wind
With grandeur and with grace combin'd.

XIII.

Sure, of such matchless scenes possest,
Thou, Athol, thou art highly blest!
To which each wand'rer's grateful breast

* Of the Tilt, Garry and Banovy.

Would fain their humble tribute pay,
Re-echoing in this simple lay
The charming strain's prophetic tone,
Which deeply in their hearts they own
Where, Bruar, crown'd with joy and health,
Have roam'd a "loving pair,*
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care."

XIV.

Sure, of such matchless scenes possest,
Thou, Athol, thou art highly blest!
Though not with the luxuriance drest
Of sylvan Dunkeld—yet, how fair,
How grand, how wild, thy regions, Blair!
For wand'ring huntsman, or for sage
Musing in Bruar Hermitage—

XV.

Brisk as upsprings yon mountain-roe,†
And turns to gaze awhile below,

* In Burns's "Petition to have the Bruar Falls planted."
† As happened whilst we were on the spot.

Romantic Region! from yon height,
O'er which he wings away his flight—
Impetuous Garry! when we trace
Thy wood-crown'd windings, deck'd with grace
And grandeur, to thy gulf profound
In Killicrankie's Pass renown'd—
  There, where the chieftain, brave Dundee,
  Fell in the arms of victory—
Where, with the Tummel, you embrace
  The fairy-realms of Faskalie—
Now, bounding o'er the mountain-chase,
  Like wild deer, through the portals of Glenshee,
We range, where kindled fancy fills
With such renown'd exploits thy hills,
O Fingal! till we ken afar
The goodly regions of Braemar.

XVI.

Lo! where yon lonely rifted tower,
Braemar, proclaims thy ruin'd power!
Where yon black huts bestrew the green,
Like wrecks, amid the grandest scene,

Ye Grampians! of your Alpine chain—
There Nature her stupendous reign
Holds in unfading majesty,
And prompts our progress through Strath Dee;
While fragrant groves of birch and pine
Along our path their charms combine,
Reaching the plain of Pannanach,
To close another glorious track.

II.

SONNET AT SLANES CASTLE.

——— AT THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

——— AT PETERHEAD.

——— AT ELGIN.

——— AT THE COVES OF COWSIE.

——— AT FORRES.

——— AT FORT GEORGE.

——— AT INVERNESS.

A RHAPSODY ON REACHING DUNCANSBY HEAD.

SONNET

AT SLANES CASTLE.

The rival regions of the Don and Dee,
Through sand and swamp, and over rut and rock,
Enduring many a nearly fatal shock,
We quit—o'erlooking such a troubled sea,
Until we reach the wish'd-for lonely shore;—
Securely the fantastic crags descry,
The chafing tides that beat against Dun Buy,
And, awestruck, listen their tremendous roar:
With which, when most some daring hind molests,
Innumerable sea-birds' clanging cries
With shrill accordant wailings harmonize,
Scar'd, wheeling round their vainly chosen nests—
Here, where upon thy tow'r-crown'd cliff, O Slanes,
In tempests such terrific grandeur reigns.

SONNET

AT THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

Thus, as our journey, anxious, we pursue,
While in his track the musings * of the Sage
Now well our roving fancies may engage,
Buchan, thy Bullers next arrest our view!
And, as we stand upon their awful brink,
Much indispos'd to favour the delight
Of some misguiding evil-minded sprite
Our steps into that fatal gulf to sink—
Whose malice, quite sufficient for the day,
We deem indulg'd from distant Aberdeen,
Through all the toils and troubles of our way—
We now invoke, amid the dark'ning scene,
Our better stars their friendly light to shed
Upon our favour'd path to Peterhead!

* Of Dr. Johnson: see his Journey to the Hebrides.

SONNET

AT PETERHEAD.

O thus to see return with conquest crown'd,
Ambitious, like their sires of old, to brave
Its perils in the dragons of the wave,
In his harpoon each hero so renown'd!
O thus to hear re-echoed from the shore
The mutual greeting of each joyous friend,
With sympathetic force the shout must rend
Each bosom to the heart's delighted core!—
Each kindled fancy, as it sees you weigh
Your anchor and unfurl your vent'rous sail,
And through the Frozen Sea pursue the whale—
Each fellow-creature for your weal must pray,
Ye hardy spirits! when your course you steer,
E'er to crown with success your bold career.

SONNET

AT ELGIN.

Another of the ravages of Time!
Another Ruin meets his musing eye,
Of which the most stupendous fragments lie
Recorded in the trav'ller's various rhyme:
Where, mingled with the monuments of yore,
Of knights and prelates batter'd and o'erthrown,
Lo! Duncan,* to thy grey sepulchral stone
Thy awful kingly shade points in its gore.
Yet Elgin, fails not, at this witching hour,
The influence of thy beauteous ruin'd quire
Within its sacred precincts to inspire
In thy rapt pilgrims, by each time-struck tow'r,
The hope—as fades its phantom into air—
To triumph o'er extinction and despair!

* "Boetius says, that Duncan, who was killed at Inverness by Macbeth, lies buried here."—*Pennant's Tour.*

SONNET

AT THE COVES OF COWSIE.

Cowsie! along thy wild and winding shore,
Romantic, as, with curious ken, we rove,
And, led by Fancy, each fantastic cove
Deck'd with rich shells and hanging weed explore,
Lo! to our vision, issuing from the deep,
All, in these grottos, sparkling in the light
Of Cynthia, in the haunted noon of night,
The sea-gods, with their nymphs, their revels keep:
And—as she further weaves the potent spell—
By Fancy led to the mysterious cell
Of Prospero, we feel the raptures there,
Which, at the waving of her Master's wand,
Could throng with spirits the enchanted strand,
And fill with magic minstrelsy the air.

SONNET

AT FORRES.

Hence, while no sceptre waves us on, we hear,
That sovereign master's influence beneath,
The Weird Sisters on the blasted heath
Greet with far sweeter sounds our charmed ear,
Than those which wrapp'd in fearful doubt their doom,
And to the horrible and cruel death
Of Banquo prompted, hailing great Macbeth :—
And, as no sceptre waves us on, no tomb,
Or obelisk, like thy fam'd monument,
Here, Sueno! wishing to our name to raise—
Here, where our unambitious course we bent :
Whence, may we, with such joyous varied days,
Still journey, nor dejected, nor forlorn,
To reach in peace each trav'ller's awful bourn!

SONNET

AT FORT GEORGE.

Within, around this foss, though fiercest war
  Has long desisted from his barbarous sport,
  And with his thunder ceas'd to shake this fort,
What fray swells on mine ear with horrid jar?
Whence viewing where the massacre began,
  Culloden! on thy moor (disastrous sight!)
  There brothers against brothers meet in fight,
And gallant kinsmen battle with their clan!
Culloden! as the dying murmurs cease,
  Now as the death-fraught vision sinks again
  Upon the desolate and silent plain,
Soft breaks upon my view the smile of Peace!
The spreading lustre of that angel smile
Upon the Sister Kingdoms of the Isle.

SONNET

AT INVERNESS.

With grateful joy we greet thee, Inverness,
Seated so fair amid thy varied scene,
And in thy mutual welcome, northern queen,
Would hail the pledge our sanguine hopes to bless!
How happy those who here have fix'd their home,
Where mountains, friths and valleys charm the eye
In all their splendour, grace and majesty—
Content through their romantic realms to roam!—
Though loath to quit these varied regions fair,
The stations whence such prospects you command,
We, who so far have wander'd through your Land
(Which, without vaunting, we may now declare),
Feel, Scotia! we should ill our Tour complete,
Did we not start thy Thulè too to greet.

A RHAPSODY

ON REACHING

DUNCANSBY HEAD.

I.

Here, Scotia! seated on thy northmost shore,
With exultation we may here retrace,
Through each variety of clime and place,
The length of way that we have travell'd o'er!
Where now, Duncansby, with such joy we greet
The waves re-echoing at thy rocky feet;
Which here the spirit of the restless deep,
That seems enthron'd on this romantic steep,
E'er joys to hear with hoarse resounding cadence beat.

II.

Lo! here in view where the wild Oreades
So bleak and bare uplift their misty hills,
Which with a thousand phantoms fancy fills;
And, in the currents of their roaring seas,
Seem girt with countless whirlpools to exclude
Each curious footstep daring to intrude,
Secluded Isles! upon your sacred haunts—
Lo! with such visions where your aspect daunts,
Duncansby, to thy point our course have we pursued!

III.

For waking dreams and spectral sights the while
"Plac'd far amid the melancholy main"
(To answer well unto the poet's strain
And rival every haunted "Hebrid Isle,")
What a commanding station you uprear!
On which the highest gifted wizard-seer
The most inspiring favour'd seat may find,
And shape, according to his musing mind,
What forms he pleases in the misty atmosphere.

IV.

Here, where no calms prevail, but, ceaseless, raves
The main along the vainly tow'ring strand,
The feeble crumbling rampart of the land;
And where, amid the wild encroaching waves,
The cliff, displaying many a sea-beat rift,
A ruin'd tow'r * or steeple seems to lift:
Afar whence steering where we, anxious, hail
Doubling this headland many a well-trimmed sail,
Resistless, on the rushing Pentland current drift.

V.

Hark! to the flowing of the straiten'd tide
Beneath the distant Thule, where we gain'd
The point to which our farthest efforts strain'd!
On which, to wake our highest note of pride
(Where, now, in dim line, stretches far away
The coast, we travers'd, to our rapt survey),
The prospect our imagination warms,
Like him, who, Albin, panted for thy charms—
Well, with that sweetest hapless poet may we say: †

* Such a resemblance was offered to my view on this coast.

† With Collins, in his Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland.

VI.

"All hail! ye scenes that o'er our souls prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes! by fancy led,"
Whose glens, whose heaths, whose mountains we retread-
(Far happier than that bard!) "at distance hail!"
With those, in glorious vision, to our sight
That open a still further prospect bright!
But, here the glories of her travell'd way
With exultation would the Muse portray,
Who, awestruck, startles at yon dread surmounted height:

VII.

Where, Caithness, now again her footsteps climb
Thine Ord, along a bolder length of coast
Than aught your tow'ring far-fam'd realms can boast,
Grand Undercliff! and, Penmanmaur sublime!
Securely where, beneath that dreaded steep
(Afar whence every well-steer'd bark is seen to keep
Its cautious course), gorg'd with their finny prey,
Black rav'nous cormorants, the livelong day,
And seals, and every sea-fowl sport upon the deep.

VIII.

When, from so barren and so brown a scene,
We sink unto a level with that deep,
Betwixt each tow'ring and romantic steep,
Into the bosom of a glen so green
As that, which, with such wond'ring eyes, we hail
And quit so soon in thine, O Berridale!
Alas! the while unconscious of our fate—
Of all the toils and troubles that await,
This eve, upon our progress, when thy heights we scale!

IX.

To stray, benighted, on the dreary heath,
Through sand and swamp, and over rut and rock,
Enduring many a nearly fatal shock!
Rueing the luckless hour we left Dunbeath
And Clyth, how for the shelter then we sigh
Beneath their roofs of rushes they supply!
And when, at length, the wish'd-for lights we mark,
Much did we fear that wily Jack, i'th' dark,
Did hold his twinkling lantern to our cheated eye!

X.

O'er which (O joy!) our better stars prevail
And when the kindling beams of morn renew
The oft-repeated pleasures we pursue,
With curious sympathizing eyes we hail,
To give such life unto the lonely land,
The preparation * there along the strand
For the cold night of toil, with many a boat
In every inlet, creek and cove afloat!
How anxious every heart and busy every hand!

XI.

Like oases, where, midst a vast morass,
Patches of verdure and some blades of corn
Remote bleak Caithness! thy waste realms adorn,
From lonely Wick, yet, onward, as we pass
To lonelier Castleton, methinks, we hear
The Muse thus chide our wand'ring wild career:
"Say, why to the Siberia of your Isle,
My vot'ries, do ye thus yourselves exile?"
To Houna till her lighter bounding step draws near.

* At Wick.

XII.

Where such a triumph sparkles in her eyes!
Such pleasure kindles in each ardent soul!
Gazing, at length, upon the wish'd-for goal,
On this bold promontory while she cries:—
"Here, where, thou, Genius, who so far hast led,
Prolong thy influence on each favour'd head!
(The while, with grateful breasts, the charms we own
With which our varied pathway thou hast strown)
That by some friendly hearts our raptures may be read."

III.

THIRD TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS, INCLUDING A VOYAGE TO IONA AND STAFFA.

THIRD TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

Romantic Realms! yet vanish not away,
But with your solemn grandeur still delight!
O let us still prolong our charmed stay
Amid the scenes congenial to our sight!
Yes, now propitious to our pray'r,
Methinks, O Genii! ye prepare,
Now for your ardent vot'ries to explore,
Another pathway that shall raise
Their highest rapture and amaze,
In tracing the unbroken chain
Of stream and lake, from main to main,
Through the majestic region of Glenmore!

II.

Fain would my verse portray the pride
Which, Ness, at first adorns thy side;

And, when we quit thy cultur'd strath,
Depict the wild ascending path,
Where, high above thy opening lake,
Our awful straiten'd course we take:
That lake, that spreads, so wide and deep,
Its bosom from the shelving steep;
That lake, as oft conceal'd from view,
By which our journey we pursue,
Beneath the sylvan avenue,
Mingled with birch, where hazel spreads
Its light green umbrage o'er our heads;
Where stately spreading oaks combine
With feath'ry ash and spiry pine,
With their contrasted charms, to climb,
Grove above grove, the steep sublime.

III.

How grateful did our bosoms feel
For all thy mountain-depths reveal;
How grateful for the road, Glenmore,
By which thy charms we could explore!

IV.

When lo! from yonder echoing dell
What cavern'd thunder seems to swell?
Which, bursting from its gulf profound
Re-bellows with Etnëan sound:
As, in the gulf profound, we stood,
Gazing upon the roaring flood,
Where, bath'd in its perpetual dew,
The herbage freshly springs to view,
We felt, on that enchanting spot,
All fear in pleasing awe forgot!
Long as, enchanting spot! I ween,
The utmost influence of the scene
(The Naïad's craggy fairy land,
All planted by wild nature's hand)
The most auspicious hour inspires
Round thy romantic Fall, O Fyres!

V.

Whence, with our 'custom'd hearts we scale
Steep after steep, until we hail

From thy commanding height, Glendo,
The fort, in miniature, below—
Thy fort, Augustus, that supplies
So grand a vista to our eyes :—
Ere our wild journey we resume
O'erhung with deeper mountain gloom,
Save where, Loch Oich, our charmed eyes greet
Thy realms, from contrast, smile more sweet.

VI.

When, unpropitious to our pray'r,
Why, Genii ! did ye not prepare
Another pathway, that might raise
Our highest rapture and amaze
Upon the loftiest British height ?
Undaunted, 'gainst your deep despite,
Through beating rain and pelting hail,
Triumphant, where our steps could scale,
Enduring there the wild winds bleak
On the sharp rocks which strew that peak.

VII.

Yet, from the loftiest British height,
Which ye kept clos'd in misty night,
Dropping beneath the cloudy veil,
Prophetic, could our eyes still hail,
Relenting Genii! through your aid,
The prospect to their ken display'd—
The various splendid Lochs we trac'd,
Nature! by thee so highly grac'd.

VIII.

Proceeding, there, by Achintore,
Now, first, Loch Eil, along thy shore
Our destin'd course we view:
And, with such mingled joy and awe,
That scene of savage grandeur saw,
Immur'd in dark Glencoe.

IX.

Hence, how delighted, we explore
The beauties of thy opening shore,
Linnhe-Loch! and, passing by Lismore,

Beneath our wand'ring star,
Beyond where now its influence guides,
Across Loch Creran's chafing tides,
And "where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Connal with his rocks engaging,"
We hail thy Sound afar,
Dark Mull! down which its rapid way
From Oban unto Aros' Bay,
Our well-trimm'd bark doth keep—
While heaves (the truth the Muse doth tell)
That Sound with its much dreaded swell—
What anxious throbbings then we feel,
As Ulva, now, by Loch Nakeal,
We gain i'th' Western Deep!

X.

A VOYAGE TO IONA AND STAFFA.

At Ulva (whence the kindling vision came
That wrapp'd our bosoms in prophetic flame)
Arose the golden morn, when not a breeze
Play'd o'er the glassy surface of the seas—

Deceitful calm! a squall soon broke the rest
Upon old ocean's frequent heaving breast,
Threat'ning to whelm beneath the raging tide,
But for the skilful pilot that did guide
And o'er the wild waves made our skiff in triumph ride.

XI.

Lulling the storm that baffled our career,
And, with it, every vainly rising fear,
Attendant, thence, the veering zephyr blew
And, with us, in a magic circle flew,
Wafting our bark until it near'd the Isle,
Where rose the ruins of each sacred pile;
Where, in their hallow'd graves, great monarchs sleep
Defended from the fury of the deep,
The Sister Islands whilst a general doom
Awaits to lay beneath a wat'ry tomb.

XII.

Such were the holy legends that inspir'd
Our bosoms and congenial fancies fir'd,

What time along the strand we took our way
And mus'd upon the sacred ruins gray:
Lost in these dreams, not long our course we held—
The truth their airy fabric soon dispell'd!
And made our hearts with higher joy expand—
To meditate, O Scotia! o'er thy Land
How, with its blessed influence, from this Isle
The dawn of Gospel Light diffus'd its smile.

XIII.

Hence, full of hope, embarking to pursue
Our voyage, hence our little jovial crew
Alternate ply the oar and set the sail,
As gentle breezes and as calms prevail,
With many a merry Gaelic roundelay
Beguiling the light labours of their way:—
So smoothly o'er the placid element
Our sea-boat, like a river-wherry, went—
So faintly by the water-fowl was heard
The ripple which its gentle motion stirr'd,
That, long retreating, they were seen to glide
(Long ere they dived) upon the tranquil tide.

XIV.

When lo! we near'd, upon its lonely pile,
Where sat the Genius of another Isle:
Who still'd the surf that swells upon his shore
That we might all its wondrous charms explore;
And with its magic fetters bound the wave
That we might enter mighty Fingal's Cave—

XV.

Whence, thus, methought, the Voice of Cona spoke,
The first* among a thousand bards! that voice,
That like a blast remains after the winds
Are laid, methought, we heard roar lonely on
A sea-surrounded rock:—O welcome now!
Ye, who, with joy, on the blue-rolling wave,
From misty Morven steer'd your pleasant course
To dark Ithona—to the Lonely Isle:
Where, now, the Ghost of Ossian, as when, erst,
Amid the Hall of Selma, joys to hear
The harp of fair Malvina! who now joins

* See the conclusion of the Songs of Selma.

With him to give ye greeting to our haunts,
Ambitious pair!

XVI.

Here ceased the voice—where now
We heard but the hoarse breaking of the wave
Within the vast resounding ocean-cave;
And, as, in admiration and amaze,
On its stupendous pile we fix our gaze—
The mighty columns, that support the Fane,
By Nature rear'd against the stormy main—
We see, thus, to the world, her work impart
Her triumph o'er the monuments of Art.

XVII.

From these pilasters, where such calm profound
She finds amid the wat'ry waste around
(E'en, when they tremble, as the boist'rous breeze
Against them lifts the heavy-surging seas),
We scar'd a pigeon *—whence she seems to keep
Her vigils o'er the spirit of the deep—

* What is related in this section is no fiction.

Here, where no falcons can disturb her rest,
The bird of peace broods in her halcyon nest.
Yet, social comfort, once, refus'd not here
Some outcast isolated souls to cheer
Amid the wat'ry waste: with brighter ray
On which, indeed, the sun was seen to play—
A charm to those lone sojourners impart
But little known to the vain worldling's heart—
Marking how mutual-blessing ignorance
The joys of each condition doth enhance;
How custom to each station reconciles,
And, round their child, the main, or desert, smiles.

XVIII.

Hence, back to Ulva, with the setting sun,
Its prosp'rous voyage when our keel had run,
Next morning, full, before the fav'ring breeze,
With outspread wings it cut the foaming seas
Adown the Sound of Mull: again in sight
Each object came that fill'd us with delight;
That made our hearts with fervent joy to swell,
And, grateful, bid the Western Isles farewe*ll!*

XIX.

Whence, ne'er with such a deep-felt force
We own'd the influence of thy pow'r,
In all our long enraptur'd course
As, Scotia! at this parting hour:
When by Loch Etive and Loch Awe,
Which nature hath so highly grac'd,
The scenes of former joys we saw,
Our track of other times retrac'd:—

XX.

To where, in visionary splendour shone
Our star, Ben Lomond! o'er thy lofty throne;
Auspicious that unveil'd thy tow'ring head
Of all the envious clouds around it spread:
The last, to gaze upon its charms sublime,
The highest favour'd station that we climb—
The station, whence, thou giant of the land!
Thy ken the rising Grampians doth command—
"Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks and sea,"
Spread out in all their rich variety:

Till, sated, thence our steps their path retrace
To Rowardennan, to the mountain's base,
Our joyous course upon his deep to run
Beneath another most auspicious sun.

XXI.

A TRIP ON LOCH LOMOND.

What time the bright effulgence of the morn
Shines forth this rival voyage to adorn,
When not a breeze, this brilliant day, did wake,
Ruffling the mirror of the lovely lake,
We steer first to the islet * which we view
Still darken'd with the tough elastic yew,
Dear to the warriors in the days of yore,
Their weapons whence the strong-arm'd bowmen bore:
Thence, on Inch Cailliach's consecrated ground,
From its commanding hill we gaze around;
And linger on its charming site to trace
An amphitheatre of matchless grace.
Then, opposite, where spreads the valley's pride,
Through which the waters of the Endrick glide,

* Inch Lonaig.

We next approach the sylvan-island queen *
Of this enchanting fairy-ocean scene.

XXII.

When we had left the islet's † rifted tower,
Where now the osprey sought her ivy-bower,
Its prospect when so calm an eve displays,
We mount Inch Tavanach, a farewell gaze—
The last, now, for awhile, indeed, to take
Of tow'ring mountain and bright spreading lake,
Whose dimm'd and dark'ning mirror well portray'd
(Where all th' inverted landscape 'gan to fade)
An emblem, to their wand'rers' mournful sight,
Of all their beauties sinking in deep night!
In undistinguishable shape appear'd
The giant stature that Ben Lomond rear'd—
When lo! the Moon, that o'er these regions threw
Her radiance, charm'd (as now) our musing view;
And lit the scenery, in its depth of shade,
With magic lustre that can never fade!

* Inch Murrin. † Inch Galbraith.

IV.

SONNET ON PASSING THROUGH TWEEDDALE.

——— AT MELROSE.

——— AT KELSO.

——— AT BERWICK.

——— AT BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

——— AT ALNWICK CASTLE.

——— AT WARKWORTH.

——— AT NEWCASTLE.

CONCLUSION AT YORK.

SONNET

ON PASSING THROUGH TWEEDDALE.

As, Tweeddale, here again thy charms we trace,
  Where spread around her Southern Highland throne
  The reign of Nature with rapt hearts we own
Array'd in all her simple past'ral grace;
As to its end our journey speeds apace,
  Yet not so vain now of that journey grown,
  Of its success, that, in a vaunting tone,
The Muse would speak her raptures in such phrase,
As, from a voyage of discovery,
Exulting, to her port, with fame and glee,
  Returning from the regions of the Pole:
Yet, quite contented, if her verse can tell
What venial triumph may our bosoms swell,
  Far less ambitious where we hail our goal.

SONNET

AT MELROSE.

Melrose ! wrapt in the hoary moss of time,
Erewhile, that, never failing to arrest,
Thy ruin'd sacred pile could sway each breast,
E'er, since the mighty minstrel sung his rhyme,
Re-echoing, from within, the fancied chime,
Say what an influence has that pile possest !
How deeply on each trav'ller's mind imprest
In "the pale moonlight!" Whence he loves to climb,
With all the mighty minstrel's spirit fraught,
Feeling the magic verse that cleft in three,
The wonders which the potent wizard wrought—
And, Eildon, from thy neighb'ring Hills, to see
Their charming prospect, to thy borders brought,
To bid adieu, fair Caledon ! to thee.

SONNET

AT KELSO.

Contrasted with the troublous days of yore,
Rejoice thou, Kelso, in thy happier lot,
Than when, so dire, on many a blood-stained spot,
The Bord'rers, as they wasted either shore,
The Tweed and Tiviot the commingling gore,
Shed in some deadly feud or foray hot
'Twixt furious Englishman and raging Scot,
So deeply purpled to their junction bore.
Or from the Chalkheugh,* or the Pinnacle—
Whence as he kens, exulting at the sight,
The river's forks, each cultur'd plain and height—
Thus each enthusiast may his raptures tell:—
Rejoice thou, Kelso, and thy age behold
Converted now from iron into gold!

* From Pennant's Description of Kelso.

SONNET

AT BERWICK.

To bid adieu, fair Caledon! to thee,
To sound the last notes of her rambling strain,
Here, where the wand'ring Muse can ill refrain,
Lo! all the mountains, like a vision, flee!
Where strove, so long, in envious rivalry,
The neighb'ring Kingdoms with much toil and pain
Until, united in Affection's chain,
That power wrested from their hands the key,
The cause of dire contention to each realm!
Each other, when, like torrents, to o'erwhelm,
It op'd the floodgates to their fury dread!
That key O may the Kingdoms never need!
Now plung'd (I trust) into the depths of Tweed,
There, buried there, for ever, in its bed!

SONNET

AT BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

"Ye holy tow'rs! that shade the wave-worn steep,
  Where Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat"
  (Well may each visitor these lines * repeat),
Long may ye, for such sacred purpose, keep
Your lofty station and o'erlook the deep!
  "With hollow bodings when the wild winds beat
  Around your walls," may lab'ring vessels greet
Your succour from "the winter whirlwind's sweep!"
May shipwreck'd mariners upon your coast
  Hail "Pity, at the dark and stormy hour,
  Keeping her watch upon the topmost tow'r!"
And, in the high antiquity ye boast,
Long may your walls withstand the tempest's shock,
So proud a monument upon your rock!

* Bowles's Sonnet to Bamborough Castle.

SONNET

AT ALNWICK CASTLE.

Thou—who, o'er yonder tow'rs, for many an age,
As far as ever from its wane dost wave
The splendid Crescent banner of the brave—
Genius of Alnwick! raise thy chieftains' rage
E'er with the foreign foe their wars to wage!
What all, who think on Chevy Chace, that gave
A Percy and a Douglas to the grave—
Each patriot must invoke:—"O e'er assuage
Such feelings in our Isle of strife and hate,
The while it thrives in plenty, joy and peace!
Grant, Genius! 'ever that such foul debate
Betwixt the nobles of the Land may cease!'
That, govern'd by the most propitious fate,
Its honours with its happiness increase!"

SONNET

AT WARKWORTH.

Warkworth! when lawless might went forth array'd
And with such sudden onset might assail—
When, Justice, oft thy cries were heard to fail,
Not vainly can we deem thy Castle made,
Of which so proud a remnant stands display'd.
Warkworth! nor then less grateful could we hail
(As to thy Solitary's Cave we stray'd)
Our age, when more enlighten'd times prevail;
Which prompts us on our transient troubled stage,
E'er to support our parts unto the grave—
Nor, vainly, seek out some lone hermitage
A refuge from life's common ills to crave—
But, to proceed, upon our pilgrimage,
Undaunted, all its storms and griefs to brave!

SONNET

AT NEWCASTLE

The phrenzied passion that could fire the breast
To lay in ashes the transcendent Fane
Of Ephesus! nor what the fever'd brain
Of that insatiate Monarch might suggest,
Who gain'd such conquests, yet, who, reft of rest,
Could weep for space his empire to contain!
Nor, he, on waxen wings, who strove to gain
The heavens, soaring on such vent'rous quest—
Our fancies with such paragons impress'd,
Panting to emulate their wishes vain
And with their feats to crown the vaunting strain!
Of no mean triumph yet we feel possest,
Who sing, amid the coaly realms of Tyne,
Our memorable plunge into a mine!

CONCLUSION

OF

THE HOME TOUR.

ARRIVAL AT YORK.

From Durham as we hold our destin'd way
To close the toils of many an anxious day—
To crown the raptures, say, my wand'ring Muse!
Say what a store of scenes hast thou to choose:—
Where Raby rears its venerable towers,
Or in the shade of Rokeby's classic bowers;
At Studley, where attracted by the fame
Of all its various beauties as we came—
Its spacious gardens, all so richly drest,
In Ruin of so proud a Pile* possest—

* Fountain's Abbey.

That Pile as scarce a ruin can I deem
For closing there my widely wand'ring theme,
At nightfall as we trod its sacred quire
Beneath its roof "fretted with golden fire"—
Its pillar'd aisles (a grove of stately trees),
To waft, as rustling to the rising breeze,
The chant of distant spirits on our ear,
To fill our bosoms with religious fear.

Or, onward, as we hold our destin'd way,
At morn, by Richmond, through the realms so gay,
To where, at last, York's matchless Minster spreads
Its tow'ring arches o'er our awestruck heads:
There, joining in the anthem, we may raise
Our voice in gratitude and holy praise;
There, at that Shrine, its pleasures may engage
Our memory to conclude our pilgrimage!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note I.

Sedgemore, for willows dank so vast a bed!
What ken, surveying hence thy marshy plain,
Can doubt it rescued from the tyrant main?—p. 9.

"There are the strongest proofs that the sea was once in full possession of these moors. It was in them the Cangi took refuge from the Romans; and in those parts the Britons made their last efforts against the Saxons. To these places of refuge the Saxons, in their turn, also fled, when the fury of the Danes had converted the greatest part of the kingdom into a desert. At the conflux of the Thone and the Parret stands the island of Athelney, famous in history for being the spot where Alfred found an asylum from those barbarians, which place was then inaccessible, by standing pools and inundations."—*Shaw's Tour to the West of England.*

Note II.

Where blooms the Holy Thorn.—p. 10.

"Here, too, stands the trunk of the famous hawthorn, which, in more superstitious times, was believed to blow at

Christmas. The fact is, it flowers twice a year, and is of a variety not common in this country."—*Ibid.*

Note III.

O could the daring genius, that has plann'd
To wrest from ocean such a tract of land,
Which, wond'ring, at Tre-Madoc we survey'd,
Feel his Herculean labour well repaid!—p. 30.

"The wonders of Wales have ever been limited to the number of seven, but certainly it cannot be considered as an encroachment if we say eight, when we view Tre Madoc. A whole town upon an uniform and elegant plan, a market-square, a market-hall and theatre, noble inn, a chapel, magnificent church, over the foundation of all which structures the tide ebbed and flowed within these last ten years.—An extensive embankment across the Traeth, of near a mile, rescuing from the sea upwards of four thousand acres of fine meadow land, uniting the two counties of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire; and all these by the astonishing efforts, ingenuity, and patriotism, of an individual, (William Alexander Maddocks, Esq., M. P.) who, from his beautiful residence, Tan-y-Ralt, views the work of his own hands with that pleasure and delight enlightened genius only enjoys."—*Pedestrian Tour through North Wales.*

Note IV.

Preparing now to cross yon tract of sand.—p. 43.

On passing over Lancaster sands I may be allowed to present the following extract from Wordsworth's "De-

scription of the Scenery of the Lakes," as I conceive it must be in unison with the feelings of every traveller who delights in these walks :—" The stranger, from the moment he sets foot on those Sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him, and, crossing the majestic plain whence the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and towards whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led."

NOTE V.

With many a lovely land and sun-girt isle
Upon the waters of the estuary.—p. 43.

" But if the sun shine forcibly, he (the traveller) will perhaps be most entertained with observing the little gay isles and promontories of land, that seem to hover in the air or swim in a luminous vapour, that rises from the sand, and fluctuates beautifully on its surface."—*Note in West's Guide to the Lakes.*

NOTE VI.

——each with his intersecting base
The loftiest English Alps are seen to swell.—p. 59.

" Wast Water has in its composition more of the sublime than the rest of the English Lakes; the mountains are not only higher than the other mountains of the country, but, swelling proudly above their intersecting bases, each has a distinct and characteristic appearance." — *Green's Guide.*

Note VII.

O may no noontide sky serene, &c.—p. 59.

"Wast Water is not fine when enlightened by a meridian sun from a cloudless sky, for then the mountains on the north and west are uniformly illuminated; nor is it better at three, for then the sun's rays dart down the middle of the vale. In cloudless weather, the evening or the morning will be better than the mid-day or afternoon; but cloudy weather, with occasional gleams of the sun, will exhibit Wast Water to great advantage — mists and clouds travelling the surface of the rocks, sometimes displaying their huge forms as if hung in vapour, alternately light and of the deepest air-tints, will not fail of giving great pleasure to all who are capable of being moved by the wonders of God in the works of his creation."—The same in "*A Description of Sixty Studies from Nature.*"

Note VIII.

Than when thy evil-boding power appear'd
Where still yon haunted sanctuary is uprear'd,
Or when here shone thy hapless Mary's horoscope.—p. 79.

"Here (at Linlithgow) was born on the 8th of December, 1542, the unfortunate Queen Mary. Her father, James V., then dying at Falkland of a broken heart for his misfortunes at Solway Moss, foretold the miseries that hung over her and Scotland. 'It came,' said he, 'with a lass, and will be lost with one.' Here, too, is shown the aisle where James IV. saw the apparition that warned him of the im-

pending fate of the battle of Flodden."—Note in "*The Traveller's Guide through Scotland.*"

NOTE IX.

Where, bathed in its perpetual dew,
The herbage freshly springs to view.—p. 125.

The following observations relate to the Fall of Fyres:—"We arrived at one of the most singular and romantic scenes the imagination can conceive. At the foot of the rock over which the river falls, is a small circular bottom, on which rises, as it were, a little verdant hillock of a triangular form, which one might imagine an altar erected to the impetuous Naïad of this overwhelming stream: this rustic shrine and the verdant sanctuary in which it stands are adorned by the hand of nature with a rich profusion of beautiful flowers and luxuriant herbage. No wonder, overhung as it is with gloomy woods and abrupt precipices, no rude blast visits this sacred solitude; while perpetual mists, from the cataract that thunders above it, keep it for ever fresh with dewy moisture."—*Letters from the Mountains.*

NOTE X.

Threat'ning to whelm beneath the raging tide,
But for the skilful pilot that did guide
And o'er the wild waves made our skiff in triumph ride.
p. 129.

In this voyage we were overtaken by one of "the sud-

den flaws" * or "gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens," and during the continuance of the squall it was enough to excite our alarm, considering the precarious mode in which we were embarked — in a small, narrow, open boat — and when we further saw the effects of the critical period depicted in the countenances of our crew, who all resigned the oars, whilst one (who, they informed us, for our consolation, was an expert sailor) took the helm and held the sail loosely, to be prepared to let it yield to the pressure of the gale.

NOTE XI.

At nightfall as we trod its sacred quire
Beneath its roof "fretted with golden fire."—p. 148.

This allusion (which was suggested by the subjoined description) to the stars, seen through this roofless pile, the author hopes will not be considered as too far-fetched:— "The walls were standing, but the roofs gone, while the sun and the shower have nursed up a sublime grove in that once sacred place. Indeed, in various apartments, tall trees, twined round with ivy, beautify the finest ruins I ever entered . . . . The body of the abbey, between the fine-arched east and west windows, is one hundred and seventeen yards long and twenty-one yards wide. What a room, when its roof was entire! and now how sublime would be the splendours of moonlight through these arches!"—*Wilkinson's Tours to the British Mountains.*

* See the note in the "Lord of the Isles" on the Sound of Mull.

NOTE XII.

There, at that Shrine, its pleasures may engage
Our memory to conclude our pilgrimage.—p. 148.

To the reader, who has accompanied him to the close of his pilgrimage, the writer of these sketches trusts that he made not the appeal in vain at the commencement of his volume, and that indulgence, at least, will be granted to the melancholy pleasure which it has afforded him in cherishing, in this memorial, the recollection of the bygone joys, with his dear departed fellow-traveller, of his tour.

VISIONS IN VERSE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE ENGLISH LAKES

AND

THEIR ADJACENT REGIONS.

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THE TEMPLAR,

A VISION

OF

HAWES WATER AND SHAP ABBEY.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

Sir Ardulph D'Abrinois, the Templar.
Sir Ivo de Taillebois.
Walter Holme, of Mardale.
Laderine, Emmeline } his Daughters.
Eldred, Page to Sir Ardulph.
Hugo, a Wizard.
Helwise, a Witch.
Ghosts of Sir Hubert and the Lady Idonea.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Edward II.

PROEM.

Enough of Ullsmere and the beauteous Vale
Of Emont, Fancy, have the Regions rung,
Enough of Ullsmere, as the poet* sung
Enough of Grongar and each shady Dale
"Of winding Towy:"—Eusemere, from thy Hill,
To Truth propitious nor devoid of skill,
Thee, Fancy, I would fain invoke again,
Thee with thy sway to animate my Strain,
With waving wand such wonders who canst work at will.

* Dyer.

Hence have I woven, with whatever skill,
Good Critic, to your judgment may appear
(And in that judgment be not too severe),
Thy fictions, Fancy, from my charming Hill—
Hence, to elucidate my various themes,
That something like a Moral through them
gleams—
And of the various Scenes I'd fain portray,
Not wholly profitless in each Essay,
I hope to have indulged in my Poetic Dreams.

Yet, whither next my vent'rous course I'd steer,
Where I would own again the potent spell,
Fain would I for awhile, enraptured, dwell
Beneath me where the charming Realms appear—
The Lake, the Mountains, to my ken extend,
I have so loved to traverse and ascend—
That, Fancy, yet my efforts may inspire
To serve thine altar with some hallowed fire—
Their aid propitious further to my Task to lend.

There, where the winding of the Lake and Stream
(The first, that spreads forth to my view displayed
With all its shores—so beauteously embayed),
At parting, for awhile may prompt my theme—
With all "the cliffs and promontories there"—
With thee, Helvellyn, with a Monarch's air
Towering above thy Peers—still to thy throne
Its deep-felt homage from my heart to own,
There where thy mountain-crown majestic thou dost
wear:—

There, where the second with its silver gleam
Beside the wooded Mount, to where Dalemain,
Its Queen, amid the Valley holds her reign,
Recalls the raptures of my cherish'd theme—
Recalls thy tuneful flow till, lost, you glide
Afar, fair Emont, with your murm'ring tide—
To where thy Ridge of British Apennines,
Methinks, Cross Fell, in mimic glory shines,
Arrayed to fancy in its rival azure pride.

When, haply, the not inauspicious hours
May prompt one, so enamoured of his Home,
In those enchanting neighb'ring Realms to roam,
Where, onward, Lowther, with thy stately Towers,
Thy Groves, thy Glades, thy Terrace he would greet,
And, there the glorious Prospect to complete,
There as it opens on his charm'd survey,
The Valley * as it stretches far away,
Nature, to reach thy Shrine, at length, with pilgrim
feet :—

Which as he hails betwixt yon towering Hills,
With their romantic influence to prevail
To weave another visionary Tale—
The which although the sway of Fancy fills
But with such phantoms as yon misty train,
That scour along thy lofty wild domain—
As an Enthusiast, still, with transports warm,
There, mighty Minstrel ! he would own the charm
To ring a little change, at starting, on your Strain.

* The Vale of Bampton.

THE TEMPLAR.

MEASAND.

I.

A gentle Knight was ambling on the plain,
Not clad in mighty arms and ponderous shield,
Which there was here but little need to wield,
Where Nature, so secluded, holds her reign:
Yet, weaponless as one, in days of yore,
Ne'er dared to travel, in his belt he wore,
Confiding in the aid they could afford,
With a small buckler his right trusty sword—
A light lance, too, a Squire or Page beside him bore.

II.

The while the Red Cross on his mantle white,
With all th' accoutrements that well array
So brave a Warrior of that warlike day,
Proclaims the Order of the valiant Knight;
Who, as he ambles on his generous steed,
That was, Arabia, of thy choicest breed,
Upon the palfrey of th' attendant Boy,
Upon his wrist caressing with such joy
A fav'rite falcon, seems to take but little heed.

III.

For, in the ruthless war, that had been waged
Of late against his Order, of each sin
And crime accused, the Temple's Paladin
Was in his noble spirit all engaged:
And though himself from each attack aloof,
As well from conscience, as from station, proof,
Yet for his hapless Brethren, doomed to share
The malice of the Monarch * styled the Fair,
He, sympathizing, felt the kicks of his brute-hoof.

* Philip IV. of France.

IV.

When, to arouse him from his musing mood
(For Nature had asserted o'er his soul
The sway with which she could his cares control),
Delighted as he kens the opening Flood,*
Thus to his Page did brave Sir Ardulph say—
"There seems a promise of a goodly day,
With hound and hawk as, Eldred, we repair
To raise to-morrow from their nest and lair
The flying game, that will our labour well repay."

V.

"Ay, marry, with this Merlin on my wrist
I have no fears," exclaims th' excited boy,
So anxious and caressing with such joy
The hawk with such affection as he kiss'd.
Measand, conversing thus they reach thy strand,
There where so wisely, to protect the Land,
Was reared a Watch Tower in those warlike times,
So rife each hour in all marauding crimes,
For guard requiring but a small and trusty band.

* Hawes Water.

VI.

That, like the noble Spartan one of yore,
Would, in the Pass, have gallantly withstood
A host of Foes beside its noble Flood:
There, boldly shooting tow'rds the adverse shore
(Where Castle Crag and Wallow rear on high
Their ramparts 'gainst th' invading Enemy),
The Promontory leaves so scant a space
For the fair Lake, expanding thence, with grace
And grandeur, in array of mountain majesty.

VII.

By Harter, High Street and by Whelter Fell,
The Circuit so sublime he loves to make
(Thy poet's prelude, Hawes, around thy Lake),
May o'er his fancy weave a fav'ring spell—
To where thy murmurs, swollen, Fordingdale,
Could o'er the knightly hero of his tale
(Arresting as they caught his charmed ear,
As o'er thy foam-clad steep thou seek'st thy Mere)
With such a tuneful soothing influence prevail.

VIII.

"Behold in yonder Cataract portrayed
The Emblem, Eldred, of my Destiny,"
The Templar thus burst forth indignantly,
Whose kindled spirit all his bosom swayed,
"E'en in the turbid waters of yon Force,
Whose voice with their turmoil resounds so hoarse,
Till they have overcome their craggy steep,
Whence they re-echo with their foaming leap,
To hold their tranquillized, softly flowing course.

IX.

"So may its spirit triumph o'er its doom,
That with such wrongs I feel my frame assail!
So may my Destiny at length prevail,
My days flow on as calmly to the Tomb!
Yet hard, indeed, in toils and struggles rife,
Fighting for my Religion through my life,
To mark the lowering clouds of Calumny
Obscure th' horizon of my evening sky!
To have to bear for my reward so dire a strife!

X.

"That, where her venom'd shafts Detraction flings,
At one fell swoop our Order all destroyed!
So, the gorged vultures with their plunder cloyed,
The welkin with their shrieks of triumph rings."
Though, where his passing thoughts he thus bestowed,
His sorrows like the swollen torrent flowed,
By which He of the Red Cross reached the Mere,
Devoid of all remorse and craven fear,
Beneath that badge yet so consoled his spirit glowed.

XI.

There, where arrested by the beauteous Scene,
He rein'd his courser and, enchanted, stood,
Gazing upon the glorious Land and Flood,
The anguish of his soul might intervene
(So deeply in his destiny severe
Absorb'd) e'en to wring forth a Templar's tear;
Which unobserv'd not as he, rousing, thought
His young companion, by his glance, had caught,
Might make a flush upon his kindled cheek appear.

XII.

Which as with sympathetic feelings warm
He owned, who oft had seen him in this mood,
The Youth turn'd his attention, with its hood,
Unto the pet he bore upon his arm:
As one then from his thraldom to be freed,
Did brave Sir Ardulph on his generous steed
Bethink himself thence nimbly to bestir,
And gently to his side the Golden Spur
To give, upon whose saddle he had won that Meed.

XIII.

There, midway, on that neck of land uprose
The Watch Tower, Measand, of thy noble Flood,
That with its gallant band had oft withstood,
By Fordingdale well moated 'gainst its foes:
To which so anxiously as they now hied,
Whence they were all so joyfully descried,
Lo! then the welcome from its goodly Tower,
Hoisting the friendly Banner of its power,
Our Knight and Page hailed with a grateful, heartfelt
pride.

XIV.

On further errand, too, Sir Ardulph came
Than merely for the sport around the Tower,
The happy Ivo, in auspicious hour,
To greet upon the bliss that crowns his flame—
At his approaching Nuptials to attend,
Betrothed unto the Daughter of the Friend
Of d'Abrinois—to charming Laderine,
One of the lovely scions of the Line
Of Walter Holme * of Mardale—whither soon they wend.

XV.

Upon such hallowed errand when he came,
The noble nature of the valiant Knight
Was all too generous, in his own despite,
To damp the joy diffused around that flame,
To bear a clouded brow unto the Tower,
As in its turret, in auspicious hour,
He with his happy Host shared the repast,
What time the softest shades of evening cast
Upon so sweet a Scene their tranquillizing power.

* "An ancestor of the family of Holme settled anciently in these parts, and the Holmes of Mardale have lived here ever since the reign of King John."—*Green's Guide.*

XVI.

Lo! where that chosen Station can command
The varied Reaches of the beauteous Lake,
In all the glowing hues which they can take,
It made the Templar's lighten'd heart expand—
As now, to soothe his Foster Father's woe,
The anxious Boy exerts his skill to show,
And with an Emblem, at an hour so meet,
Such Audience with its sympathy to greet,
To make it in such simple-prompted numbers flow.

XVII.

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY,

A BALLAD.

Clad in robe of heav'nly light,
Which its radiant lustre shed
On the armour of a Knight,
A celestial Vision led:—

There they stood, a glorious pair,
From the gath'ring cloud of storm,
As the Moon shone out so fair
On each bright illumin'd Form.

Where the Spoiler's steps have been
Midst a Region waste and wild,
That was once so fair a Scene,
Still one ling'ring Blossom smiled.

"As your Meed accept this Flower,"
With which Truth the Chief addrest,
"Proof against each blast and shower,
Knight, to bloom upon your Crest!"

XVIII.

And, now, what wonder? with the Minstrel's aid
(Though with thy garden to a waste so wild
Now changed), with thy fancy so beguiled,
Yet, Valour, still invincibly arrayed,
That thou should'st bear thee, in the panoply
Of Conscience, 'gainst the bolts of Calumny!
What wonder? with their desolating power,
He, who so keenly felt that blast and shower,
Should in his visions pluck The Flower of Chivalry!

DOVACK MOOR.

I.

Behoves me here no further to recount
Than that like heroes, laden with their spoils,
Which crown'd beyond their sanguine hopes their toils,
How they enjoyed the triumphs of the Mount *—
Behoves me here no further then to treat
Now of a pastime all so obsolete,
With all its olden phraseology,
The gentle craft as termed so gracefully,
Than with their feats our gallant Followers to greet.

* Hawking phrase.

II.

When lo! in evil hour, upon the Moor
(When sunk behind the Ridge of Saddleback,
The sun so bloody with his gilded rack),
To startle many a homeward trudging boor,
The scared wild fowl, with as dread a yell
As ever issued from the depths of Hell,
With hounds, with hawks, with hernshaws in affright,
Arose and were all soon wing'd out of sight—
The Sportsmen left aghast upon the lonely Fell.

III.

For, midst yon Grove of weather-beaten Firs,
Which crowns the summit of the bleak bare Hill,
There where the wild winds whistle all so shrill,
What haggard Phantom, like fell Hecate, stirs
The hissing Cauldron as it steams so high?
As in its furnace glares her Gorgon eye,
Infuriate, with its most malignant scowl;
Beside her while there sits, beneath a cowl,
One who so joyfully the fuel doth supply.

IV.

As, all bedropping with its deadly dew
(Which shed its venom on the blist'ring wood),
That for some victim seem'd th' intended food,
The Gorgon from the hissing Cauldron drew
And waved around her wand a branch of yew,
Then he, with whom that hell-broth she did brew,
Arose, and, throwing back his monkish hood,
Obedient to the Beldam's bidding stood,
As in their prompted strains their task they thus pursue.

V.

INCANTATION.

HUGO.

Gathering wolves begin to howl,
With their glaring eyeballs gaunt,
As the shades of evening scowl
Upon our accursed haunt—
Which the bat and hooting howl
With its horrors can so daunt,
That they leave us for the night
To perform our hellish Rite!

VI.

HELWISE.

In our Grove of blasted Firs,
  Through each quiv'ring bush and brake,
Such a demon-spirit stirs
  As might make a Nero quake!
And all cow'rdly yelping curs
  At the sounds and sights to shake,
With which our Solemnities
Could their eyes and ears surprise!

VII.

HUGO.

Helwise, for our Incantation
  What through magic hast thou wrought,
Vers'd in spells of deep damnation
  By the Prince of Darkness taught!
O'er the Cauldron your Oration,
  With the tribute you have brought,
Fiends await to hear you sing,
In their ravish'd ears to ring!

VIII.

HELWISE.

Hugo, of my skill you know
I am no vain vaunting singer,
Yet, to strike a deadly blow
Conscience never made me linger—
In the Cauldron thus I throw
A sweet strangled Baby's finger,
With the kindred blood we've spilt,
With such triumph in our guilt!

IX.

BOTH.

By the quivering of the flame,
By the Cauldron's steam and bubble,
Though Foes come to work our shame
And to give us toil and trouble—
On their fiery steed of fame
Witch and Wizard riding double,
On the red-hot Road of Sin,
Must the day resistless win!

X.

There as Sir Ardulph and young Eldred chanced
To pass that way, with a sardonic smile,
With which they scarcely could conceal their guile,
The Gipsy Twain to greet them then advanced.
Fain of the Page a little history
(And touching deeply, too, his Company)
I would relate—the Foundling of the Stream
(Saved by Sir Ardulph in my waking dream)
Where, Lowther, o'er thy bed thou flow'st so fretfully.

XI.

There, at the deed, the spirit of the wave,
Methinks, recoiling with so great a shock,
Was shrieking heard, from his re-echoing Rock,
To spare the Innocent a watery grave!
There, with the breezy night so overcast,
Athwart the summer moon as quickly past,
So bright, at intervals, the hurrying rack
Reveal'd, scarce veiling her refulgent track,
There, Lowther, by thy stream our Knight was riding
fast—

XII.

Just opposite to where uprose a Tower
Upon the other bank, on which the night
Shed, like a troubled dream, its fitful light;
And where the fancy still, at such an hour,
May, Askham, in thy venerable Hall
The Spirit of departed Time recall—
As well as, Lowther, throw across thy Tide
The Arch that spans it on its shelving side,
As when thy foaming eddies might his heart appal.

XIII.

Who, still, within their saving vortex whirled,
Beheld, beneath the Providential gleam
With which the Moon illumin'd then that stream,
From off that Arch some object in it hurled
By two dark Forms, as in a vision wild,
With which his startled senses seem'd beguiled—
Yet, ere the sweet intended victim sank,
The Knight plunged in and bore unto the bank,
As scarce his eyesight could believe, a little child.

XIV.

There was a lowly structure * dedicate
To thee, Saint Peter, on thy Rock, beside
The Stream, to which those two dark Figures hied;
Whose aspects, on th' adventure I relate,
So pale and ghastly at the altar there—
So wrapt in shriving, penance, and in prayer—
May tell the fears so terrible within,
On the commission of a deadly sin,
And lighten up to fancy in the taper's glare.

XV.

Nor, till arising with its lurid light,
The morn low'r'd on that Region, did they dare,
That conscience stricken and mysterious Pair,
Again to venture forth upon that night:
And through that Region, when they took their way,
One of such solemn sylvan rich array,
Well might "the River there be heard in wrath"
By them, beholding, in their guilty path,
A spectre in its foam to fill them with dismay.

* "The church" (which has lately been rebuilt,)] "is dedicated to St. Peter, perhaps in allusion to the rock on which it is founded."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

XVI.

There as ascending from their deep-sunk bed
Of rock, so foaming where the waters dash,
Beside their richly wooded bank, the Rash,
In vain the Caitiffs from their murmurs fled—
So sounding still with a rebuking tone,
As long as they could hear their mournful moan—
So ringing in their ears, upon the Wild,
Still with the wailings of the murder'd Child,
That show'd the prize e'en at such cost of life fore-
gone.

XVII.

When ages, Critics, o'er a scene have roll'd,
Whereon Time throws, with such strong agency,
The misty mantle of Antiquity,
As well ye know, a Poet may behold
As suits his fancy—at this fated hour—
So fares it, Askham, with your haunted Tower,
Forsaken for some deed of foulest die
And echoing with dire shrieks of agony,
As it was bruited, thus become the Monarch's dower.

XVIII.

Nor have I woven in my waking Dream
More than the Annals of the World, in times
Less fruitful in their Chronicle of crimes,
Than those of which I speak have been the theme
For Poets—when such plots of secret guile
Could of their due inheritance despoil
Knights, Peers and Princes, till some turn of fate
Could haply in their honours reinstate
Them, with such triumph o'er each scheme of deepest
wile.

XIX.

As, with the sinking Cauldron on the Stage,
The Hags do vanish into air, thin air,
So did it with those very Worthies fare,
Whose Orgies could my fancy so engage:
Ere they departed yet that Gipsy Twain
Their pledge then chanted, in mysterious Strain
The Knight and Page so little understood,
Then as they faded in their blighted Wood,
Which loudly echoed forth that Pledge to meet again.

XX.

Time, which unravels many a mystery,
May so elucidate my darkling Theme,
Which I have woven in a waking Dream,
As yet a saving Lesson may supply—
And, to the Critic pleading my excuse,
May, haply, some redeeming lore infuse,
With a congenial spirit to prevail
To travel farther with me in my Tale,
Majestic Mardale! midst thy solemn scenes to muse.

MARDALE.

I.

There where secluded Nature holds her reign
(Beyond which all into a hopeless Waste *
Contracts, adown which so precipitous haste
The Torrents, in their desolate domain,
There ever with such a destructive sway
'Twixt mould'ring Mountains) lo! I take my way,
With such a Spirit to the Region still,
There, Nature, on the site of Chapel Hill,
My tribute to thy tranquillizing charms to pay.

* "Above the chapel, all is hopeless waste and desolation. The little vale contracts into a glen strewed with the precipitated ruins of mouldering mountains and the destruction of perpetual waterfalls."—*West's Guide.*

II.

There, where the Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,
May choose the Region for her blissful seat,
Which erst an Exile sought for his Retreat,
And Nature for her ardent Votary
Full many an altar, with her decking hand,
Rear in those rocky knolls, at His command
That call'd these towering Glories into birth,
Yon liquid Mirror and the teeming Earth,
Where Fancy may be welcomed, too, with waving
wand.

III.

As now my musing memory would recall,
To warn the Trav'ller from the fearful Fell
Arising to my fancy like a Spell—
There where the Region, with its barrier Wall,
The craggy towering Steep divides—the Dale
Of Desolation from the fertile Vale—
There, as along th' Impostor Prophet's Bridge,
Meet only for some Fay so sharp a Ridge
Safely to ride thereon as thine, O Riggendale!

IV.

There as, of late, in that deep Solitude,
I listen'd to the murmur of the Stream,
" In many a sportive curve " and silver gleam
That to the Lake its lonely course pursued,
" A Stone, half sunk, there show'd its head of moss "
Above the ground, protected by a fosse,
Amid the mountain wild that marks a Grave,
O'er which no willow could be seen to wave—
As a Memorial where was fix'd a little Cross.

V.

One, who had wander'd forth at early morn,
As soon as, o'er yon Ridge, it could illume
The glimm'ring shades around that humble Tomb,
And in its yellow garb the Rock adorn
Of lichen, shedding, too, its roseate ray
Upon a neighb'ring Torrent's tinted spray,
" Lo ! here where all thy mortal cares did cease
Where, dearest Agnes, thou wert laid in peace,"
(As to that Cross he bent thus did the Mourner
say)—

VI.

"Lo! here he hails the Promise in yon Star,
That now so brightly in the Eastern Sky,
So fair to Walter Holme's parental eye,
The Pledge of Peace bears in its silver car—
With its auspicious lustre to illume
Not less his widow'd state than Daughter's doom,
Whilst in his heart he feels our Laderine,
Match'd with a noble Kinsman of his Line,
So destin'd with the will of Heaven in bliss to bloom."

VII.

He ceas'd—where now the murm'ring Waterfall
His melancholy could so, soothing, please,
As through those aged pines the sighing breeze
The Sainted Spirit from the Tomb did call.
"Beneath this Rock firm as it towers on high
Was sealed our Pledge of Love and Constancy!"
Where mournful memory—as it could impart
A solace to the sorrows of his heart—
Lifts to the brightening vault of Heaven his glistening
eye—

VIII.

Such the Inscription on the cherish'd Spot
So dear to his Affection, from the shock
Of Tempests shelter'd by that arching Rock,
That form'd beneath it such a holy Grot:
Whence as the Mourner kenn'd across the meads
The noble Knights, his guests, upon their steeds,
Them (with whose he now felt his destiny
Bound by so strong a sympathetic tie)
To welcome to his hospitable Home he speeds

IX.

There, how the Tenant of the lonely Dale
Was soothed (his struggling spirit to requite)
With d'Abrinois his Friend, the Templar Knight,
Fain would I picture in my simple Tale:—
The one who deadly feuds and jealous jars
Had followed in the wildest foreign Wars—
The other, in his Sphere, as nobly sway'd
As that with such glory the Croisade
Had crown'd, here met again, beneath their ruling
Stars—

X.

With the Betrothed of the illustrious Line,
That stood forth, midst the Barons bold, to plead
Their glorious cause divine on Runnymede;
To whom the Lord of Kendal did assign
(The Head of his famed House) the Lake and Land,
And one, whose prowess could so well command
Them, mingled with such gentleness and grace—
And for his Liege Lord, too, a fitting place
To warn him of th' incursion of an hostile Band :—

XI.

Which, through the lonely Region of Kentmere
(But for the Watch Tower he had station'd there,
Mardale, to guard thy Pass), his Realms so fair
To ravage, might so suddenly appear.
There, rescued on whose head had Heaven smiled,
Rear'd by the Knight as his adopted child,
Him now my fancy in his little Boat
May, on so fair an evening, see afloat,
Upon the lovely charming Lake all so beguiled.

XII.

All with his playmate, little Emmeline,
Then when so tranquil, in the scene sublime,
So transient, in so variable a clime,
That hour might every summer-eve outshine :—
There where the glories of the setting Day,
Their grateful homage to its charms to pay,
May call forth—(where such bliss they could impart)
A voice from each enraptur'd jocund heart,
Resounding in their artless, simple Roundelay.

XIII.

ROUNDELAY.

ELDRED.

On the Mountain and the Lake,
With their blithesome notes awake—
On the Mead and cultured Plain,
All her Creatures, in the Strain,
Their glad grateful voices raise
With the sound of Nature's praise !

EMMELINE.

Cruel eagles on their heights,
With the falcons and the kites—

With the blackbird, thrush, and dove,
In their sweetly echoing grove,
Their glad grateful voices raise
With the sound of Nature's praise!

XIV.

ELDRED.

In this beauteous charming Scene,
Clad in evening's mantle sheen,
Can I, then, refuse to join
With my own dear Emmeline,
My glad grateful voice to raise
With the sound of Nature's praise?

EMMELINE.

Or with Eldred I forego,
In the joys he did bestow,
In the Art of Minstrelsy
Kindly he conferr'd on me,
My glad grateful voice to raise
With the sound of Nature's praise?

XV.

Nor, till the shades of Night, upon that eve,
So deeply dropp'd upon the dark'ning Shore,
Did the young Boatman cease to ply his oar—
His fancies with his Fellow Minstrel weave—
And with his little Lady of the Lake
The pleasures of the scenery to partake—
No longer vocal with their Madrigals,
As Nature with her murm'ring Waterfalls
Might hold the charmed Minstrels for awhile awake.

XVI.

Nor failed, amid their Solitude profound,
That Scene, that Hour, their influence to impart
Upon the feelings which then sway'd each heart,
With sympathetic ties so strongly bound:—
There where had met that gallant Company,
Upon that eve, all so auspiciously,
To start upon the morrow on their way,
Shap, to thy glorious and thy grand Abbaye,
To witness 'neath its Roof the blest Solemnity.

SHAP ABBEY.

I.

How is the Altar of the grand Abbaye
With all the Pride, Pomp, Circumstance, to boot,
That with the Times of Monkish splendour suit—
How is the Altar of the grand Abbaye,
On such a solemn and most joyous Day,
Devoid of its magnificent Array?
Saint Mary Magdalene, within thy Pile
Whilst all seems, from the bustle in each Aisle,
Less like a Bridal than a dire Auto da Fè!

II.

Before a gorgeous decorated Tomb,
In highly gilded Effigy where slept
(Before which oft had Friends and Kindred wept)
A faithful Pair, the Scene was wrapt in gloom—
The Abbot on his judgment seat—the Twain
That came there, all so eager to arraign,
The Witch and Wizard Monk of Dovack Moor,
With the cowl'd Throng that blacken'd all the floor,
Th' accused the Cavalier without reproach or stain.

III.

The Cavalier (on whom their vengeful spite
They would have wreak'd, escaped their murd'rous hand
Beside him as they saw young Eldred stand,
Whom he had rescued on that fateful night
Out of the stream) stood forth, spontaneously,
'Gainst his Accusers in the panoply
Of conscience—in those evil lowering times
Upon his Order charged with foulest crimes,
Unshaken to repel th' assaults of Calumny.

IV.

The stern defiance of his noble mien
Made his Accusers at his presence shrink,
Who of his life-blood were prepared to drink—
Again to tremble at a tragic Scene,
Hugo exclaiming, with a heart-wrung Sigh
(Unto whose glaring, horror-stricken eye,
" Bursting the marble slumbers of the Tomb,"
The faithful Pair their earthly Forms resume),
" Lo! Eldred, there your hapless murder'd Parents
lie!

V.

" Your Uncle, from the time when you were born,
When reckless you were thrown into the stream
(Whelm'd in the wave as we did vainly deem)
By Helwise, who did laugh the deed to scorn
(Whose hands, too, in your Mother's blood were dyed)
To gain his Land your Father's Fratricide,
An Outcast, as you saw me, much-wrong'd child,
I've ever been upon the Mountain Wild,
With Helwise in my tortures and my crimes allied!

VI.

"Shap, as we roamed upon thy dreary Tracts,
Oft did we see the Spirits, in their shrouds,
Of those we murder'd, in the flying Clouds,
And heard their voices in the Cataracts
On Swindale's and Wet Sleddale's lone domain,
Where Desolation holds her wildest reign,
Long Sleddale, all so conscience-stricken, stood
To mark the spray that bathed thy Rocks with blood,*
As on our wand'ring heads thus fell the curse of
Cain!"

VII.

Then, as they stalked adown the breathless Aisle
(In whom, as in affection so allied,
Satan and Sin were so personified),
Lo! all the cowled throng with awe recoil!
Then, on the Wizard's tragic Hist'ry's close,
So duly for his Victims' souls' repose
(On thy young beating heart that, Eldred, shed
Such soothing influence), for the honour'd Dead
The Requiem in the stately echoing Pile arose.

* Good Critic, what is this to:—
"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

VIII.

REQUIEM.

As on your Pledge of Love so dear,
So rescued, gazing ye appear—
So soothed with our fervent Strain,
Ye Sainted Spirits! we would fain
Imagine ye so deeply own,
To plead for them, at Mercy's Throne,
By Heaven's awful smiting wrath
O'ertaken in their guilty path!

IX.

"Bursting the marble slumbers of the Tomb,"*
Their red eyes" on thee, Eldred, "as they roll'd,"
The Choir in their own moving Strain behold
The faithful Pair their earthly Forms resume!
Or was it but the Tapers' sickly gleam
From yonder Thuribule, that, through the steam
Of incense rolling round it, mocks the sight!
"As, looking forward," through that misty light,
"The Ghosts, half form'd, there of the shadowy smoke might seem?"

* From Heber's Palestine, with the other passages in this and in the succeeding stanza, distinguished by inverted commas from Ossian.

X.

And, further, as that Spirit doth supply
(Spite of the Critic as I would invoke,
In Vision, in the Strain in which it spoke),
Its Airy Forms and Shadowy Imagery,
Lo! as "his right hand rests upon his shield,"
Beside him may the mournful vision yield
One, with "her lovely eye roll'd deep in tears,
Whose wound, half hid, beneath her robe appears,
Seen, through the mist, so dimly on its wavy" field!

XI.

The Vision, in which seem to fade away
The mournful Apparitions from my view,
Completes the Picture, which the Fancy drew,
In all the glowing hues she can portray:
Saint Mary Magdalene! at thy rich Shrine
The Marriage of Taillebois with Laderine,
And, when some years had o'er your orphan's head,
Sainted Sir Hubert and Idonea! fled,
Your Eldred's happy Union, too, with Emmeline.

XII.

These on the pleasant borders of thy Stream
To their possessions joyously betake,
Whilst, Lowther, those beside thy parent Lake
Behold all realized their golden dream:
Yet of the time still would their Poet tell,
On their ascent from the sequester'd Dell,
In which the sacred Structure still appear'd,
How they did ponder, as they homeward steer'd,
On the Adventures which their Pilgrimage befel.

XIII.

Thence as they pass'd to where thou dost command,
Rosgill, along thy Ridge the Realm so fair,
So boldly, Knipe Scar, where thou tow'r'st in air,
So vast, so various, where its charms expand—
Say, with what transports did the Trav'llers hail
The beauty there of that enchanting Vale!
Where of their Lake they caught the welcome gleam,
That, from its Mountains issuing forth, did seem
To greet them, for the consummation of my Tale.

XIV.

Once more to Temple Sowerby * he wends,
Once more to marshal, Eden, on thy side,
And take his seat with melancholy pride
For the last time amidst his gallant Friends:
For, though like lions, with the hunter's wiles
Beset on all sides, taken in the toils,
Their Foeman dared not with his plund'ring hand
Add insult to Sir Ardulph and his Band,
As often Tyranny respects where it despoils.

XV.

So, with its honours as they still displayed
Their Banner, with its Red Cross bright unfurl'd,
In all their Chivalry, with all the World
In arms against them, as they march arrayed,
Then, Eden, as thy well-known echo † gave,
Long did its memory, o'er thy murm'ring wave,
Dwell on the ears of those who heard the Strain,
Upon thy Banks as ne'er to meet again
Then loudly there as their lament pour forth the brave.

* "Below Kirby Thore, and adjoining thereto on the north-west, lies Temple Sowerby; so called, by way of distinction, from its having belonged heretofore to the Knights Templars."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

† Alluding to the remarkable echo here.

XVI.

Once more to Temple Sowerby he wends,
Once more to marshal, Eden, on thy side,
And take his seat with melancholy pride
For the last time amidst his gallant Friends—
All smarting with their wrongs, for them to tell
The indignation that each heart might swell,
Upon the fiendish triumph of the day,
That seal'd th' atrocious sentence of Molay,
Unconquer'd, thus, to prompt, at parting, their farewell.

XVII.

THE TEMPLARS' FAREWELL SONG.

On the Star of our Order, no longer now beaming
As it shone so glorious and brilliant of yore—
On its lustre now quench'd in the torrents all streaming
By the Tyrant so ruthless of our brave brethren's gore—
Such a Demon on Earth, so fierce and so fell,
At the fire, by the Fiends preparing in Hell,
May quake when he thinks how he kindled the flame,
In which glared the Steeples of his proud Notre Dame!

XVIII.

From the Age, when, at Salem, our Order assembled
In their stronghold, whence, rushing, their keen falchions fell
(At which Heathen Hordes so often have trembled)
On the cleft turbann'd head of the swart Infidel,
In guard of the Pilgrim on his Mission Divine,
Who hath, with such transport, on his return from the shrine,
Proclaimed through each grateful, through each distant land,
The strength, the tried temper of the Templar's bright Brand.

XIX.

Than which, since bold Baldwin our Order arrayed
(As e'er with such lustre it flash'd in the van),
None e'er in the aid of each Holy Croisade
With more prowess was wielded by each brave Knighted clan!
And, when sated with Fame, and with the increase
Of our Fortunes, we wish'd to sheathe it in Peace,
The Wolves of all Europe, with Philip the Fair
At their head, for the Hunt then uprose from their Lair:—

XX.

The Monarch and Statesman, the Soldier and Priest,
In their haunts, like a vulture, each scented afar,
With beak and with talons to pounce on the feast,
As they plotted and plann'd their plundering war—
The Pope to his Packs to run us all down
The signal then gave, with his frown and each crown,
In their kennels their Master each Hound in his cowl
The signal obey'd, with his howl and his scowl—

XXI.

With one noble exception, upon our doomed Race,
For the wealth we had earn'd, that refus'd to set on,
For our coveted wealth, the Dogs of the Chase,
That Spirit that reign'd o'er thee, Arragon!
With fire, and with rack, and with forged confessions,
As they lay'd their foul fangs on all our possessions,
Against us the Fiends, who could only give birth
To such projects, then seem'd all let loose upon
Earth!

XXII.

In his ranks, yet, each Templar, undaunted, still keeping
(Though as dire as the Blast of the Desert it came,
The hot breath from its base the Order now sweeping)
Evinces a Spirit that no threats e'er can tame :—
So let us through a Host of implacable Foes,
With the world now in arms our course to oppose,
Another example, if called on, afford,
To Glory, to Death, to cut our way with our Sword !

XXIII.

Then, as each Knight arose and struck his Sword,
Around the Board, upon the sounding hilt
(By which ne'er but its Foeman's blood was spilt),
In after time as faithful to his word
Each proved, against each wretch that dared gainsay
The arm, that, with such honourable sway,
Could wield it 'neath the lustre of thy Star—
Whence, marching out with all the pride of war,
Spirit of Chivalry ! they owned its guiding ray.

Reft of their Rights—fallen on evil days—
Still, with his gallant Company, the Chief
Felt in his conscience that Divine Relief,
That with such strong support the spirit sways:—
Where soothing Friendship could, for many a year,
Those days with Walter Holme of Mardale cheer,
When raging Avarice, with vindictive gall,
Doomed his distinguish'd Order to its Fall,
The Templar Knight so peacefully closed his career.

Lo! where yon solitary Tower * uprears
Its venerable Structure on thy side,
As on the Arch, that spans thy rapid Tide,
The Emblem, Lowther, of the lapse of years—
As on that Arch, good critic, in my strain,
I, musing, gaze the Phantoms of my brain
(The Spirit of departed Time recalls
Within the precincts of yon ancient walls),
You'll ask, perchance, how they did disappear again?

* Of Shap Abbey.

E'en so, with your permission, let them pass,
Nor at their ghost-like exit, Critic start,
That such should come like shadows—so depart—
Wrought by the Poet's Magic Lantern's Glass—
Your Poet, still, like Fancy's dreaming Child,
Still with his Visionary Theme beguiled,
As homeward he now wends across the Moor,
Within each circle, startling many a boor,
Descries a Cairn * and Column on the awful Wild.

As a last effort, at this solemn hour
(" Nor are the stubborn forms of Earth and Stone"
As her lamented Minstrel † well did own
" Less subject to the Sorceress's power,")
The fancy, as Memorials, to my gaze
The Witch and Wizard Monk transform'd portrays
(In whom in league to crush a noble mind
Hypocrisy with calumny combined),
This to the Pillar, that unto thy Heap, White Raise.

* See the first note.

† Sir Walter Scott in Harold the Dauntless.

So when, at length, from this commanding Height,*
The Lake, the Mountains, and my dear Domain,
Small as it is, spread forth their charming reign,
The Vision melts away before my sight:—
No Vision then my fancy can so please,
Accomp'nied with such bright Realities—
No Vision like the view possess the power
My much-loved dwelling where they so embower—
No Vision like the smoke upcurling from my trees.

And when I reach thy Realms, each well-known Scene
Around thee, Ullsmere, yet would still bequeath
Unto each Region a much richer wreath
Than I have woven (whom to laud, I ween,
May even prompt your Votary to roam),
Fair Lake! may no malignant Elf or Gnome,
No Fiend or green-eyed Monster e'er prevail
With thee against the Author of each Tale,
Returning not the less, each time, fond of his Home.

* Barton Fell.

THE HERMIT OF THE ISLE,

A VISION

OF

DERWENT WATER.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

The Spirit of Saint Herbert.
Adulf, the Hermit.
Waldeof.
Maud, his Granddaughter.
Pilgrims.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Henry VIII.

PROEM.

One, who did sojourn long upon thy banks,
(And where can Fancy with more sway prevail
Than, Keswick, in "thy sweet fantastic Vale")
To thee, fair Derwent, would return his thanks!
Who, so enraptured with thy realms sublime,
There, halting, so enjoyed the happy time,
On his romantic pilgrimage still bent,
Ere he had anchor cast or pitch'd his tent,
As well may prompt again, as then, his grateful
rhyme.

Where, Nature, thou so deeply didst imbue
His kindled feelings with such strong desire
And with thy influence fan the quenchless fire,
Hence e'er to give thee every honour due—
To tread, in memory, every varied dale
That branches, Keswick, from thy glorious vale—
In all his towering majesty confest
The Monarch Mountain,* with his purple crest,
And every peak amid his subject ridge, to hail!

To Nature as he would delighted talk
All of these kindling glories for his theme,
Her lake, her mountains, she can little deem
Him there ambitious of the *Lady's Walk!* †
There as he listens to your voice, the while,
Ye clam'rous tenants ‡ of the Lonely Isle,
Which ye have chosen for your council seat,
Your wranglings which no dire award can meet
Nor of its due inheritance your race despoil.

* Skiddaw.

† So called from the Countess of Derwentwater, as the story goes, having made her escape up the steep.

‡ No less than a rookery on Lord's Island.

Such as, their station where they proudly held,
Whence pouncing, like the eagle from his nest,
The Chieftain from his Fortress on its crest,
From Castlerigg each bold invasion quell'd,
Such as befalling that illustrious race
Of yore, of whom, now, with their dwelling-place,
Of all their wealth without a vestige left
On land or lake—of all their honours reft—
The tide of Time, alas! hath swept away each
trace!

Thus would he wander, Derwent, by thy side,
By Barrow and its rocky ramparts range,
Romantic, through the awful gorge, by Grange,
In Borrowdale, to hail its riven pride;
To muse, in what convulsion, Bowder Stone,
Or in what War of Giants thou wert thrown,
Huge fragment, midst a realm that could supply
Them with a missile hurled from on high,
Enough, indeed, to lay the tallest Titan prone!

One, who did, in his happy pilgrimage,
Enthusiast Eremite, so charm'd, explore
The varied beauties of thy deep and shore,
Would seek thy spirit in its Hermitage:—
In its illumined visionary cell
An Anchorite awhile with thee to dwell;
There whence "the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,"
May still "amuse the solitary night,"
For Fancy there to weave unto his view her spell.

There where she still may celebrate the mass,
"The mitred window" with its brightest gleam
Illumine, as thy spirit there may seem,
Saint Herbert, to its orisons to pass,
Haunting the melancholy wilderness
A little toil might all so fairly dress,
To make it like a little Eden smile,
As erst, thy beauteous and deserted Isle—
Another votary with his visions there to bless.

THE HERMIT OF THE ISLE.

FRIAR CRAG.

I.

The Morn and Year were in their loveliest prime,
The loveliest after their fresh vernal showers
(Which visits e'en, in such delightful hours,
The regions of our fickle Northern Clime),
When, on that morning, such a various train
Assembles, in which, Fancy, he would fain
(Thy pilgrim, as he mingles with the crew
Various, perhaps, as that that Master* drew)
Respectfully recall Dan Chaucer in his strain.

* In his "Canterbury Tales."

II.

There, as they all assemble on that crag,
O could I, with that master-hand, the while,
Portray embarking for the Hermit's Isle
(There where so oft I've wander'd by Strands Hagg,
There felt, as list'ning to the sighing breeze
That woke its rustling murmur 'mongst the trees,
The charm its mirror or its foam-tipt wave
To contemplation and to fancy gave)
And for each worthy weave a tale that could so please.

III.

O could I, with that master hand, there mark
The devotees that fill yon ferry boat,
That *omnibus* with such a freight afloat,
With whom thy pilgrim, Fancy, would embark :—
Where, erst, the warrior bound for Palestine,
The maiden in his absence doomed to pine,
As well as he, with conquest crown'd, who came
The guerdon of his gallantry to claim—
For meed or penance as their conscience did incline.

IV.

The liege lord and the vassal, serf and groom,
With those who were e'er belted to assail,
To foray and to gather in black mail,
There no precedence claimed or upper room—
No matter what their calling, where they dwell,
Or in what lawless arms or arts excel—
Not even to exclude the keen sharp shooters
From their renown'd republic of freebooters,
The brigand's commonwealth, the land debateable.

V.

Where, all so sweetly smiling face to face,
With balanced powers the conservatives,
Maintaining stoutly their prerogatives,
Sat with the radical and ultra race:
When statesmen then (as squires or yeomanry
Are greeted to this day i'th' *North Countrie*)
Could never dare to threaten such a storm
Upon their heads in dreaming of reform,
With those who dreamt but to swamp their nobility.

VI.

There did they all assemble in that age,
The various crew, on the auspicious morn,
The last that with its radiance to adorn
Arose, perhaps, upon that pilgrimage:
Then when already felt throughout the land,
As like a peal of thunder, the command,
That shook the sway of him,* that potent one,
"Through whom the rays of regal bounty shone,"
Who held "law in his voice and fortune in his hand."

VII.

Thence, as they launch into their little main,
Nature, responsive, owned the chant divine,
With which, Saint Herbert, they approach'd thy shrine,
Hymning thy glory in their fervent strain—
Startling the falcons on their crag—thy goats
Too, Wallow, as thy rocks repeat the notes—
There, in full chorus, as the pilgrims pour,
Resounding o'er the foaming swoll'n Lowdore,
As, wafted o'er the still lake, their Te Deum floats.

* Cardinal Wolsey.

VIII.

CHANT OF PILGRIMS ON THE LAKE.

PILGRIM.

To the glory of God! as their echoes repeat
The wonderful works that we laud from our hearts,
As it returns with a charm, thence wafted so sweet,
The strain to each heart that such rapture imparts.

CHORUS.

Then wake, brother pilgrims, with fervency wake
The strain, as we glide o'er the beautiful lake,
With each solemn response its silence to break!

IX.

PILGRIM.

To the glory of God! on this bright vernal morn,
With the year awaking from its long winter's sleep,
So rich and so various with its tints to adorn
The fair opening sky, the land and the deep.

CHORUS.

Then wake, brother pilgrims, with fervency wake
The strain, as we glide o'er the beautiful lake,
That a mirror so fair to such splendour doth make!

X.

PILGRIM.

To the glory of God! with heart and with voice,
On the gladsome return of this high festival,
As Nature calls on us with thanks to rejoice
From each purling stream and loud waterfall.

CHORUS.

Then wake, brother pilgrims, with fervency wake
The strain, as we glide o'er the beautiful lake,
Holy Isle, as to thee we devoutly betake!

XI.

PILGRIM.

To the glory of God! for the gifts He bestows,
For the mercies vouchsafed to his creatures so frail,
Of light and of life to the fountain whence flows
Each stream, with such bounty and blessings, all hail!

CHORUS.

Then wake, brother pilgrims, with fervency wake
The strain, as we glide o'er the beautiful lake,
For pardon of our sins for his blessed Son's sake!

XII.

Betwixt the pauses of each pious chaunt,
On that appointed holy festival,
How deeply did the pilgrims own its call
With which would fain re-echo my romaunt!
When, as the Hermit rung his chapel-bell,
What time he saw the pilgrims from his cell,
As by the voice of Nature from the hills,
Scarce broken by the cataracts and rills,
A solemn soothing silence on the scene then fell.

THE ISLE.

I.

Where it uprears its little sanctuary,
That Islet, they resume their pious strain,
As in procession move the pilgrim train
There whence their sacred wafted harmony
(Reverberated by each towering fell
To penetrate the depth of every dell),
So sweetly from its bosom to awake
Each echo as it floats around the lake,
Did on the charm'd ear of th' arrested trav'ller swell.

II.

Twice twenty days' indulgence * could they claim,
(Whom that appointed holy festival
Did to its service in the islet call),
The souls that to be shrived so sorrowing came—
This grace to sinners, in the sale of words,
Such an accommodating creed affords
Each year in April on the thirteenth day,
When the two saints to Heaven wing'd their way,
According to their wish, as monkish writ records.

III.

Lo! as he there devoutly counts each bead
Who tends that altar with his ministry,
Yet cloaks not with such foul hypocrisy
His soul for such accommodating creed,
Where he so rigidly was thought to dwell,
The visionary tenant of the cell,
On him, in leading such a life austere,
In fasting and in penances severe,
The mantle of the Hermit, as was fancied, fell.

* An account of this indulgence, and of the consecration of the island to St. Herbert, is in Bede's History of the Church of England.

IV.

Yet, was he not a priest all so precise,
That "his blood flows that he would scarcely own,
His appetite was less to bread than stone,"
Whose conscience could descend to such device
(Although we may an eye of pity glance
On such, as on enthusiasts in romance,
Fanatics, who do pant to win a crown,
In emulation of the Don's renown,
Thy knight, La Mancha, of the Rueful Countenance.)

V.

Such wreck of mind had Adulf not endured,
Nor had "sharp misery worn him to the bone,"
As if for guilt starvation could atone,
Although in early life he was immured
In Fountain's Abbey, that aspiring pile,
Which as it spread its sway so wide the while
(Which, at the threaten'd downfal of its power,
With others, trembled now like Babel's Tower),
Reach'd, Derwent, in thy bosom, thy sequester'd
Isle.

VI.

To which, when his noviciate had expired,
Selected from his cowled fraternity,
Young Adulf as its pastor, happily,
Not wholly as a sworn recluse, retired:
Who as he loved upon thy charms to pore
And gaze aloft upon thy chasm, Lowdore,
The emblem of its freedom from its thrall
His spirit hailed, above thy towering wall,
As, Gowder Crag, he, musing, saw the falcon soar.

VII.

Thus was he not "a falcon with clipp'd wing,"
Around him with each summit to invite
His contemplation in its heav'nly flight,
The glories of Creation thence to sing,
The Hermit, who, fulfilling faithfully
The duties of his sacred ministry,
Each conscience with his pious counsel cheered,
As owned the pilgrims, as they homeward steered,
And grateful breathed a blessing on his charity.

VIII.

The blessing (as was echoed by each fell
The chant again), so sweetly from the boat,
Came, like a spirit, in the strain afloat,
O'er his with such a tuneful soothing spell,
Until it died away upon his ear—
The chant, that with its charm thy soul could cheer,
In silence and in solitude to keep
Its vigils, Adulf, o'er the tranquil deep,
The face of Heaven reflecting in its mirror clear:—

IX.

Upon that eve the fairest of the year,
Then when, invested with so rich a glow,
The lake reflected still the wreaths of snow
Upon the mountains in that mirror clear—
As melting, Adulf, in its genial ray
The frozen chains of bigotry away,
In such an hour to thee so big with fate,
So deeply stricken, thou might'st contemplate
That lovely, emblematic evening to portray.

X.

Oft as he made the circuit of the Isle,
He paused, each time, where with so strong a chain
His heart (I say it with no voice profane)
Was bound unto the scene, where beams the while
His golden star to prompt his fervent gaze—
Till, with the landscape, fading in the haze,
Beneath the influence of the sacred spell,
That eve, that summons him unto his cell,
All with its charm the Solitary's fancy sways.

XI.

Half slumb'ring, as reclined before the flame,
To meditation he devotes the night,
Lo! then, at length, arose the awful sprite—
Saint Herbert to his musing fancy "came
Before his eyes, the form of other years,"
And so distinctly to his view appears,
Applauds his course, and with his solemn voice
Calls on the young enthusiast to rejoice,
As now the mist quite from the ken of Adulf clears.

XII.

"Sleeps Adulf in his cell?" upon a beam
Of night, thus, near the window of his rest,
The anchoret of other times addrest
The living hermit in his fateful dream—
"Sleeps Adulf in his cell?" it seem'd to say,
The vision, "In the bright forthcoming day
Awake and, fearless, hail your happy doom,
O thou, to whom arising from the tomb,
The spirit fain would hence direct you on your way!"

XIII.

Then, as beneath that morn's auspicious light,
He gazed from the window of his rest,
The Hermit, on its towering gilded crest
(As vanish'd from his view the awful sprite)
As on thy summit, Skiddaw, did appear
An hovering cloud, so, mingled with a fear,
A doubt still linger'd, Adulf, in thy soul,
Which, arm'd with power through such vain control,
She pierc'd with force resistless as Ithuriel's spear.

XIV.

"Thou searcher of all souls!" the hermit cried,
"Art witness how I have endured the chain
Which cost my spirit such conflicting pain,
Which I cast off with conscience as my guide:—
The holy passion, sanctioned by thy power,
That glowed so purely in thine Eden's bower
(Each icy link, that did a chill impart
Unto its core, dissolving round my heart),
I feel, I feel, triumphant in this happy hour!

XV.

"Yet, with no impious thoughts thy wrath to brave,
Forsaking for the world my sacred call,
But as, enfranchised from his hapless thrall,
Exults the grateful captive or the slave—
Eased of the heavy iron-forged vow
That made my youthful struggling spirit bow—
Whose prospect as the angel Hope now cheers,
Faith hails the emblem in the breeze that clears
The envious mist dispersing, Skiddaw, from thy brow!"

DERWENT BAY.

I.

Where, scarce more than a bowshot from the Isle,
So sweetly lies ingulph'd a beauteous bay,
Delightful Derwent, to my rapt survey
Thou mak'st again in all its charms to smile:
There thou, my fancy, as a chosen spot
With all, methinks, to crown their happy lot,
Whose cordial wish might gain it as their home,
By memory guided, may'st, enraptured, roam
Unto the bay, which ne'er by thee can be forgot.

II.

There, Fancy, in such an enchanting scene,
I may invoke thy fav'ring aid to trace
A region of such grandeur and such grace—
Along its rocky shore and margin green,
Through glooms and many a beauteous opening glade,
In cheerful sunshine and through solemn shade,
To reach each promontory that can boast
So fair a station on its fairy coast—
A realm by Nature so transcendently arrayed.

III.

There did the happy Hermit now repair
(Who, Nature, in his worship at thy shrine
Did pay due homage to the Power Divine),
A pilgrim, too, to offer up his prayer,
Where, as he owned the sacred mingled flame,
Truly a father confessor he came
Unto a beautiful young maid, called Maud,
To chant like Clio or to limn like Claude,
Although her charms have not been sung so loud by fame.

IV.

By favour of the lord of the fair lake,
There where, imbower'd, her dwelling you portray,
Upon its margin in that beauteous bay,
There so enraptured, Fancy, you betake—
Her father in the long protracted war,
That shook the nation with such mortal jar,
Had fought and fallen, Bosworth, in the hour
Of triumph, on thy field, unto the flower
That hailed the House of Lancaster's ascending star.

V.

Her hapless mother was consigned to earth,
On hearing, at the period they were brought,
The tidings with a fatal shock, too, fraught
And left her child an orphan at her birth :—
Yet, "on her tree of covert and of rest," *
Protected by her grandsire in her nest,
"The young bird still was free to sport and play
Amid the branches as she safely lay,"
And to the lake lord on his Isle oft came a guest.

* Wordsworth, in his "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

VI.

Beneath whose banner had her father led
His bands so gallantly into the fray,
Of which the mem'ry ne'er could pass away
With him, for whom so gloriously he bled,
For which De Derwentwater's honoured lord
With his parental counsel and his sword,
He of the noble Ratcliffe's mingled blood,
Beside the lovely maiden would have stood,
The chief with all the aid his power could afford.

VII.

And this, good Waldeof, to thine anxious heart,
For the asylum to the orphan dove
Thou as the apple of thine eye didst love,
The utmost consolation might impart—
Yet, midst the gallant throng upon the Isle,
Unto the courtiers, who there court her smile,
Fair Maud ne'er turn'd a fav'ring eye or ear,
Despite the interdiction so severe,
Still cherish'd in her heart the holy flame the while.

VIII.

Yet, in the darken'd times that gave it birth
(Though Heaven, at affection's purest shrine,
Had deckt it with an halo so divine),
Its blissful consummation upon earth
Hope had precluded—Fancy, thou wert weak,
Without th' immortal poet's aid, to speak
There of her lovelorn state (her sole relief
In solitude and silence), of the grief
Which 'gan at length "to feed upon her damask cheek."

IX.

Beside the murmur didst thou sit, O maid! *
Where thy white bosom like the swan'sdown rose,
As stately floating on the lake she goes,
So fair a creature, in her course arrayed,
When sidelong wings blow on her ruffled wing—
There didst thou often love to sit and sing,
To see so slowly, with his ruddy fire,
The sun behind the mountain tops retire,
To hear the blast that made the narrow valleys ring!

* This stanza, and the four first lines of the next one, are a paraphrase of a passage in the fourth Book of Fingal.

X.

Until the rain beat hard—the thunder roll'd
In peals and lightning glanced upon the rocks,
And spirits fill'd thy fancy with dire shocks,
Riding on beams of fire thou didst behold!
To prompt thy waking and thy sleeping dreams,
Such proved but phantoms, as, with cheering gleams,
At length, fair maiden, dawn'd the joyous day
On superstition's night, to chase away
The fading ridge of ghosts that to thy fancy streams.

XI.

With such a happy omen to inspire
Her fearful, trembling, cherish'd hopes—to ease
Her burden'd soul—drowning the mournful breeze,
When they were seated by their evening fire,
As Maud's sweet, artless strains their charms impart,
And as they, soothing, touch her grandsire's heart,
The lonely echoes in their little hall
Would give their tones a melancholy fall,
To make the tear-drops in the old man's eyes to start.

XII.

THE PRAYER OF MAUD.

Though with your memory unblest,
Though on her face ye never smiled,
Ne'er in your fondling arms carest,
Ye sainted spirits! teach your child
Unto her station (so possest
Of solace) to be reconciled:—

With grateful fervour for the grace,
To her vouchsafed from above,
In him who all a parent's place
Supplies with his o'erflowing love—
Still she, to meet your warm embrace,
Pants for the pinions of a dove!

XIII.

Thus did its struggles, in a mingled tide
Of joy and woe, pour forth their eloquence,
That emblem, she invoked, of innocence,
As in her spirit she personified,
That long'd "to flee away and be at rest."
And there were others, for whom she addrest
Her warmest supplication, for the tower
Of strength she felt so grateful in his power—
Nor, further, with a sigh, her prayer was unreprest.

XIV.

That might the noble chieftain of the land,
E'er for the home and succour he would yield
And o'er a helpless orphan spread his shield,
With uncontrolled acknowledgment command,
The other with a web of hopes and fears
Was woven to wring forth her burning tears!
When, passing thus the crisis of her fate,
She ceased to weep—to hail a happier state,
As Adulf's self unto her joyous view appears:—

XV.

To seal the bond—to cross the gulf accurst,
On earth 'twixt such supreme felicity
As by the hell-braced sway of bigotry
Asunder, with a yawn so hideous, burst!
And when, at length, the chasm was heard to close,
Loud echoing with such strong convulsive throes,
Thence freed, as they return again to bow
Before their altars with a holier vow,
Full many in their faith more firmly then repose.

XVI.

As then proclaimed, with many a merry peal,
Throughout the land from many a sacred tower,
By those who doff, in such auspicious hour,
The cowl, with triumph, in the joy they feel:
As the good tidings you'll be pleased to learn
Where your attention, reader, I would turn,
Where, in its vale of beauty, it appears
So venerable with the lapse of years,
The Sanctuary * dedicate there to Saint Kentigern.

* Crosthwaite Church: of this church Hutchinson says, "It is dedicated to St. Kentigern, and was given to the abbey of Fountains, in Yorkshire, by Alice de Romely."

XVII.

There, Waldeof, as he gave away the bride,
That to his earthly wishes did impart
The crown, there did he feel, with his whole heart,
The dictates of his conscience too allied,
When, in the darkness clearing off the land,
Young Adulf, with no sacrilegious hand,
His fetters as he flung into the deep,
His soul no longer in their thrall to keep,
Sanctioned by Heaven, prepared it for an holier band.

XVIII.

Who, following still his calling with due zeal,
Deserted not the sacred path he trod,
With greater glory, Nature, to thy God!
As Faith more purely set her glowing seal,
In those auspicious times, upon his heart
(The wiles of priestcraft as they shone to thwart),
To whom, (as in "the light in Bullen's eyes*
Then dawning") to illumine his fair skies,
Such heavenly joy with Maud his union did impart.

* When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.
GRAY.

"How disappeared he?" in his Brownie's cell
As asks the poet* of "the newt and toad"
He deems "inheritors of the abode,
The otter crouching, undisturb'd, to tell,"
As further he doth ask, "in her dank cleft!"
Nor of all relique of his refuge reft,
As lived the far-famed Brownie in his den,
So hast thou, Derwent, of "world-wearied men,"
In ruin a memorial in thy bosom left.

Though not world-wearied wert thou in thy cell,
As Fancy, Adulf, in a happier age,
Hath oped the wicket of thy hermitage
For thee, confined not there through life to dwell,
So bigoted an anchoret austere,
As fancy has call'd up, to thee so dear,
The spirit, with her influence the while
To soothe thy sojourn in thy lonely isle
And prompt thy solemn meditations o'er its mere;

* Wordsworth.

As well with all their pleasures and their pains,
The contrast, that consigns them to their cells
(" Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells
And ever musing Melancholy reigns,"
Though chanted in the most melodious strains),
May bring the pair he thinks with little gains,
Who, gentle reader, would your favour ask
On the completion of his anxious task,
And with a moral fain would point the tale he feigns.

THE FANATIC RECLAIMED.

A VISION

OF

BASSENTHWAITE WATER.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

Alured, the Pastor.
Ethwald, the Fanatic.
Edric, his Friend.
Edwina, Sister of Edric.
Mollo.

The action of the Poem is supposed to take place in the reign of John.

PROEM.

Well may the Tourist * in his tuneful strain,
Fair Lake, though sounded but in simple prose,
The slighted beauties of thy realm disclose
And with the poet and the painter plain!

* "Parties of pleasure at Keswick neglect this water; they seldom think it worth while to navigate it; its beauties, indeed, are very different from those of the lake above; but that is the very cause from whence they become more pleasing. To enjoy the scenes properly, the visitant should navigate these lakes alternately. This affords many bays, where you may in some parts push under the cover of a lofty, overhanging grove, and in other rocky coves, where you find the gentler echo, favourable to music and a song. The painter has tamer landscapes here, but they are warmer and more serene than those of Keswick. Soft pastoral scenes margin the lake, on the eastern side, over which Skiddaw lifts an august brow, to give the boldest contrast to the green and gently rising eminences, the scat-

With whom he cannot fail to sympathize
In vision as thou charm'st again his eyes,
In vision as he loves again to trace,
Fair Bassenthwaite, thy grandeur and thy grace,
His hand who to depict thy slighted beauties tries.

tered coppices, the velvet-drest lawn, the rich verdure of the mead, the tranquil cottage, and the serene and shining mirror which the lake expands. The boldest landscape found here, consists of irregular eminences, clothed with oaks, at whose feet a grassy margin lies to the water's brink, and holds some farmhold; whilst the sublimer mountains, pile upon pile, lift up their heads, and, from the western sun, cast long shades upon the lake, whose distant shores catch the surpassing beams, and glow with additional beauty from the contrasting shades; over which the distant eminences mix their brows with the azure atmosphere. Such are the beauties of Bassenthwaite Water."—*Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.*

THE

FANATIC RECLAIMED.

DIKE NOOK AND MOSS SIDE.

I.

Romantic region ! up your towering side
Unto your summits, in your cultured dress
(Your ravaged realm below a wilderness
Left), might your tenants, in their ruined pride,
Far heavier feel, methinks, the tyrant's hand
Fall than the papal curse, with fire and brand
His forces from discomfiture returned,
To wreak its fury as his anger burned,
Inflamed and sharpen'd by revenge, upon your land.

II.

Until, as good from evil often springs,
The favoured isle's the nation's energies,
At such a crisis, could not fail to rise,
To curb despotic democrats and kings:
When hallowed freedom, her most precious scroll
(Whose lustre might illume from pole to pole,
And for the admiration of the world
In its immortal glory be unfurl'd)
In the renowned Magna Charta did unroll.

III.

And though the noble spirits, who had framed
That charter, lost, in their security,
Awhile the rich fruits of their victory,
At length the tiger to their hand they tamed—
The regal recreant of Runnemede—
From Dover to the borders of the Tweed
Who ravaged with his Brabançons the realm,
Until the tide recoiled to o'erwhelm
Him, stained with many a foul and most atrocious deed.

IV.

'Tis in such hours of trial that the soul
Or sinks o'erwhelmed with such tyranny,
Or swims against the tide triumphantly
With which the despot would its powers control:
This contrast which my verse would fain essay
To your indulgence, critic, to portray,
Or, gentle reader, suited to your mind,
Therein if such a lesson you can find,
To prompt your ear to listen kindly to my lay.

V.

There fain the musing fancy would portray
Again your tenants seated on your side,
Fair Bassenthwaite, not more in blood allied
Than brotherly affection's kindliest sway,
Through all the trials of their changing fate,
Through all the tempests of the reeling state,
Whose helm his hand held o'er the tossing wave,
Alternate, as a tyrant and a slave,
And, *lacking land,* left many a land so desolate.

VI.

There when your hardy tenants could repair
The wreck and ruin of that evil hour
(Than which, with all its devastating power,
The utmost swollen torrent that could tear,
Burst from your giant's * bowels, wasting wide,
Ne'er spread such terror o'er your ravaged side),
Romantic region, there, to fancy's eye,
Upreared upon each green declivity,
Each dwelling then resumes its cultivated pride—

VII.

Save one, that still, amid its ruins, stood,
In which an emblem may the fancy find
There of its hapless tenant's wreck of mind,
Who there, the livelong day, was seen to brood,
And cried, "The curse, the curse is on the land!
And who can dare oppose divine command?"
To which and to the tenant of Moss Side
A neighb'ring farmhold, in Dike Nook, supplied
So strong a contrast in its owner's strenuous hand—

* Skiddaw.

VIII.

That, with such energy of mind and frame,
The desolation, he did so deplore,
Upon the cot of his paternal store,
To all its charms and blessings could reclaim,
Proving, however dark the clouds may roll,
'Tis still within her efforts and control,
Howe'er disastrous her sad station here,
Here, in her trying sublunary sphere,
To make her sun break forth upon the struggling soul.

IX.

Though the same sun may shine and cloud may lower,
How differently upon each different head
We see that sun and cloud their influence shed,
And mark th' effects in all their varied power:—
O'er some how seems the direst tempest past,
And, cheeringly, the sunshine comes at last—
Whilst others rue some deeply-gnawing ruth,
Into their souls eat with a canker-tooth,
That, like a snake or vampire, seems there stuck so fast.

X.

This moral which my verse would fain portray,
Though not by birth, two brothers, who that name
From friendship and their pledged connection claim,
In their example haply may display:
Who, in their pupilage, were doomed to share
No bigot's or a wily worldling's care,
Who Superstition, in his priesthood's cloak
His office n'er profaned, to fix thy yoke
Upon the necks of those who could that burden
bear.

XI.

Yet then, as now, as in each age and clime,
For not performing, e'en, although in spite
Of conscience, every penance and each rite,
By whom considered as a heinous crime,
The bigots of the worship of the land,
No doubt, with infidelity would brand
The pious pastoral care of Alured,
Who on his grateful flock such blessings shed,
Yet could the intercession of some saints withstand.

XII.

Among those who, amid that mountain race,
Were most distinguished for their zeal and toil
Among the hardy tenants of the soil,
Ethwald and Edric held the highest place;
Who, in those days of countless broils and jars,
Had fought together in the civil wars,
And e'er, in the defence of the good cause,
Wielded their weapons to maintain the laws,
And in which they had borne some honourable scars.

XIII.

And to repair the ravage they had made,
On which they felt their hearts so highly beat,
When their marauders sounded their retreat
As they took up the ploughshare and the spade,
None at his manly toil more stoutly plied,
With all his wonted zeal and patriot pride,
At first than gallant Ethwald, to repair
The desolation that he witness'd there,
With smarting indignation, on his loved Moss Side.

XIV.

Yet, still, the time, with every crime so fraught
(When many a vagabond and wand'ring friar
For game then beat about each bush and briar),
In pilgrim garb a wayworn stranger brought,
In evil hour, to Ethwald's domicile,
Who, with such saintlike and benignant smile,
Pleaded so well the cause that did engage
Him on his foul, dissembled pilgrimage,
Exulting like a fiend to see it work its guile:—

XV.

That, on the sophistry that he pronounced,
So far in his success when bolder grown,
Th' Advent'rer now assumed a higher tone,
And Heaven's wrath upon their heads denounced
If they supported not, with valiant band,
The holy and infallible command
To annul the charter (as audaciously
The preacher held forth in their sanctuary),
The curse, the curse, would fall on their devoted land!

XVI.

And oh! for carrying on his evil trade,
Know, gentle reader, the disastrous time
Was most prolific in each vice and crime,
That could supply him with their fav'ring aid—
Upon the deeds of that disgraceful reign
That on the nation cast the foulest stain,
When prelate, legate, pope and potentate,
Bound in their fetters the degraded state
And through the kennel dragg'd it in their clanking chain.

XVII.

Though not himself in superstition sunk,
Yet Mollo, in its deep hypocrisy,
Aped all th' Ascetic's stern austerity,
Discarding still the vestment of a monk,
His views and powers not wishing to confine
Within the narrow compass of that line,
But that at will he might his task discharge,
And in his calling e'er be left at large
To range and in a more extended sphere to shine.

XVIII.

So, in that season of such dire alarms,
Prepared alike in pulpit or on field,
Mollo, for each contingency, to wield,
Sharpen'd his tongue and sword, for each his arms:
Yet, where he found in vain his battle-song
He strove to sing o'er his obdurate throng,
Awakening in their minds no false distrust,
There not so simple to corrode like rust,
In sway and arts he could not feel himself so strong.

XIX.

When each false preacher from his foaming lips
Echoed his mandate,* in a passing cloud
With which the pontiff for awhile could shroud
The glory of that charter in eclipse,
When Mollo his revolting flock upon
(Then when the forces of pope-ridden John
Swept through the country like a pestilence)
Launched forth the thunder of his eloquence,
Scarce could such noble flock mourn such a preacher gone.

* The bull of Innocent III., annulling Magna Charta.

XX.

Amid the few who could his poison swallow
To make the worse appear the better reason,
To dash their sober judgments with his treason,
How Mollo, in whom all was false and hollow,
Though with some touch of Belial eloquence,
O'er Ethwald could possess such influence
Where he so long had held so high a place,
Might seem e'en strange unto its simple race—
A paradox beyond the search of mortal sense:—

XXI.

How such an *ignis fatuus* thus possess'd
Him, to indulge in dreams so sad and wild
As those with which his fancy he beguiled,
And stifle every passion in his breast—
To haunt the cave where he, the livelong day,
Would mope, beneath its roof, the hours away—
Or worn out, moody, "throw himself to sleep *
Upon the frightful border of some steep,"
Which may the visionary's hapless state portray.

* Paraphrased from Collins's Ode to Fear.

XXII.

"By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks,"
As in derision said his brain was turned,
With mingled grief and rage by friends, who burned
From such a cause to see him play such pranks—
Who, in his waking dreams, by holy rood
Swore that he saw the pontiff, in which mood
He paid him homage, bowing down, to boot,
"To the lip-pressure of the slipper'd foot,"
O'er such chimeras as he e'er was seen to brood.

XXIII.

No more, fair Bassenthwaite, he loved to pore,
In shady dingle or on sunny glade,
On murm'ring streamlet or on hoarse cascade,
Or on its mirror, or embaying shore
That skirts thy pastoral declivity—
But e'er "the curse upon the land!" his cry
Now wheresoe'er his wilder'd step he bends—
"The curse! the curse!" the cry his bosom rends,
"The curse!" the burden ever of his rhapsody.

XXIV.

The knowledge, through some inlet of the soul,
How superstition, gliding like a snake,
The citadel can of the reason take,
Can easily unravel and unroll
The mystery—amid each blossom fair
As glides that snake to shed its venom there—
To heal the viper Superstition's bite
Oft proves beyond the power of human might—
"To stay the plague" indeed an effort of despair.

XXV.

Nor did his destiny, which dealt the blow
So stunning, fall alone upon his head,
But wider still within its range it spread,
Checking affections in their purest glow
Of love and friendship with their death-like chill,
Curdling the blood, indeed, it could not spill,
And in the stronger passion might impart,
Methinks, more mercy to a broken heart,
Plunging the dagger, deep and keen, at once to kill.

XXVI.

Nor was the evil to himself confined,
Which bigotry that canker-worm had wrought,
But to another, too, its bale it brought
And threaten'd to destroy all peace of mind
(In mourning o'er its fatal blighting power)
In one, in whom bloomed beauty's loveliest flower,
As with her anguish bent Edwina fair—
The hopes she cherish'd to dissolve in air—
Th' anticipated joys of many a sunny hour.

XXVII.

As to a cloister his wild dreams were given,
Whence only comfort he could now receive
On earth, his burden'd conscience to relieve,
There falsely to devote his days to Heaven,
Whom his delusion could there so enthrall
Immured for life within its prison wall—
So yawned the deep abyss, upon whose brink
Now stood its victim in its gulf to sink,
Whence hope seem'd vanish'd to avert her threaten'd
fall:—

XXVIII.

As with her dire forebodings shook her frame,
Beyond redemption, of his fix'd resolve,
Which in his ruin would her self involve,
As Edric with the fatal tidings came,
How, e'en to scorn could Ethwald laugh and mock
His counsel, as obdurate as a rock,
With which as well he might hope to prevail—
At which Edwina e'en to death as pale
Turn'd—and in her fond brother's arms fell at the
shock.

SAINT BRIDGET'S.

I.

As oft was wisely in secluded nooks
Performed the service of the sanctuary,
So were the treasures of the sacristy
Lodged more securely from the kites and rooks,
And all the birds of sacrilege and prey
That were abroad in such a lawless day—
That well your prudent vot'ries might incline
The riches and the relics of your shrine,
Saint Bridget, so discreetly in their place to lay.

II.

But as the ways of man, alas! can show,
That, as their prowlers in the wild and wood,
Do mostly range to scent and seek for food,
So the invasion of a plund'ring foe,
When unprotected in its lonely site,
The treasure, when 'tis known, doth most invite,—
So, blessed saint, ere this thou might'st have found,
With double lock and clasp of iron bound,
Your chest of plate resist in vain the robber's might.

III.

The mass was over and deep silence reigned
Within, without the fane, upon the night,
The fane, in which there glimmer'd still a light,
Where, at his orisons, there still remained
One, who, in painful penitence and prayer
Seem'd bent in his devotions deeply there—
So worn with penance and with fasting faint,
So pale before the image of the saint,
That he appeared the very picture of despair.

IV.

The shrine Saint Bridget's and the votary
(Who came, in supplication, there to bow
Thus for its holy succour, on his vow
To join in Jedworth's cowled fraternity)
Was hapless Ethwald, who was now so near,
So lamentably closing his career
In such deep misery and monastic gloom,
That, on the following morn, to seal his doom,
If he had strength, he straightway meant his course
to steer.

V.

When lo! as at his orisons still bent,
Or reveries, in which his senses swim
In stupor, all so worn and weak of limb,
On such heart-sickening service, still intent,
So softly up the dimly lighted aisle,
With stealthy pace, what figure glides the while?
Approaches where continues still to kneel
And o'er his destined victim lifts the steel?
What hold arrests the meditated, murderous guile?

VI.

The struggle for some moments might endure,
For, in the dark the combatants, so brought
Together, all, at random, stoutly fought,
Till the time came his flight he should secure
Against so many with a single hand,
Who, furious, vainly breaking through the band,
Him as the desperado saw surround,
On reaching, when so fast the door he found,
Wild with his rage he buried in his breast the brand.

VII.

The fane re-echoes with his curse again,
For, 'twas the wily Mollo (whose dire fate
In conflict with young Edric I relate)
No priest but robber who that he might gain
Alone the plate, the church, without the aid
Of any of his gang, did thus invade—
Who, as a prying vulture, for his prey
Erst hover'd there till he was driv'n away,
And paid at last due forfeit for his thieving trade.

VIII.

On his expulsion, then the ruffian joined
A gang, the very refuse of the force,
That through the nation swept with baleful course
And had so ravaged, murder'd, and purloined—
A gang, the scourings of the foreign band,
With which the tyrant for awhile the land
Polluted, and from which a renegade
To Edric Mollo's plund'ring plan betrayed,
For the reward, o'er-reaching thus his chieftain's hand.

IX.

As it remains yet for it to unfold,
Good reader or kind critic, for my tale
(As in your judgments you may fix its scale)
How the effect upon our hero told—
Our hero! (as you startle at my aim
To give a simple swain such sounding name)
Who seem'd as if awaking from a trance
Or vision, or enchantment of romance,
For whom I fain would still your gratulation claim.

X.

As well as sympathy upon the pain
That he endured, whilst the dire disease
Upon his better faculties could seize
And with its fever fire his wilder'd brain—
Until, at length, from off his labouring breast
The nightmare, with which it was so opprest
(The heaviest incubus to which the earth
Has in the monster bigotry giv'n birth),
He threw, as with its weight so rack'd and reft of rest.

XI.

And as the image of that sinful man
Dwelt on his memory (o'er whom the tale
In his last agonies would cast a veil),
As at a loss no longer now to scan
The motives, which could prompt that man to weave
The web that could his senses so deceive,
Like one from blindness who regains his eyes,
With mingled shame, and sorrow, and surprize,
So the converted yearn'd his conscience to relieve.

XII.

Methinks, we may not less lament the spell
That binds, or less rejoice to see reclaimed,
And to religion and his reason tamed,
The wild fanatic than the infidel :—
Nor could a penitent be proved more prone
Than our's, with heart more anxious than his own
To undergo what he must still endure,
The sufferings to complete his mental cure,
Remorseful for his aberration to atone.

XIII.

There, as to peace raves out the roaring blast,
Not with more beauty to reflect 'tis given
In its clear mirror the fair face of Heaven,
Than, after such a fit as he had past,
To Ethwald in the calm may be assigned,
The calm, that every wind and wave can bind,
The semblance as, indeed, it well may take
So of his own enchanting placid lake,
All as that calm pervades his tranquillizing mind.

XIV.

So, to complete his earthly happiness,
With all that love and friendship could supply,
So ardent, to repair each broken tie,
That Edric and his sister could express—
And with the blessings of good Alured
Upon the fond and faithful pair he wed
In Ethwald and Edwina, from the throne
Of bounty, much as human life can own,
The pair then felt upon their heads those blessings
shed.

THE ABBOT AND THE KNIGHT,

A VISION

OF

CONISTON WATER

AND

FURNESS ABBEY.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

The Abbot.
Sir Michael le Fleming.
Gilbert, his Squire.
De Morthing, Commander of the Abbot's Force.
Johan, his Daughter.
The Man of the Mountain.
The Dame of the Dale.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Stephen.

THE

ABBOT AND THE KNIGHT.

THE LAKE.

I.

How sweetly does the smile of morning shed
(As with the virgin blushes of the rose
So lovely in the midst their mirror glows)
Its tints upon the glorious water head!
Upon whose marge, where it inverted hung,
There like a fairy palace it upsprung,
At such an hour, the graceful gothic hall,*
That to its site thy spirit well may call,
Enchantment, with thy magic mantle o'er it flung.

* Coniston Hall, an ancient family seat of the Flemings of Rydal.

II.

Yet to the spirit of that hall possest,
To him, to hail him as its happy lord,
Say, such enchantment did that hour afford?
By whom, in contrast, were its charms confest,
As marks full oft repining destiny—,
As from the smiling scene he turns his eye,
Beneath the influence of his evil star,
To where the elements so fiercely war,
The mountain of the man towers in its majesty.

III.

Sir Michael was a prosperous gentleman,
But 'twixt his pleasures and all he did own
There was a gulf of separation thrown—
Sir Michael was a prosperous gentleman,
Whose lineage at the conquest e'en began,
That through so many generations ran,
Of a distinguish'd glorious starting race
In their appointed season and their place,
But much he feared he vainly sighed for fair Johan!

IV.

As well we know "the garden was a wild"*
(And as I, in the language of the lay,
His lot may be permitted to portray)
"And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled"—
But at the faintest echo in his hall,
Or of his honour or his country's call,
Behold him, as he promptly buckles on
His armour, to the fray with ardour gone,
And like the fabled god of strength broke from his
thrall.

V.

Sir Michael, as he from his couch this morn
Arose, returning from the foray hot,
In which he with his force had quell'd the Scot,
So little with the sally was he worn,
That almost with regret he laid aside
His sword and of his casque the clasp untied,
Requiring such excitements to allay
The strife that in his spirit held its sway,
Th' internal conflict 'twixt his passion and his pride.

* Pleasures of Hope.

VI.

As, reckless of the lovely land and flood
(On which he would have gazed at other time
With transport when so favoured with its clime),
He ranged his spacious hall in gloomy mood,
To him his faithful squire, good Gilbert, came
To ask what it would please Sir Knight to name
To be his pastime—in commanding tone,
Though not less courteous, "to be left alone,"
Replied Le Fleming, "is the pleasure that I name."

VII.

A pause between the parties might ensue,
'Twixt greater courtiers as so oft rehearsed,
Politeness, with thy lessons thou hast nursed—
But here no studied picture dost thou view
In one, good reader, who his duty knew,
Not less, as he respectfully withdrew,
Bound by affection than in office versed,
To leave his master in his thoughts immersed,
Of sweet and bitter fancy so the cud to chew.

VIII.

So, to repel th' oppression of despair,
As on the means he then did meditate
And struggled to resist his threaten'd fate,
As if to commune with a spirit there
All so secluded from the haunts of men,
Upon the mountain oft he fix'd his ken,
A voice, thence wafted like an oracle,
May o'er his poet's fancy prompt the spell,
The picture of his dwelling and its denizen.

IX.

Upon a bank and from the torrent's sweep
That brawls beneath it, or, with swollen roar,
Dashes its waves against the shelving shore,
Was well uplifted on its craggy steep
A shelt'ring cavern in a deep ravine,
Before which spread a pleasant plot of green,
And o'er the turbid tide was thrown a stank,
Where, waving with the weeping birch, the bank,
And feather'd with the mountain-ash, was gaily seen.

X.

A venerable man within the cave
Saluted with the sunbeam o'er its height,
As in its warmth indulging, with delight
Sat listening to the murmur of the wave:
There, as his rolling sightless orbs declare
How grateful he inhales the fresh'ning air,
He to the darken'd fountain whence it flows
(The while within, a sun, his spirit glows)
Raised for the rapture that he felt a fervent prayer.

XI.

THE BLIND MAN'S MATINS.

Though quench'd the sun, though set the moon,
On mine extinguish'd earthly gaze,
As vividly of night and noon
The charms the memory portrays.

Creation, since thy curtain fell
Upon me, ne'er to be withdrawn
Till opens, with its trumpet's swell,
Eternity's celestial dawn!

Pure, worthy of the brilliant sphere
(Where no disastrous change of fate
Can make the glories disappear
Of her unfading, blissful state)

Within her tenement of clay
Her vigils let my spirit keep,
And, till her mortal lids decay,
Invoke a dreaming infant's sleep!

XII.

The name, so wrapt up in such mystery,
Whence of the mountain that for him could form
Through life so loved a shelter from the storm,
The fancy with indulgence may supply—
That he, who was the foundling of the cave,
So soothed with the murmur of its wave,
Who grew up so enamour'd of the grot
To fix him gray and blind unto the spot,
The old man thus his name unto the mountain * gave.

* Coniston Old Man.

XIII.

Who, with his staff, with which he felt his way,
Did draw up, halting upon the road-side,
If aught he heard approaching, with no guide
Upon his travels, yet ne'er known to stray,
But in his course e'er keeping the right road,
The safeguard, thus unto his state bestowed,
Might seem a power, an impulse of the mind,
Vouchsafed by Heaven to assist the blind,
Him who securely ever quitted his abode.

XIV.

Nor merely as a fiction do I tell,*
As only fancy woven in my verse,
The pathway of the blind as I rehearse—
On which you would not wonder that I dwell,
If, reader, you had seen the towering hill
That he surmounted—how the foaming Ghyll
Of waters he could cross upon its stank,
Or tread along its lofty shelving bank,
And e'er reach and return in safety from the vill.

* A circumstance I have transferred to another quarter, and related from actual observation, of a blind man, an inhabitant of Martindale, who has travelled weekly for years to Penrith, over his mountainous tract, without having met with any accident.

XV.

There, where assembled at the church's door,
At his desired approach rejoiced a throng,
Whose voice he heard afar in greeting song;
Nor did our knight disdain among the poor
To mingle with the motley company,
And from his confessor so anxiously
Wait for the comfort that he could impart
Unto the most depraved or grief-struck heart,
Of ghostly counsel and exalted piety.

XVI.

It was by all confest for many a day,
On his return from the confessional,
Upon that eve, unto his gladden'd hall,
The knight had not been known to look so gay,
There where in whom such joy it did inspire,
There where his faithful, ever merry squire
Was prompt to forward to the seneschal
The summons for a splendid festival,
To gather guests, retainers, and the minstrel quire.

XVII.

Meanwhile, the throng about the sanctuary
Had now dispers'd, where so unwelcome came
Among them a mysterious busy dame,
Who, moving to and fro, so restlessly,
Kept mutt'ring, wrapt up in her hood and cloak,
Her prayers with foul execrations broke,
And linger'd to the witching time of night,
To make the churchyard yawn unto their sight,
To them who stay'd to hear the horrid words she spoke.

XVIII.

As in that church her cunning did appear,
Of which she knew the vaults and secret doors,
And, up the chancel crawling on all fours,
Applied unto the other side her ear,
Crouching conceal'd, to the confessional
When the blind man the gallant knight did call,
And when she learnt all that she wish'd to know,
Her regress thence, I ween, was not too slow—
She slily slunk away, like sin, unseen by all.

XIX.

No longer where the trav'ller of the Dale *
Beholds it gloomed with that funereal tree,
Whence it derives its etymology,
But deck'd now with such varied charms can hail,
Beneath an arch and through an avenue,
Encompass'd, too, with densest groves of yew,
Unto her cottage that mysterious crone,
Back to her covert, like a vampire, flown,
Return'd to brood upon the mischiefs she did brew.

XX.

Where she contrived to keep herself alive,
Exulting in her ignominious sway,
As many, to this day, keep up the play,
And various gipsy fortune-tellers thrive,
Who, dealing in false, foulest prophecies,
In black and white and parti-colour'd lies,
Sowing dissension between man and man,
And church and state their operations plan
Upon the wreck and ruin of the weal to rise.

* Yewdale.

XXI.

Sufficient had the hag, by vice so nurst,
Heard on her trip unto the sanctuary,
Which she achieved with such subtlety,
To prompt her to some hellish deed accurst—
For which a charm, then, with her favourite slips
Of yew, all "sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,"
She, with a "witch's mummy maw and gulf,"
With ferret's eyes, with tooth and breath of wolf,
Then mutter'd, like Queen Hecate, with her livid
lips.

XXII.

As seeming saints and sinners often shine
In their vocation, so this child of vice
Bethought her of the usual artifice,
Who could so easily such parts combine:—
As Nature had bestowed upon the crone
The gruffest, growling, croaking, scrannel tone,
It could not much, I ween, the dame perplex
In her endeavour to disguise her sex,
Whose bristles on her chin were full three inches
grown.

XXIII.

So, like a palmer for her pilgrimage
Equipp'd, across the most sequester'd dells
And over the most craggy tow'ring fells,
She started from her gloomy hermitage—
Then Lever's and Low Water's lofty lakes
(Whence like their rush-grass the descent so shakes
The hardy mountaineer) she dauntless scales,
Till, Furness, ent'ring thus thy glen she hails,
Through which her way the beldam to the Abbey
takes.

XXIV.

THE WITCH'S WELCOME TO BEKANGS-GILL,

OR,

THE GLEN OF DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

O welcome, welcome, Bekangs-gill,
So rankly in whose shade
Still thrives the plant that could enchant
Me to my charming trade!

With grateful voice let me rejoice
To hail thy glen once more,
Whence for the sick mine art can pick
Hemlock and hellebore!

The poison tree has charms for me,
Well as the poison plant,
My yewen wand that at command
Can foe and fiend enchant:—

While nightshade and while night-shrieks tell
How, with convulsive breath,
With pangs of hell my patients swell,
Whom I do drug to death!

Then welcome, welcome, Bekangs-gill,
So rankly in whose shade
Still thrives the plant that could enchant
Me to my charming trade!

THE ABBEY.

I.

There where the "waste of all-devouring years"
So marks its ravage in the ruined pile,
There, to the musing fancy's view, the while,
Fresh and complete the stately structure rears
Its fabric, as when full upon it shone
His favour, when its founder gained the throne:—
So, with his flock or stock from Normandy,*
Of which he formed this cowled colony,
Fame speaks of Stephen, Earl of Mortaign and Boulogne.

* "It was peopled from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary. In ancient writings it is styled St. Mary's of Furness."—*West's Guide.*

II.

But Stephen's was a reign of turbulence,
So, to prevent surprize, a beacon tower *
(To which the door remains unto this hour)
Was raised on a commanding eminence:—
In varied prospect to their charm'd survey,
There, where it overlooks the beauteous bay,†
There, as, emerging from the cloister's gloom,
To soothe or sadden their disastrous doom,
The brothers, to indulge an hour of rapture, stray.

III.

To snatch thence of its glories, in that hour,
Thence of the world, with a regretful sigh,
They had renounced, with transient ecstacy,
A glance of rapture round that beacon tower,
Where, ever and anon, an anxious eye
Turn'd with their abbot that fraternity,
What time with fire and sword King David came
From Scotland to assert his niece's claim,
The rightful h iress to fair England's sovereignty.

* "To prevent surprise, and call in assistance, a beacon was placed on the crown of an eminence that rises immediately from the abbey, and is seen over all Low Furness. The door leading to the beacon is still remaining in the inclosure wall, on the eastern side."—*West's Guide.*

† Morecambe bay.

IV.

Now, when the abbey bell for vespers toll'd,
The beldam, who the livelong day had stray'd
And through the glen her fell collection made,
Stood, like the fabled prophetess * of old,
As of a spirit whence her voice then came,
As at her bidding burst into a flame
The beacon, like the prophetess's torch,
Through the expanded portals of the porch,
To the astounded monks and abbot to proclaim :—

V.

"To baffle now the serpent † of its prey,
Arising, like the eagle on the wing,
And, pouncing on it, check its triumphing,
Quick, my lord abbot, your whole force array!"
Then, as a phantom vanish'd from the door
She who the habit of a palmer wore,
Amazement seiz'd on all within the pile,
Suspended as its service paused the while,
On each there, like a statue, chain'd unto the floor.

* Cassandra.

† "The *crest* of the Flemings is a serpent nowed, with a garland of olives and vines in its mouth; all proper. *Motto*, underneath—Pax, Copia, Sapientia; all relating to the crest, as *peace* to the olive branches, *plenty* to the vine, and *wisdom* to the serpent."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

VI.

Then, from the beacon as the tidings flew
For them to meet with mortal enemies,
Soon as, in the confusion and surprise,
The serpent banner all advanced to view,
To baffle then the beldam's fell intent,
A flag of truce before the troops was sent,
Borne by the faithful Gilbert, to demand
At Dalton for a passport for the band,
Where by Le Fleming as a hostage he was sent.

VII.

De Morthing, who before the castle gate
Stood with his bowmen and his bylmen bold,
Could never as an hostage in his hold
Detain one who could so confide his fate,
But, granting all the parley did require,
Sent to his master back his faithful squire:—
When, as the fair Johan, within the tower,
Saw all that pass'd beneath her in her bower,
It might some hope inspire of her relenting sire.

VIII.

Who to the abbot owed his fealty,
Devoted to his service with due zeal,
Yet for Le Fleming could not fail to feel
High admiration of his gallantry:
The while the prelate, with his wide domain,
O'er which he held such a despotic reign,
Dared not, e'en with his wounded pride, withstand
The title there to own of Michael-land,
The holy father's and his sovereign's will constrain.

IX.

So, on the smould'ring embers of a war
And without blazing into mortal strife,
Disturbing oft the peaceful course of life,
'Twixt powers of all degrees exists a jar—
So, without absolute hostility,
Between them still a rankling jealousy
Prevailed, which now, in his own despite,
Unto the abbot came the generous knight
To strive to quell with profess'd league of amity.

X.

Against the common foe that they should join
Their bands, to which the cloister's potentate,
On due deliberation and debate,
Did feel so much his policy incline,
That he consented :—to the brilliant fight
When with De Morthing marched the gallant knight,
To share the triumph * at North Allerton,
Where, on the battle of the standard won
The flower of their chivalry displayed their might.

XI.

Nor ever, Furness, a more joyous day
Dawned on thy stately consecrated pile
Than then, when my lord abbot hailed the while
The laurelled league returning from the fray,—
Nor ever, Dalton, a more joyous day
Dawned than when, with its most auspicious ray,
It shone, at length, on thy commanding tower,
In which the lovely lady, in her bower,
With grateful beating heart, owned its propitious sway :—

* See the fourth note, p. 448.

XII.

Nor, Coniston, e'er a more joyous day
Dawned on thee than when he performed the rite *
Of union 'twixt the lady and her knight,
Whose counsel to their bliss had led the way
On which its happy course the league began:
Thus, where he sighed no longer for Johan,
And ranged his spacious hall in gloomy mood,
All reckless of the lovely land and flood,
His mission sent him back a prosperous gentleman.

There, where the fancy thro' each roofless aisle
And chapel, cell, and cloister, musing, strays,
Upon their mould'ring pride of other days,
There, where Sir Michael to the stately pile
Did, in the records of its history,
Bequeath his body with a legacy †—
Lo! there yon dark, dank, weed-incumber'd Stone
Lies on its floor, with grass so overgrown,
So like a fragment of his tomb to fantasy.

* The Man of the Mountain. † See the first note, p. 446.

Nor in time's venerable garb arrayed
Of moss and ivy was his Hall less graced,
Until the spoiler's Vandal hand defaced
And in the dust its mangled carcase laid,
For ages where it stood, its lake beside,
So richly mantled in its ruined pride—
In rising, so anticipate their fall,
Alas! each stately abbey, tower and hall,
So doomed, with such a dire disaster to betide!

As vanish all the phantoms of my brain,
The visionary tenant of the cave
So soothed with the murmur of its wave,
Good reader, in my humble parting strain,
As on the spot, on which my Beldam drew
Her last breath, fancy rears her baleful yew,*
As a memorial of her baffled spite,
I trust, that, with some passing pleasure slight,
As well as profit, fades my vision from your view.

* The noted yew tree in Coniston.

THE

BRITON, SAXON, AND THE DANE,

A VISION

OF

GRASMERE, THIRLMERE, AND RYDAL.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

Brithnod, the Briton.
Ethelfleda, his Wife.
Edith, Hilda, } their Daughters.
Alwyn, the Saxon.
Halfdene, the Dane.
Valdemar, a Scalder.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Alfred.

THE

BRITON, SAXON, AND THE DANE.

GRASMERE.

I.

Lo! where, upon the mountain's cloven crest,
The roaring tempest with such fury raves,
The foxes find a shelter in their caves,
There may the lion and the lamb, at rest,
Portray the emblem of the happy hour
That owns the blessings of great Alfred's power,
That in the "vale of peace" so sweetly sheds
Its influence, as the calm of evening spreads
Around Saint Oswald's * fane and Alwyn's islet tower.†

* "The church is dedicated to St. Oswald, as is supposed, from a well, called St. Oswald's, near unto the church."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

† Placed, by poetical license, on the island in Grasmere Lake.

II.

Yet Nature, in those troublous times of old,
However lovely, ne'er to peace could charm
One bosom to divest it of alarm:
As stood, assuming a demeanour bold,
With glittering helm and corselet, lance and shield,
Prepared ever for the siege or field,
The fabled Asgard's famous warrior queen—
So frowned the fortress in this tranquil scene,
Whence valour often rush'd his weapons dire to
wield.

III.

Where to the noble Saxon that fair eve
(On his devotions in the sanctuary
He offered up with heartfelt fervency)
The brightest pledge of earthly bliss might weave,
That eve, that might, indeed, a charm impart,
As richly as it glowed, unto his heart,
With all the tints with which it deck'd the sky,
With hues as fair to gild his destiny,
Preparing on the morn upon his quest to start:—

IV.

Upon the tusky monsters that infest
It, of their ravages the realm to clear,
To rival Richard Gilpin * of Kentmere;
When, with his gallant followers in that quest,
Too, as with bow and spear, with heart and hand,
The noble Halfdene with his friendly band
Of Danes from Thirlmere oft so blithely joined—
(A league but seldom in those days combined
'Tween them whose contests curst the widely wasted land.)

V.

With other trophies, as with tusks and horns,
To decorate their stately gothic halls
(Not wholly for the kennels and the stalls
As other joys the modern sportsman scorns),
With winning the possession of each hand
So fair, and with diffusing through the land,
(O'er which they held their temper'd feudal sway)
The blessings, as approached their nuptial day,
The union of such ardent spirits might command.

* A famous wild boar-killer in the time of King John.—See *Burns' Westmoreland*, p. 136.

VI.

For, 'twixt these chiefs to strengthen still the tie,
Betrothed so in each other joys to share,
To beauteous Edith and to Hilda fair,
No pledge more welcome could their hearts supply
Of sweet enduring peace and amity,
Afforded by a generous enemy,
By one, who, as they owned, might, in his place,
Deep feel the iron from their iron race
Enter into his soul. So, irresistibly,

VII.

Such for his daughters could not fail to plead
To Brithnod with success, as joyfully
Proclaimed by Alwyn to his company—
Who, as they with the magic of the mead
Did crown and quaff th' exhilarating bowl,
Though Scandinavians, yet could still control
Its lawless sway—thus able to enjoy,
Without its most degrading, base alloy,
The feast, as thus their song proclaimed with flow
of soul.

VIII.

SONG OF THE EMANCIPATED SAXON.

Sage were thy words, thou aged Thane,
That call'd on some one to explain
Man's transient transit upon earth,
Thou liken'd, where, with blazing hearth,
Across the hall the sparrow flies,
Driv'n there by the inclement skies,
Where with the warmth awhile it glows,
Unknown there whence it comes and goes!

Such was the simple counsel given
To lighten the blest way to Heaven,
That to the effort braced the arm
Of the bold priest to break the charm
Of superstition with his spear—
When grove and temple disappear,
Wrapt by their worshippers in fire,
Defying the foul Woden's ire!

THIRLMERE.

I.

The region which his fancy next would hail,
That region with a title he would greet
As sweet as "savage," for its wild retreat,
So, Wythburn, would salute thy rocky dale:
Nor further of its chieftain in his strain
Would speak at present, of the royal Dane,*
Who, horror-stricken at his blood-stained line,
Prevailed to bow before the holy sign
On all save one of his baptized heathen train.

* Halfdene, a name well known in the annals of our isle for the ferocity of its bearer.

II.

There is a crag,* that, from the symbol, bears,
Upon their banner of such wide spread fame,
So dear to Norsemen, its exciting name,
To which the unconverted oft repairs:
There Valdemar, the Scald, did oft reveal
The creed which 'gainst the cross his breast could steel—
There as the raven with her croak repeats
The song, with which her ear his fancy greets,
Cling to his "strange and savage faith" with bigot
zeal.

III.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

AN ODE.†

O, when the fated hour arrives on earth,
That's destined to such horrors to give birth,
What sufferings in this sublunary sphere,
What sorrows in this world of woe appear!
As shall, in most disastrous hour,
Be felt the evil spirit's power
To rule this world of woe—

* Raven Crag.

† For an elucidation of this ode, the reader is referred to Mallet's "Northern Antiquities."

With no indulgent gleams
What time the sun withdraws his beams,
And three long winters chill its lap with snow!

IV.

Three more, with endless frost, and snow, and hail,
Whirlwinds and storms, the ravaged globe assail,
Whilst every pest and curse of life,
Dire war and fierce domestic strife,
Stalk o'er its surface and its taint impart
To each corrupted, fest'ring human heart!

V.

Well may the wonder-working power
Of fancy, in that awful hour,
So sicken'd at the scene, portray
Fenris * to seize the orb of day
And Jormungandus † his enormous bulk unroll!
The while he puts the raging ocean
Into such wild commotion,
To overflow the globe from pole to pole,

* A huge wolf. † An enormous sea serpent.

Rymer, the leader of the host
Of the dread genii of the frost,
Their pilot o'er the troubled deep,
Lo! in his deadly bark doth sweep,
To battle now against the gods—
Through all its works Creation nods,
As from his prison bursts amain
Tremendous Lok to join the giant train!

VI.

Such was the strange and savage faith, indeed,
That prompted the enthusiast, on his path
Upon the wild, to brave the tempest's wrath,
And with such fervour cling unto his creed:—
And never did its vot'ry own its power
More deeply than when, now, in sultry hour,
At intervals burst forth a howling wind,
To silence which a sullen calm could bind,
As heavily the shades of night began to lower.

VII.

When lo! with such a desolating rout
(But not until, full charged, the phantom rends
Th' enormous murky cloud whence he descends),
The awful spirit of the water spout
O'ertakes him, where its insulated rock
Preserves him from the roaring torrent's shock,
That, like a deluge, spreading in its course,
Sweeps all before it with its whelming force,
Each dwelling, tree and stone, each trav'ller, herd
and flock:—

VIII.

O'ertakes him where he so securely braves,
As Fancy, in the flashes, rears his form
Strong as a tower to the battering storm,
'Gainst which the raging tempest vainly raves—
O'ertakes him, with its memory the while
So cherish'd, where its charms can so beguile
(Where oft his fancy wings its rapt'rous flight
And with its glories fills his awe-struck sight),
As when he sojourned in the Solitary Isle.*

* Iceland.

IX.

Rapt in the region, where the Edda flowed
In such a torrent of poetic fire,
His highest kindled fancy to inspire,
Well might it, in that awful hour, have glowed,
Roaming in all that region of romance!
Well might his spirit see, in heav'nly trance,
Each planet into conflagration hurl'd
And the fair renovation of the world,
Revealed to the Scalder's frenzied, rolling glance!

X.

Hence, more in sorrow than in anger, left
They to his awful walks upon the wild
Their broken idol's closer clinging child,
Till, in his wanderings, of his reason reft,
The poor fanatic, in his frenzy, led,
His steps to the appointed station sped
Upon the moor, unto the pass of fame,
Prophetic there his tidings to proclaim,
To breathe his curse on those who from their altars
fled.

XI.

There is a spirit that my bosom sways,
The spirit so romantic and sublime
Of awful solitude, whene'er I climb
The famed and long ascent of Dunmail Raise—
That with the deeds, the forms of other days,
Too throngs it, mustering in the morning haze,
For war or for the chase in olden time—
That prompts me to record it in my rhyme,
Each stirring picture Fancy to my view portrays.

XII.

Right gladly, reader, here my verse can tell
Of those I see now gather on that hill,
Like Alexander or like Cæsar there to spill
No human blood, or with intent more fell
Than to distain their weapons with the gore
Of ravenous wolf and desolating boar,
As in pursuance of the tribute * famed
Which erst the monarch through the realm proclaimed,
Methinks, one of the wisest in the days of yore.

* King Edgar's tribute of wolves' heads.

XIII.

Thus when had met this gallant company
(The which the fancy from their several dales
Ascending its renowned summit hails),
As I have said, upon this boundary,
With well-trained hounds, with all the hunting gear
Of bow of stoutest yew and ashen spear,
The spirit of such generous allies
Was all too noble in their enterprize,
For jealousy to taint their emulous career.

XIV.

Then, ere the ancient wall, that marks that bound
(There where the Barrow's battle-raising spell
Calls on each awe-struck traveller to dwell),
Had risen, crossing that more ancient mound,
All in the heavy, quiet, misty gloom
Of the tempestuous worn-out night, did loom
One by the fated spot, whose umber'd form,
Like their once idolized Thor of the storm,
Came thus to prophesy each monarch's direful doom.

XV.

THE DOOM

OF THE

KINGS AT DUNMAIL RAISE.

THE SCALDER'S PROPHECY.

Behold, ye apostates, behold to your shame
(Who have proved so degenerate, so unworthy the name
Of Norsemen) the picture my prescience portrays,
To heap up the karn of the slain on the Raise!

The karn, that shall mark the defeat and disgrace
Of your boasting, baptized, and recreant race!
When Dunmail, of this realm, to the contest shall bring
The dire-woven doom of each island king,
For which the crown'd Cumbrian, on his finishing rout,
Shall see his son's eyes with hot iron put out!
When Malcolm, the Scot, so abject and prone,
Shall bend for his seat at the conqueror's throne,
When Edmund, the Saxon, by the poniard shall fall
Of Leolf, the robber, in his high feasting hall—

When the proud Leolin, the Briton, shall beat
To his mountains so gladly his rapid retreat—
And the Dane and the Saxon, at one mortal blow,
Rue the wide ranging shafts of the dread Norman
bow!

To heap up the karn of the slain on the Raise,
The picture, ye Norsemen, my prescience portrays,
(Who have proved so degenerate, so unworthy the name)
Behold then, apostates, behold to your shame!

XVI.

So, when the seer his tale prophetic told,
Alternate, as the struggling beam arrayed
Him, as he came to view through light and shade,
He, gradually, upon the misty wold,
Around him as the curling vapours roll'd
(As he, who tends his flock without a fold
There, in his shaggy mantle or his plaid,
Seems in the overwhelming cloud to fade),
Evanish'd, whom no mortal did again behold.

XVII.

So might the fancy prompt the poet's dream—
So "weave, with bloody hands," unto his sight
The "tissue" of events upon that fight—
So, crossing like an apparition, seem,
The wanderings of the Scalder that revealed
Unto his ear the deeds by history sealed—
For superstition to o'ertake her child
With some disastrous fate upon the wild,
Or the lorn wretch to dreadful self-destruction yield!

XVIII.

As thus he, with such a denouncing strain,
Did often cross them in their path, a seer,
To make them, awe-struck, pause in their career,
The fearful Saxon and misgiving Dane,
E'en, though no longer heathen, for the fate
Which their forsaken worship might await,
Might own some tremblings for their destiny,
Upon their misconceived apostasy,
Like transient clouds, before their sun, to dissipate.

XIX.

Like those dispersing off the shiver'd rocks,
Which as they scale to rouse a beast more gaunt,
Thence to dislodge him from his savage haunt,
That since has form'd a "fortress for the fox,"
The sight, with which those caverns could appal,
To them then no handwriting on the wall
Required, to declare the awful doom
Of one no mortal could reclaim—of whom
No human effort could avert the threaten'd fall.

XX.

Thence (where his rent and bloody mantle told,
With his harp's chords half gnawed, the horrid tale,
Proclaiming how *the wolf* can there prevail
As elsewhere when his prey gets in his hold)
The Hunters, Helm Crag (where upon thy wild
The course, wild Woden, of thy wayward child
So closed—the prophet Scalder of the Karn)
Through Easedale, by its fair engulphed Tarn,
Through Grasmere's and through Rydal's beauteous
vales defiled.

RYDAL.

I.

There erst his worth to Brithnod may bequeath
(Who o'er the Celt and Goth could so prevail
Still to maintain his sway o'er Rowthey dale)*
The noble Fleming's emblematic wreath—
With wisdom† peace and plenty to entwine,
There, with two lovely scions of his line—
The others from their venerable tree
Were riven by the storms of destiny,
Of which the ravaged land deplored the rage malign.

* "Rydal, Sir Daniel Fleming supposes to be a contraction of Bowthey-dale, from the river of that name running down there."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

† See the note to the Abbot and the Knight, page 293.

II.

Where though he felt, he bowed not to, the stroke
That of two gallant sons did seal the doom,
Cut off in battle in their youth's fair bloom,
But, all unshaken as the gnarled oak
That decks thee, Rydal, with its towering pride,
He stood, unblasted—still the shock defied—
Blest with a virtuous wife and offspring fair,
In whom relenting Heaven, to repair
The rent its will had made, such solace had supplied.

III.

With Ethelfeda so he wends to share,
In the surviving pledges of their love,
The blessed consolation from above
Vouchsafed them, as they join in fervent prayer
For the departed, where they raise a tomb—
A scene so suited, in funereal gloom,
To prompt them, Rydal, by thy murm'ring fall,
Upon the spirits in its shades to call
Of their beloved, to cheer as well as soothe their doom.

IV.

As to their ken, hailing the brightening dawn
Of social joys, so charming did appear
That on the lovely gleams of Windermere,
In vista from their fair expanding lawn—
There, in the regions with their woes so rife,
His own might seem a patriarchal life
(Though with his dame he might awhile refrain
From trusting the protection of a Dane
Or Saxon), to arrest the course of mortal strife:—

V.

There, with the tent now pitch'd upon that glade,
With targets fix'd for feats in archery,
Assembled such a gallant company—
And there, beyond those who their skill displayed,
The white-armed Edith in her Hilda's aim
Had for the prize the only rival claim—
To crown, as they return now with their spoils,
Their valiant lovers' anxious hopes and toils,
Then, in their union, with the meed of bliss and fame.

THEODORE AND DOROTHEA.

A VISION

OF

SAINT BEES AND ENNERDALE.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

The Prior.
Theodore, a Novice of the Priory.
Sir John de Bonvil.
Dorothea, his Niece.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Henry VII.

THEODORE AND DOROTHEA.

PART THE FIRST.

SAINT BEES.

1.

There, where so sternly o'er the surging seas
Uplifts the promontory of Saint Bees
Its darkly frowning brow and towering head,
Lo! from its base a halcyon calm is spread!
Round which the wheeling sea-fowl wailings made,
Disturb'd by those who ply their "dreadful trade
In gath'ring samphire," in the silvery haze
That wraps th' autumnal sun's dimm'd struggling rays,
That lights the wrecker's ever-watchful eye
With sanguine, savage gleams of ecstasy.

II.

Let the enraptured voyager beware
Of that deceitful hour so calm, so fair,
To the horizon as the sun draws near,
Sinking into the thickening atmosphere,
As blacker and more ruffled heaves the deep,
In stronger gusts as o'er its bosom sweep
The breezes, 'neath the welkin's tempest-scowl!
Let those, who would from all beneath a cowl
To heav'nly-kindled acts withhold all claim,
Saint Bega, there behold the beacon-flame,
With which that height celestial charity
Illumined, when thy cloister'd votary
To death did oft expose his dauntless form,
And oft so rescued from the raging storm!
Let such declare who tread with pilgrim feet
How they in heart the Great Saint Bernard greet!

III.

They watched that night till in the glimm'ring dark
Approaching they descried a little bark,

That band, there placed, in Christian charity,
Upon that headland by the priory—
And when they kenn'd the vent'rous bark that neared
The point, as with such skill and courage steered,
Which as the rising of each mountain-wave
So, foaming, threaten'd with a watery grave,
Descending quickly from the beacon tower
To give all the assistance in their power,
They launch upon that awful sea afloat,
That gallant band, their life-preserving boat.

IV.

Against the wind and tide they strive in vain
The hapless object of their quest to gain,
Till in the crisis fresher blows the gale,
Alas! with fatal fury to prevail
Upon the bark, upon the billows tost,
With sail all shivered and with rudder lost,
Until, upon an insulated rock,
On which a hapless woman by the shock

Was hurl'd, it struck with dreadful crash of prore,
And drifted onward till it reach'd the shore,
Which, from the baffled fury of the main,
Lo! all the rest aboard in safety gain.

V.

Yet one, amid the rescued of the wreck
(Who, as he saw the woman from the deck
Swept, his despair proclaimed in accents wild,
Calling upon his dear adopted child),
Upon the margin of the fatal flood,
At his bereavement, horror-stricken, stood—
As from the rocky shoal on which she lay,
To which the life-boat vainly strove to steer its way,
Through the wild waves one of the gallant band
Bore with a rope the sufferer to the strand,
Where, as the ghastly wound upon her breast
The anguish of her tortured frame exprest,
She seem'd to turn, with a convulsive sigh,
With gratitude, in speechless agony,
Upon the dauntless youth her glazing look—and die.

VI.

Then, as they deem, the victim of the storm
They bear the last sad office to perform,
Though, nature, so exhausted with the strife,
The sufferer yet showed the signs of life
Far from extinct—with its rekindling flame,
Which, animating her reviving frame,
Beneath the sacred shelt'ring roof could bless
And crown such noble efforts with success.

VII.

I need not on the happy moments dwell
Which might his sympathizing bosom swell,
The joyful tidings when blest Theodore,
Who rescued her, unto De Bonvil bore—
Such was the name of him in accents wild
Who call'd upon his dear adopted child,
Her foster father and a gallant knight,
Whose heart might yearn such action to requite.

VIII.

Nor need I on the flood of transport dwell
With gratitude that might the bosom swell

Of her, pale at the altar as she knelt,
That into tears her lovely looks might melt,
Or, as from offering to the power divine
Their fervent praise she turn'd them from the shrine,
Attempt to paint the influence of the spell,
Prompted by Heaven, as their glances fell
On the enraptured youth their rays to pour,
And penetrate his heart's delighted core—
Nor need I on the racking moments dwell
When Theodore, retiring to his cell,
To Dorothea and De Bonvil bade farewell.

IX.

There are, whose cold and indurated hearts,
To which nor time nor circumstance imparts
Their influence, to soften or control
The frozen iron temper of the soul,
Seem, like the pole, immutably incased
In the relentless region they were placed—
Or, like an iceberg, floating fearfully
To all it meets with on its troubled sea,

Where it was hurl'd with such tremendous force,
Rent by the tempest, holds its threat'ning course,
Each bosom at its dire approach to thrill
With terror, like its own appalling chill.

X.

There are, whose spirits in their icy chains
Although so long their destiny detains,
If they but view the faintest gleam illume
The envious night that veils their hapless doom—
If, Nature, with thy heav'nly-kindling beam,
Breaks on their view that joy-diffusing gleam,
Lo! as their bright'ning day doth then begin,
How deeply do they cherish then within
The charm increasing with its purest glow,
Its emblem in its blest effects to show,
Until, dispersing all those envious shades,
That charm all the enlighten'd mind pervades!

XI.

This contrast to your fancy to portray,
Good reader, fain my efforts would essay,

Before the prior as the novice stood,
This of so gentle, that so stern a mood.

XII.

Against the weapons, priestly craft would wield,
As Faith and Reason could oppose a shield,
Thus, with some strong misgivings in his soul,
The bigot then attempted to control:—
"Know, that, on your achieving your emprise,
My son, the sainted Bega seem'd to rise
Before me in a vision, who the seas
Becalmed in her voyage to Saint Bees,
And, in that vision, with her guardian form
Deign'd to illumine that dire raging storm,
In which a fellow-creature from the wave
With heav'nly-prompted spirit thou didst save—
Know that she deign'd, in mercy, to disclose
With all its roaring flames and racking woes,
With the unutterable agonies,
Re-echoed with the fiend's exulting cries,
The pit where writhed each sacrilegious Dane
That to destruction doomed her hallowed fane;

Which from its embers in its light divine
As it arose, the foundress of the shrine
There placed thee, Theodore, by William de Meschines."

THEODORE AND DOROTHEA.

PART THE SECOND.

ENNERDALE.

I.

Enchanting Ehen! to thy parent lake
Fain would my musing fancy now betake
And view thee, Nature, in no wondrous dream,
The same, as when De Bonvil by thy stream
Bore to his home, in which he safely lay
His dear one rescued from the ocean spray—
There where, unshaken, still the Steeple * stands,
The Pillar * towers, while those by human hands
With so much toil and cost and pains upreared,
Have long been overthrown and disappeared.

* Two of the highest mountains of this region.

II.

Though in the field and lists well known his fame
And in the world oft mixing with his dame,
Yet, with the valorous and illustrious race
Of Senhouse and of Multons in the chase
As oft he joined, the knight was happier far
In waging all the various sylvan war:
Whose heart with every kind affection beat,
With sympathy and charity replete,
And, though in the possession of his Jane
With all the heart in mutual love could gain,
Yet, childless, with his partner he bewailed
Their lot that in a living pledge so failed.

III.

So, on th' inscrutable decrees of Heaven,
To meditation might his soul be given,
Upon the contrast offer'd to his mind
In the bereavement of his fellow-kind,
Of his own brother, who unto his care
Bequeathed his orphan, Dorothea fair,

In whom relenting Heaven, in its grace,
His childless state with Jane seem'd to efface—
Nor for that orphan could he plead in vain
To place her 'neath the tender care of Jane,
Although the generous action might impart
A pang unto the yearnings of his heart,
And, with such mingled pleasure and distress,
To Heaven, that withheld its will to bless
Her with a mother's name, his venial grief express.

IV.

And, now, in mutual kindliness exprest,
The generous feelings reigning in each breast,
As Time, in that romantic region wild,
Fulfils its promise in the blooming child,
Began the fost'ring faithful loving pair
To taste the fruits of their parental care—
And in the bosoms, which produced such fruits,
Affection could not fail the deepest roots
To take towards each other, in the love
It of a parent and a daughter wove.

V.

And, further, with such countless perils rife,
The chances and the changes of this life,
The hand of Heaven, in the trying hour,
Then strongly mark'd its mitigating power
On him, and, in its heartfelt mercy, broke
The pangs that followed the inflicted stroke
In her affection, in his widowed state
With Dorothea left less desolate—
Whose hopes, when sky and ocean seem'd to smile
In an excursion, Mona, to thine Isle,
So brightly, at their outset, on that rock
Were almost wreck'd with such a fatal shock,
Whose heart, with keener threaten'd anguish cleft,
A second time was nearly childless left.

VI.

But with that child, the soother of his woes,
What did her future destiny disclose?
And could the Heaven-sent gallant arm, that bore
And saved her, to herself the maid restore?

With her deliverer might her rescue seem
At first, indeed, a pleasing cherish'd dream,
When gratitude with memory combined
With stronger feelings to impress her mind!

VII.

Thus o'er her aching heart and sorrowing soul
The unresisted, hopeless passion stole,
But, as she thought she ne'er to him betray'd
The grief, the love, that in her bosom prey'd,
As, in her duty to her foster sire,
With joy their wonted filial flame could fire
Her eyes, so dark, though with a cheek more pale,
With her fair raven locks, as could not fail,
That flame, to save them from the taking of the veil.

VIII.

Enchanting Ehen! fain would I betake
Me now beyond thy lovely parent lake,
Into whose joyful bosom as it flows,
Its blessings like a little Nile bestows

The Liza, through its smiling Eden plain,
Meand'ring, till it gains its little main—
An oasis amid the savage scene,
Girdling the tract of Gillerthwaite so green.

IX.

There as the fancy rears the very cot,
Where in the chase, upon that lonely spot,
Oft for refreshment on its past'ral fare
The gallant knight, De Bonvil, would repair—
There could he not withhold the proffered cheer
From one in pilgrim garb who did appear,
So worn with travel on the barren wild,
With path so arduous as it stands up-piled.

X.

And when he in his features recognized,
Well might he at the meeting be surprised,
The host then at his guest, for he, who bore
The pilgrim-staff, was the same Theodore—

"I crave your pardon," as he thus began,
"If you behold in me a sinful man,
And, if to listen to my tale you'll deign,
The mystery I trust I may explain."

XI.

Beyond his sanguine hopes there placed a guest,
To whom, so toil-worn, needful then was rest,
His harass'd frame and feelings to compose,
Beneath a roof so welcome he arose
Refreshen'd, and thus anxious to relate
His past life and his future courted fate:—
"Kind friends, know, as I stood upon the brink,
Cast by my vow, into the gulf to sink,
To one (in whom I found a confidence
I safely placed, with fav'ring providence),
Whom I may call my brother, of our shrine
A vot'ry, I imparted my design—
Who favour'd my escape and vent'rous quest
That lies before me to the east or west,
Where Gama or Columbus so prevailed,
Or where with bold Sebastian Cabot sailed

My sire, if unsuccessful here I came
To plead the influence of as pure a flame,
I feel, as e'er to kindle bliss was given,
On earth the highest, as I hope for Heaven!
Know, by its prior in yon sanctuary,
His guardian uncle, in his infancy
(Beyond redemption my inheritance,
With hypocritic fell intolerance,
He scrupled not, that uncle to purloin
To heap it on his superstitious shrine),
An hapless orphan, was poor Theodore
Placed on his task of countless beads to pore—
Till quenching by degrees its joyous fire,
His life, with his noviciate, to expire
Seem'd, as it lower'd with its deepest gloom,
The period, that approached to seal his doom—
Yet, to avert still his impending fate,
In cheering vision might he contemplate,
The novice, to direct him in his path
And meet th' obdurate prior's utmost wrath,
The rescued Dorothea's lovely form
Bright as his guardian angel in the storm—

For as to me her precious life you owe,
Sir Knight, yet she my freedom did bestow,
She from those fated walls to work my weal or woe."

XII.

Then fully flash'd the truth upon his mind,
Nor was the gentle gallant knight so blind
As not in her demeanour to discern,
In spite e'en of herself, and, grieving, learn
The secret as a case without a cure—
The passion she was destined to endure—
Which, further, with a proof so glowing sealed,
Fair Dorothea to his view revealed,
As to prepare her he the tidings bore
Of the approach of the brave Theodore.

XIII.

As the famed Lybian leader forced his way
Through Alpine snows, that flame here mark'd its sway,
And, midst these rocks, unstained with gore-drenched fame,
Methinks, a greater victory may claim!

And wave its banner, on the lake's fair side,
Upon the dwelling that was fortified
Against the prior and his jackmen bold,
Who marched to claim the novice from his hold,
Freed from his monkish trammels, who, arrayed
In mail, due answer to such summons made.

XIV.

Unheeded while such birds of clamour flew,
Like those around his turrets, or the mew
That hover'd, wailing o'er the riven deck,
When it was drifting with such woful wreck—
Whence, in familiar phrase, as I would fain
With proverb point an unambitious strain,
To wit, "*'Tis an ill wind that blows no good,*"
As plainly said, as felt and understood—
With her, whom he had rescued from the wave,
The appellation (which their sponsors gave,
And with the bliss they in their union found,
So with their foster-father's blessings crown'd)
Well might the couple, in each several name,
Of Theodore and Dorothea claim!

KENULF AND CLARE.

A VISION

OF

CALDER ABBEY AND WASTDALE.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

The Abbot.
Reinfred, Forester to the Abbey.
Clare, his Daughter.
Kenulf, Falconer to the Abbey.
Whelpdale, a Mosstrooper.
Edwy.

The action of the Poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Henry IV.

KENULF AND CLARE.

PART THE FIRST.

CALDER ABBEY.

I.

As poetry with painting oft unites,
This to illustrate what that craft indites,
Fain would I see not altogether fail
The converse of the custom in this tale.

II.

Be he, who viewed th' anticipated feast,
A belted baron or a mitred priest,
No picture * could the feudal times afford,
Methinks, betwixt the vassal and the lord,

* Alluding to Landseer's Picture of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.

Where mutual confidence so held its reign,
As that I fain would offer in my strain—
And, as I strive to give a sketch in rhyme
Of Calder Abbey in the olden time,
With the good abbot make the scene appear,
With all its hunting and its hawking gear,
The various spoils profusely as they lay,
The tribute which the willing tenants pay.

III.

Where, on some border strife, or sport, or chase,
A chieftain with his band, with courtly phrase,
All, on a sudden, as an urgent guest,
For bed and board might forward his request,
'Twas wise, then, in the host with fare to stock,
Besides his own, for such a craving flock,
Who, in the hour of peril, would afford
His house their succour for their bed and board.

IV.

Nor vainly their liege lord's good will to claim,
The forester and falconer thought they came

(Than whom of stouter heart or blither mood
None e'er explored the mountain, flood and wood)
Upon the errand nearest to each heart,
Which they were all so anxious to impart,
As, with a parent's and a suitor's air,
That errand might their anxious looks declare,
And to an eye as keen as his explain—
To the good abbot of Saint Mary's Fane—
To whom, though in the abbey's service born,
The name of serfs they would, indignant, scorn,
They deem this grateful heartfelt courtesy
Due as the holder of the seignory.

V.

Nor could he fail to promise at his shrine
The happy couple cordially to join;
With whom himself disporting as a child,
They, in their childhood, had so oft beguiled
The time, and made the interval so lightly pass
Betwixt the heavy hours of lengthen'd mass—
Whilst in his dark-eyed glances laughs the boy,
The girl's in sparkling blue express her joy,

I know not if, before him as they played,
He half repented of the vow he made,
Which, like a passing cloud athwart his sky,
Lit by the cherub smiles of infancy,
Proclaimed, at least, the warmth that could impart
Its kindly influence on the abbot's heart—
And, Nature, through its adverse, vain control,
Could shed thy genial light upon his soul.

VI.

And, as they left him who had so beguiled
His hours, his forester's and falconer's child,
I know not if his fancy there might roam,
E'en, with a sigh of envy, for their home.

KENULF AND CLARE.

PART THE SECOND.

WASTDALE.

I.

Home to the mountains then they joyful fare,
Good Reinfred and blest Kenulf, back to Clare:
As thou uprear'st upon thy crest their crown,
Where, midst those giant mountains, thou dost frown,
Scawfell, their monarch, Fancy, there I tread
With thee again that region to its head—
There as thy hand, as erst, in sylvan dress
Can, Wastdale, deck thine alpine wilderness—
There as thy towering sentinels arise,
The guardians of thy pastoral Paradise.

II.

Where, on its smiling plot of verdant ground,
Its lonely lake and tributaries bound
And gird the region in their bright embrace,
To beauteous Bowderdale impart such grace—
Where, still, one solitary dwelling rears
Its moss-clad structure through the lapse of years,
As sanguine as th' assassin seems to creep
Upon his destined victim in his sleep,
There prowls, at length, the wolf around the fold
Where the unguarded lamb he doth behold,
Securely there as she was wont to roam
Within the range of her romantic home.

III.

The eve was lowering—wrapt in fire and smoke
As on her view a startling vision broke—
The lightning the arrested maiden sees
Playing upon the crumbling crags of Screes
(With which the scene the fancy may illume
E'en as an omen of her threaten'd doom),

When, o'er its thunder, with a whistle shrill,
So loudly echoed from each circling hill,
Encompass'd, captive, the affrighted maid
Felt a hard hand upon her shoulder laid.

IV.

The region, that so well for lawless men
Might in those times supply the outlaw's den,
Well might ware Whelpdale, the mosstrooper bold,
Great Gable, in thy cavern'd rocks behold;
Than whom a kite more keen, whate'er his game,
Ne'er pounced upon his prey with surer aim—
Than he whom ye did find unto your cost,
Lamenting each the loved one ye had lost,
One his betrothed, the other his dear child,
The frantic father and the lover wild!

V.

There fancy views the captive maiden stand
Before the grim chief and his grisly band—
There as the beaming lustre of her eye
Doth all the ruffian band, abash'd, defy—

So rich a ransom as the wary crew,
So sanguine for so fair a creature view
(The gold, that glitters in her flaxen locks,
Lit by a sunbeam in the cavern'd rocks),
For which the forfeit they were loath to pay
And, hence, around her stood like hounds at bay—
Secure, invulnerable in her charms,
That thus arrayed her with such conquering arms
(For, Reinfred, thou hadst rear'd thy darling child
Unlike th' untutor'd tenant of the wild),
The kindling noble spirit of whose sire
The hour of trial could not fail to fire,
And, only, with its last spark in her breast expire!

VI.

Scarce need I now on the vocation dwell
Of the mosstroopers, since he woke his shell—
Since the romancer could, in prose and verse,
So to the life their feats and wiles rehearse—
Suffice it simply for me to relate,
Then, with the turns of my advent'rer's fate,

That none than he, for rape and rapine made,
Evinced more craft and cunning in their trade—
So noted for his evil-blazing star
Upon his head of predatory war,
Who, in his various *outrodes* so excell'd,
The manifold encounters which he held
From ambush, and upon the open field,
The desperado's palm which each could yield
Him—when their crescent in its wane
Might mourn the Percies in their Hotspur slain,
Though for awhile their crest e'en threat'ning shone
To hurl the warlike Henry from his throne;
Against whom when, in Shrewsbury's gallant fight,
In which the monarch still maintained his might,
Our outlaw joined and fled, unto the hour,
When he from Berwick's famed beleaguer'd tower
Made his escape, the siege 'gainst such a host
When forty-eight freebooters could so boast,
To him that still a refuge could afford,
With all his comrades put unto the sword.

VII.

Such of the lynx-eyed hunter, with his wiles
Who had secured such prey within his toils:
And, midst his bandit-group, O it was ruth,
Indeed, to see a comely pensive youth,
Scarce twelve years old, to such a gang allied,
Whom now the captain call'd unto his side,
And whisper'd earnestly into his ear
That which the boy seem'd anxiously to hear—
And then, preparing for the task imposed
Upon him, when the by-scene with him closed,
As he in a more gallant garb arrayed,
In beaver with its plume and richer plaid,
Upon the captive maiden, as he pass'd,
Not unobserv'd, a glance of pity cast.

VIII.

And of the captive maiden, as she lay
Upon her pallet till the dawn of day,
From whom, so strictly guarded, though aloof
Each robber kept beneath his cavern'd roof,

Each sympathetic heart must, through that night
Of dire suspense, share in the piteous plight—
And when, at length, upon the rising sun
She fix'd her gaze—his endless course to run—
Till, through that tedious day, with such a gleam
Hope cheer'd her vision in his setting beam,
That scarcely could her senses then believe
It, till her Kenulf's self could undeceive
Her, as she rush'd to meet him, when the chain,
Which held her, drew her with such force again
Back, with its rivet in her prison-rock,
Her fainting frame could not withstand the shock—
She, who with such an energy of soul
The band confronted, could not now control
The tide of feeling, while the ruffian band
Her ransom wrench'd and shared with grasping hand
From him, with whom, revived, she wing'd her flight,
For which the brigand did his promise plight.

IX.

As the wild Arab and the Buccaneer
Brave all the hazards of their dread career,

Yet, strange to tell, in their unhallowed cause,
Make and maintain such honourable laws,
Fain would I leave the leader and his crew
Their reckless course of plunder to pursue,
To follow now the maiden in her flight,
Like the scaped dove from falcon or from kite,
On which her mate would, like the eagle, wreak
The fury of his talons and his beak,
Who came resolv'd not unreveng'd to die,
If faithless he had found that company,
And in his very den the lion dare
That offer'd any outrage to his Clare—
Whom as, with transport, in his arms he placed
And the near broken-hearted sire embraced,
What joy more wish'd-for could a lover name
To crown his hopes and ratify his claim?

X.

Thus to the abbey the betrothed had brought
Their dear one, where a succour he had sought,
The parent, to dislodge him from his hold,
There, with his gang, where the mosstrooper bold

Had in a fastness, on the mountain's side,
For taking of the deer so fortified—
Whence, as he, in his fell career of fame,
Knew, with his booty, he must beat for game,
With that against him, in another chase,
He fled afar and at a nimble pace—
What time the chieftain Stanleigh had arrayed
A force, he, in the ransom of the maid
Who with the abbot did so nobly join—
The abbot who united at his shrine,
And, mutually, from Kenulf and from Clare
Received the blessings of the happy pair.

XI.

And of the hostage in that hapless boy,
Who at the issue so express'd his joy,
Whose birth seem'd mark'd with such a heavy ban,
The nat'ral offspring of that reckless man—
Whom, when of his deserted mother reft,
With agonizing pangs his young heart cleft,
Whelpdale, the caitiff father, at his pain
Received in the path of guilt to train—

Of him the musing fancy would relate
And drop a tear upon his piteous fate!

XII.

Already had he, with an aching heart,
To such a parent's wish perform'd his part,
Until, revolting at the scenes of guilt,
Of plunder, and of blood remorseless spilt
Before him, he resolv'd, whate'er the cost,
To sever from a sire so harden'd, lost,
Who ne'er with all his arts could have beguiled
And thoroughly perverted his poor child—
So glad to free him from the thraldom dire,
In which, like precious metal in the fire,
Those scenes the youth's fine spirit could assay—
To rescue him from such a baneful sway
Nor with the abbot could he plead in vain,
So deeply sympathizing with his pain—
Nor with those, to whom he restored their Clare,
For which so warmly he their love did share,
As well as gratitude, as with his aid
He, farther, for their trust in him, repaid

Them, in his manhood, with his zeal and toils
And knowledge of all the mosstrooper's wiles;
Whence ne'er that bird of prey dared to infest,
Hovering, however keen, around their nest—
Whence, though his birth was mark'd with such a ban,
Yet Edwy still grew up a prosperous man:—
Whence with a moral I would close my tale
My fancy wove in this romantic dale—
Though it may eat like rust into the soul,
How lucre still the passions can control.

THE FAIRY FÊTE.

SCENE—WINDERMERE.

INTRODUCTION.

I envy not, imperial Windermere!
The mind that would debar me of my joy,
And cavil at my course with critic sneer,
With all the venomed shafts it would employ,
With which it fain my pleasure would alloy—
That pleasure in such heavenly prompted dreams
Vain are such feeble efforts to destroy,
What time, fair lake, thy mountains, woods, and streams
Are mantled in thy golden or thy silver beams.

As I would invocate the opening morn
To bring thee, Nature, out in thine array,
With her auspicious radiance to adorn,
With every one beneath the sun so gay,
To make it truly shine a gala day
(Nor do I envy them, unto whose hearts,
To put the wheels of life into such play,
No joy such glad occasion e'er imparts,
But leave to fester with their self-inflicted darts.)

When lo! methinks, propitious to my prayer,
Aurora, in her splendour gaily drest
(Though rivall'd by the "rowed and ribbon'd fair"
Of the regatta), greets each merry guest—
As erst I of the motley crew, that prest
Unto the tourney, ventured in my song
To chant forth, all so anxious in their quest
Of sports that to a field of Mars belong,
So would I echo here the pleasures of the throng—

The shouts of triumph, rising from the shores,
That rend the skies and with applauses hail,
As they achieve their course, the winning oars,
And gallant scudding of the foremost sail—
Nor less upon the land to see prevail,
So strong in active and athletic strife,
In race and wrestling doth the triumph fail
To them, to whom, all with such raptures rife,
Time so can speed th' excited joyous hours of life.

But as, at length, the cup of Comus palls
Upon the taste, and, on its flagging wing,
Weary to earth such high-flown pleasure falls,
My throng retires to rest—as I to sing
The vision Fancy to my view doth bring,
Upon the memory of this mirthful day,
Upon my dreaming senses lingering,
All, with her aid, the pageant to survey
Upon the lake of Oberon, the imperial Fay.

SPIRITS OF THE REGATTA.

Oberon.
Titania.
Umbriel.
Urganda.

The action of the poem is supposed to take place in the reign of Elizabeth.

THE FAIRY FÊTE.

THE REGATTA.

I.

Lo! where, amid its fairy ocean's smile,
In emblematic miniature portrays
Her realm the glories of the mother isle,
There Fancy, with enraptured ken, surveys
The lakes' fair queen so simply she arrays,
Where neither arms nor chariot she did own—
That realm, which with an olive branch she sways
And where she holds her court, could boast no "throne
Which far the wealth of Ormus or of Ind outshone."

II.

And O, auspicious Fancy! of thy reign
The golden age as he would invocate,
Perchance thy rival stars * his kindling strain
May with their favouring influence animate—
And, trust me, though with no vain hopes elate,
Yet, Fancy, so enamour'd of his theme,
Thy humble bard may love to meditate
And lighten up his vision with a gleam
From thy own prompted summer night's enchanting dream.

III.

Thus, Windermere, upon thy fairy main
Invoking, goddess, thy inspiring power,
I feel the influence of thy magic reign,
Howe'er detraction with her cloud may lower,
So murk, so pregnant with her sulph'rous shower—
With Cynthia in her car of silver light
So softly gliding in auspicious hour,
A brilliant vision bursts upon my sight,
To charm thee, Fancy, with its glorious pageant bright.

* Shakspeare and Spenser.

IV.

And on the station, where, in such a night,
The muse may farther meditate her lay
(The scene around her to her charmed sight
As Nature with enchantment doth array,
Sleeping in moonlight to her rapt survey),
No evil omen thence her ken could hail,
As she beheld upon its tranquil way
Dark o'er its deep blue vault, with transient veil,
Yon cloud steer like a vessel with its sable sail.

V.

Fair Windermere! descending then it past,
That "lazy pacing cloud," thy steeps among,
Until the vapour on a ridge at last
Rested—and, like a monstrous harpy, flung
(There brooding o'er the valley as it hung)
Such raven darkness from its wings of soot,
That, pealing from their haunts that echoing rung,
The startled night-birds fled with horrid hoot,
Each fish into the deep, to covert every brute.

VI.

For, in the bosom of that sable cloud,
So heavily borne down into the dell,
The wily Umbrel with himself did shroud
A magazine of mischief, wrought in hell,
I'th' depth of which he wove his dev'lish spell,
Of shells and rockets an abundant store,
Of those, he aimed at with a hate so fell,
He meant upon the hapless heads to pour,
Fair Windermere, in launching, freighted, from thy shore.

VII.

Nor unattended on such errand came,
Of mischief when so wide the rumour ran,
I ween, the demon by his worthy dame:
Than whom no Gorgon, hag, nor harridan,
No witch, no fury, female Caliban,
E'er looked more gaunt in face or limb,
Blowing her curses on each child and man,
Than Umbriel now thy wedded sorceress grim,
So full of hate, in heart and head, up to the brim.

VIII.

With her voracious, horrid mouth agape,
Fit emblem did that murky cloud portray
Of her, when it assumed a harpy's shape,
In which when its commander held his sway,
As, to a bark transformed, it bent its way
Upon the secret expedition here
(Her science as she could so well display),
He well appointed her chief engineer,
To blow up all within her range her favourite sphere.

IX.

Hard by the seat of empire, which they own
In their Belle Isle two sister islets rear
Their regions now with brambles overgrown,
Where, in their wilderness profound, appear
The blossoms to which shade is all so dear,
The lilies of the valley whence their name—
In truth they were most lovely realms whyleare,
Their haunts of joyaunce where to make them came
The potent fairy monarch with his royal dame—

X.

King Oberon, who his consort thus addrest
(But not as Tickell * in each tuneful line
Made Albion, clasping Kenna to his breast),
"Accursed be the hand that did refine
And shrunk my stature to a size with thine!
But blest the hand that did our forms enlarge,
Each in a more extended sphere to shine,
And ne'er a task more pleasing to discharge,
Titania, did I order forth our gallant barge!

XI.

To celebrate amid this charming scene
(Befitting such a pageant to display)
The triumph of the glorious virgin queen
O'er the miscall'd 'Invincible array
Of the Armada.'" So the kingly Fay,
Addressing, led his consort to the strand
And saw her safe aboard her barge so gay,
Of the regatta ere he took command
On the imperial lake of all the English land.

* In his poem of "Kensington Garden."

XII.

As, all so drest, upon the silvery lake
The craft, so countless, his command obey,
And follow in their gallant leader's wake,
As in their course so proudly they display
Each full-blown sail and every streamer gay—
As in his burnish'd bark each fairy glides,
The burnish'd barks, the fairy fleet's array
Unto the moonbeams, on the buoyant tides,
So like a shoal of dolphins turn their shining sides.

XIII.

And as the gallant barks the circuit make,
That on the buoyant tides so gaily shine,
Around the regent island of the lake,
Each as she holds her station in the line,
Each, like the glorious bulwarks of the brine,
A strange sail, with her friendly colours, bore
Down on them, as glad company to join,
In her deep hold which that infernal store
Had hid, full fraught upon her victims' heads to pour.

XIV.

Whence thus, methought, that their commander's voice
Gave, scoffing, vent unto his fiendish spite,
"Rejoice* with me, my gallant friends, rejoice,
For soon, beneath the cover of the night,
We'll make them take a most exalted flight!"
But, as the bleeding viper bit the file,
So did it fare with this same wicked sprite—
And so did malice on herself recoil,
To overwhelm her with her own defeated guile.

XV.

The pilot Fays, the while, all in the dark,
By any sound or signal could not learn
The country or commander of the bark,
Till they in red-hot characters discern
The HARPY all so glowing on her stern,
Detraction, from thy furnace in its frame,
With which it, self-consuming, seem'd to burn—
Amid them till th' exploding fire-ship came,
Launcing volcano volumes of devouring flame.

* The reader may recollect the scoffing of the fiends in the sixth book of Paradise Lost.

XVI.

Either too eager their dire scheme to hatch,
The train when Umbriel and his gang had laid,
Or that, on having lit the fatal match,
To witness its effects too long they stayed,
The biters bit, due penalty they paid—
Though in their own opinions not less sly,
'Gainst all defeat all due precaution made,
Yet in their plot unfortunate as Guy,
Or those who, Venice, leagued in thy conspiracy.

XVII.

The conflagration, as it mounts the sky,
Extinguish'd in its dire eclipsing glare
The paling moon and stars and whirled on high,
Ere they could 'scape, tost in the troubled air,
With torn limbs caught in their own hellish snare,
Fell Umbriel and Urganda with their crew—
Then as they sunk again, the flames, more fair
It brought the gallant fleet unscathed to view,
With streamers that as gaily to the night-breeze flew.

XVIII.

Towering, like the ill-fated mangled game,
The hag, upon her shatter'd harpy wings,
Felt, so much scorched, the fury of the flame,
That to the wind her bitterest curse she flings—
As with her shrillest shrieks the welkin rings,
As dropping with her mate, with horrid yell,
The hissing water with their downfal sings—
With hate concocted in the depths of hell,
As, like a brace of cormorants, they, howling, fell.

XIX.

With broken pinions as they flapped about
(So have I witness'd, on a grand battue,
The waves, hailed with such an exulting shout,
The wounded water-fowl so widely strew),
Their baffled wiles as they did justly rue—
As now their fire-ship, with her blown-up deck,
This stirring night-dream brought unto my view,
On its last embers such a piteous wreck,
As burnt, unto the water's edge, unto a speck.

XX.

Next, as to gather there its pious flock,
That to their orisons so duly sped,
The chapel from its insulated rock
Upon the lake its beauteous halo shed,
Ne'er with a spirit of devotion led
More fervent, in their pilgrimage to Rome,
They kneel before the triple-crowned head,
The myriads 'neath Saint Peter's dazzling dome,
Than those assembled where blazed forth Saint Mary
Holm.

XXI.

Whence, with the solemn organ's peal,
The chant, accordant, seems upon the ear
As if from a celestial choir to steal—
Where, holy mother, when thine isle they near
And from its shrine the wafted numbers hear,
They deem presiding o'er the sacred strain
Thy spirit, as their rapt'rous course they steer,
The joyous crews, and as they chant again,
Far echoed in sweet dying murmurs o'er their main.

XXII.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

The Lord of Hosts was on our side,
The God of Battles with his might,
Who made our gallant navy ride
Triumphant in the glorious fight!
Who breaks the bow and knaps the spear
Asunder, dealt the deadly blow—
The Lord of Hosts o'erwhelmed with fear,
Discomfiting our vaunting foe!

XXIII.

Then, as each gallant bark directs her prow,
Each takes her station, as she furls her sails
And drops her anchor hanging at her bow,
The regent isle as with a cheer she hails—
There where still Fancy with her sway prevails,
There where each bark is moored in grand array
(Howe'er the cynic at the vision rails),
Well may it offer to my rapt survey
The glorious feats of many a recorded day!

XXIV.

The trophies blazoned in the roll of fame,
That through her trump their influence sublime
May hold, in many a brilliant action's name
To the most distant age, in every clime,
Of the renowned achievements of my time!
There, whence with other triumphs of the war,
Methinks (so faintly echoed in my rhyme)
I hear, in grateful pæans from afar,
Of Howe, of Duncan, Vincent, Nile, and Trafalgar!

XXV.

"For Homer's rage, for Milton's mighty hand"
Whilst thou from Waterloo "who gav'st each lyre
A theme, to send thy name o'er sea and land,"
Say, can he fail to feel some kindling fire,
That with its favouring influence may inspire
To animate thy poet's humble strain?
Thence o'er each field the palm thou didst acquire
Upon thy last, great chief, to crown thy train
Of triumphs thou, in thy renowned career, didst gain!

THE FAIRY FÊTE.

THE MASK.

PROLOGUE.

Howe'er the cynic at the vision rails,
Well may the scenery to her rapt survey
Present the picture which fair Fancy hails,
The tints with which she would imbue her lay,
Recording that triumphant glorious day,
When thou, Belle Isle, the victor-wreath didst gain,
Far better than thy poet can his bay,
Though so ambitious, in his zealous strain,
To echo forth the strife that shook thy fair domain.

And as, all so propitious on the lake,
He seemed unto his poet to command
The gallant fleet that followed in his wake,
So may the sovereign Fay upon the land
Bid to its task his subject elfin band
(To make again the scornful critic smile),
And as a wizard weave with waving wand
The arduous contest to her queen the while,
The future triumph of her own beleaguered isle.

As in a vision of enchantment wrought,
Within a moon-lit glade upon his stage,
Prophetic, as the fairy monarch brought,
There fiercely as the war-fiend seem'd to wage
The strife, her heart so warmly to engage
And make it beat beneath her sapphire zone,
Wreaking upon her lovely realm his rage,
That fiend could make the dauntless queen to own
No abject feelings trembling for her island throne.

THE SIEGE OF BELLE ISLE.

A MASK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE GENIUS OF THE LAKES.
THE NAIAD OF WINDERMERE.
ROBIN, THE DEVIL, WITH HIS BAND.
CHORUS OF SPIRITS.
CROMWELL'S SOLDIERS.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The Station. Time, a beautiful summer evening, near sunset. The Genius of the Lakes enters with attendant Spirits.

GENIUS.

Ye spirits of the water, earth, and air!
Whom to my court I, greeting, see repair,
The station, whence, exulting, I command
The loveliest prospect of the lake and land—

The station, whence, enamour'd, I can dwell
As on my choicest visionary spell—
Then when, as now, in such auspicious hour,
The fancy with her all-commanding power,
So richly as she makes its deep to glow,
Displays so fair an Archipelago—'
The station, whence, enraptured, I too dwell
Upon my High Street and my huge Hill Bell—
To guard the land each sentinel so dread,
So towering, so sublime, to Rydal Head—
Whence southward I next turn my musing eye,
In rapture, with the poet's ecstasy,
My contemplation with the view to fill
So beauteous o'er the lake to Finstead Hill—
The station, spirits, to your rapt survey
In all its future glories I array,
To lead you, through its portal, up its side,
Along so smooth a path, deck'd with such pride,
As like a scene of faëry may enchant,
With many a stately, many a creeping plant,
On soften'd bed of rock, in blooming bower,
Hung on its steep up to my summer tower:

Here I (than whom upon a gorgeous throne
No greater, prouder monarch ever shone)
Invite you, where so fair her realms appear,
To descant on imperial Windermere.

SEMICHORUS.

From the shores, that with their sweep
Beauteously embay their deep,
Glowing in their warm embrace,
With her ever-changing face—
From the villas in their pride,
On their banks and shelving side
And each peaceful blest retreat,
Fit for musing hermit's seat—

SEMICHORUS.

From the valley's lily Holms,
Where the fairy monarch roams—
From Saint Mary's whence the strain
Wafted o'er your inland main—

[*Music is heard from the island.*]

Naïad, from each sister isle,
Owning your benignant smile—

Each a beauteous rival gem
To adorn your diadem—

CHORUS.

To thee, nymph, we would bequeath
A fair mingled votive wreath!
Here o'er each inland sea of fame,
Where thou, fair nymph, the palm may'st claim—
Here, so transcendent where her realms appear,
We descant on imperial Windermere!

GENIUS.

The Naïad, spirits, well may claim the meed
Your pæan to her beauty hath decreed—
Yet, of those troublous and disastrous times,
So fraught with murder and the foulest crimes
(E'en when, as now, the direst fiend of war
Advances all this beauteous scene to mar),
Behold a picture of the fate, the while,
That threatens the beleaguer'd fair Belle Isle!
Whilst I, brave spirits, with attendant band,
Will, with my utmost succour, be at hand—
And, in so perilous and dark an hour,
Afford her all th' assistance in my power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.

Scene changes to Belle Isle by moonlight, with Holme House represented as a tower: the Naïad enters, attended by the chorus, and sings the following Lament.

NAIAD.

What pity, where in homage he doth bow,
That, Nature, seam'd with such a scar
Of the most horrid war,
The poet must bewail thy lovely brow!
The region, subject to my reign,
Defiled with so foul a stain!
What pity should arise this tower
Where peace should weave her olive bower!

CHORUS.

What pity should arise this tower
Where peace should weave her olive bower!

[*End of the Lament.*]

NAIAD.

No fears can nature of her rest bereave,
As, undisturb'd, upon the battle's eve,
Deck'd with the silvery splendour of her queen,
In solemn majesty night reigns serene:

Then let us not lament, of heart so faint,
My noble spirits, with such vain complaint—
But, rather, summon all our fortitude
To bear the trial on this onset rude,
And in our islet hope that we may see
A more extensive realm's epitome—
And hail, with which some splendid annals shine,
A nation's rise again from its decline—
And, though not quite the fabled one of old,
Something like the Saturnian age of gold
Return, when man can cultivate in peace
And feel the portion of his joys increase—
Can court the town's or seek the country's charms,
And wander where he lists without alarms.
Be not dismayed—although the cloud of fate
Now gathers to burst forth upon our state,
Yet, trust me, there doth reign within our realm
A dauntless spirit that will overwhelm
The foe—that ne'er will bend unto his yoke—
A dauntless spirit whom I now invoke:—

[*Waves her wand.*]

Thou, who can stand unscathed i'th' hope forlorn
And make a castle laugh a siege to scorn!
Thou, at whose presence hope e'er lights her lamp,
What news now, Robin, from the hostile camp?

[*Robin rises to view on the top of the tower.*]

What issue doth your embassy betide?

ROBIN.

Listen, my guardian queen, and then decide—
How, in the dead of night, the hostile shore
I reach'd, without the aid of sail or oar,
In ambush, on the terrace of Bowness,
To hear the chiefs their several thoughts express:—
"How the protector sneers at their delay—
Like *Lukers*, not besiegers, he will say,
They carry on the work, a space the while
To bore a tunnel and blow up the isle—
The treasure there might surely well repay
Their utmost labours on the settling day—
But for the devil or the dragon there,
That guards the fruit, th' attempt they well might dare,
And in such counsel readily agree
To pluck the golden apples from the tree!"

Yet on their leader for a stake so great
They call for the assault, to brave their fate.

NAIAD.

Thanks, zealous Robin, for your embassy,
The which thou hast fulfill'd so faithfully—

[*Robin disappears.*]

For lo! methinks the glimm'ring dawn reveals
The foes flotilla on us as it steals—
Without the sound of trump or noise of drum,
All to your posts repair—the hour is come—
Methinks by favour of our trusty scout
That we shall put the enemy to rout!

[*Exeunt the Naïad and Chorus, when Robin marches out of the tower with his band, halts, and harangues them.*]

ROBIN.

As gallant leaders do not deal in words
When they should handle guns and brandish swords,
With these so do I call on every man
On battle's eve to do the best he can—
When, as the vultures hover round its flood
(Who, reckless, would e'en turn it into blood)

To pounce upon the treasure in this isle,
Here, trust me, soldiers, they will find the while
A very Argus, lynx or watchful hawk,
As keen as they are—and whose craft will balk
And keep the treasure close beneath its clasp
From each fell talon and each griffin grasp!

[*On the conclusion of the conflict, in which Robin with his band repulses the Invaders, the Naïad and Chorus re-enter, whilst the Genius appears with his attendant Spirits, during a brilliant sunrise.*]

SCENE THE THIRD.

GENIUS.

It seems as if the golden orb of day,
As he salutes us with auspicious ray,
Rejoices with his splendour to adorn
The greeting smile of this triumphant morn—
On which your glory, Naïad, to proclaim,
I fain would rear this temple to your fame—
Beneath its dome be thou, fair Naïad, crown'd,
For valour as for beauty so renown'd!

[*At the waving of the wand of the Genius, Holme House is converted into its present appearance, beneath the portico of which a throne is placed, on which the Genius hands the Naïad, when all take their several parts in the following strain.*]

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

GENIUS.

In wolf-skin when he roamed this beauteous wild,
Methinks, the ancient Briton, Nature's child,
Enkindled, must have raised his artless strain,
With the enraptured Roman, Saxon, Dane—
Whose spirits well might mingle in the fray
To hail the triumph of this glorious day!

NAIAD.

In aftertime when all so sweetly smiled,
Till it had soften'd all this beauteous wild,
Methinks, that each enthusiast in the reign
Of happier days must raise his raptured strain—
Whose spirits well may mingle in the fray
To sing the triumph of this glorious day!

GENIUS AND NAIAD.

Then, let your vot'ries, Nature, at our shrine,
Hear how your charming influence benign
Our spirits' favour'd efforts can inspire
(Our spirits all your own instructed quire)
Due tribute to the gallant chief to pay,
Upon the triumph of this glorious day!

SEMICHORUS.

Listen, ye who upraise
Your noble foreheads, giants, to the sky,
In all your glorious, towering majesty,
To this melodious praise!
Say, can your spirits in their farthest caves
(Where each the raving tempest braves)
Fail, so enchanted in their wild retreat,
Along each ridge these numbers to repeat?

SEMICHORUS.

Listen, ye subject train,
O'er Rothay and o'er Brathay who preside
As well as ye o'er Colwith's foaming tide,
To this enraptured strain!

Attentive can ye fail an ear to turn,
As leaning on each lucid urn,
Nor, spirits, as, so charm'd, ye, warbling, flow,
A grateful echo to the strain bestow?

CHORUS.

Here, Naïad, where the lay
Our echoing kindred spirits well repay,
May nature hail your brightening doom
Amid a scene so beauteous and sublime
To flourish still as in its prime,
And, undefaced by art or strife, fair Naïad, bloom!

[*The Genius ascends with his attendant spirits, as the Chorus finish their part of the Carmen, with which the Scene closes, and the Mask concludes—Robin then appears, and thus epiloguizes.*]

EPILOGUE BY ROBIN.

Good audience (whom the cherish'd mem'ry fills
With rapture of our noble lakes and hills—
Whom we may tempt again to leave their home
Through our romantic, beauteous realms to roam),

The contrast we would fain here thus display
When wily Noll did, in his troublous day,
"Set folks" all so "together by the ears
With hard words," hard knocks, "jealousies and fears"—
We call upon each now to thank his star
In waging here no such relentless war,
Except on our choice trout and perch and char!
And, as it doth become not one to speak
Too much of his achievements, ye may seek
In history for all that has been done
By your poor, humble Robert Philipson—
Though folks, intending to be very civil,
Have kindly *Nick*-named him the very *Devil!*

THE FAIRY FÊTE.

THE BANQUET AND THE SONG.

I.

E'er since the worthies on Olympus met,
On nectar and ambrosia all to dine—
E'er since those in renown'd Valhalla set
At table, quaffing hydromel divine—
Whether their palates were for mead or wine,
'Twas wisely fix'd by president or host,
To make to goodly fellowship incline
Their jovial hearts, at such a pleasant cost,
"No Song no Supper" e'er should be the *reigning toast*.

II.

E'er since, in Grecian and in Roman times,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul,
To feudal banquettings with minstrel rhymes,
Their mingled streams in floods of transport roll—
To check th' exciting influence of the bowl,
The wrangling of each boist'rous prating fool,
And with a proper curb each colt control
Who had been left to run so wild at school,
"No Song no Supper" ever was the *golden rule*.

III.

Through the gradations of the festive board
Down to the clubs and meetings of our age,
For talk that such an ample field afford,
When tongues are ready such a war to wage,
Excess of mirth with music to assuage,
(As on contention when debate doth border,
The Speaker, to avert some Member's rage
For mortal strife, throws kindly down his warder)
"No Song no Supper" has been held the *standing order*.

IV.

As here e'en with the humble meed my verse
Would give him, who the harp, restoring, strung,
To "his own native land," I'd fain rehearse
The very soothing numbers that he sung,
Their charm on flame that like a mantle flung,
Or oil upon the wave—and "lest the fray,"*
When loud the table with its wrangling rung,
"Might mar the concord of the" festive "day,"
Call'd in the minstrels in his own enchanting lay.

V.

Nor can the muse or memory, with the theme,
Thy gifted child† fail, Fancy, to recal,
Fired with a kindred spirit who did seem
With the great minstrel, as, "now scorned by all,"‡
He sung how erst "those wakes in courtly hall
"Began" (toward where passion might so brood),
Ere she had felt her most disastrous fall,
"When royal Mary," all "so blithe of mood,"
In happy days "kept holiday at Holyrood."

* Lay of the Last Minstrel. † Ettrick Shepherd.
‡ Queen's Wake.

VI.

Not that, indeed, to quench their rising ire
(Whose hearts such vulture passions ne'er could tear)
My fays such a peace-maker could require—
Nor of the choice fruits which composed their fare
It is within my power to declare—
Sufficient, that my gallant company,
With kindliest feelings, could their banquet share,
Towards each other, with such cordial glee,
To make old Time upon his downy pinions flee.

VII.

As mirth and music through each echoing grove,
At intervals, so sweetly swell and flow—
As hand in hand his loving spirits rove,
With sympathetic joy their bosoms glow,
Wrapt in the charm the magic strains bestow—
There, on such an auspicious summer night,
The potent Fairy wood god wish'd to show
His power—when lo! uprose a doughty wight,
Who chanted forth, with Stentor lungs, his stalwart
might.

VIII.

THE CORK LAD OF KENTMERE.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

PART THE FIRST.

Lo! I the man or shade of him before you who appear,
All so renowned as the gallant Cork Lad of Kentmere,
Lo! I the man, who stood before King Edward and his court,
Where I was summon'd and, indeed, did show there mickle sport:
They brought before me one, who oft had carried off the belt—
We met—we closed—the stripling's waist when scarcely I had felt,
I threw him, but not satisfied as with a wrestler's knack,
So in a second bout, I, sorrowing, say I broke his back.

IX.

They brought me then a bow, which to another I did tie,
And like a reed did snap them both asunder instantly—
I call'd on those, to whom these feats so marvellous did seem,
To go and view in Kentmere Hall where I put up the beam:
When I was question'd by my noble monarch of my name,
I humbly told him that I couldn't at all explain the same,
Nor write, indeed, as e'en a syllable I could not read,
Though haply I had been baptized in the Christian creed.

X.

Some call'd me Herd, some Gilpin, but the Cork Lad of Kentmere
Was chiefly, sire, the appellation of myself I hear—
(Herd was the name my hapless and much-honour'd mother bore
And Gilpin of the sponsor of the faith which I adore).
I answer'd, when my sovereign ask'd what I did live upon,
I had for breakfast milk and pottage, all so thick, whereon
Dry shod a mouse might tread — and ah! most gallantly I set it
To dinner on a wedder's sunny side when I could get it!

XI.

And for my meed as champion of the wrestlers, for each feat,
The house in which I liv'd with my dear mother, and for peat
The paddock that did lay all so commodiously behind,
With wood for fuel in the park as much as I could find—
Which being granted by my liege, with his accustom'd grace,
I need not say how trippingly my steps I did retrace—
The tidings brought to her, to whom such joy it did impart,
And reach'd my much-lov'd home and clasp'd my mother to my heart!

XII.

PART THE SECOND.

My mother, my poor mother, was, indeed, a luckless dame,
In early youth in convent coop'd, nature, to quench thy flame—
And where, no doubt, she was seduced by some wily monk,
In foul hypocrisy and rankest superstition sunk—
Turn'd out, without a friend, on the wide world, heart-broken, poor,
And, till she got some work, obliged to beg from door to door—
Till God, at length, did in my strength supply her with his aid,
Her staff of life nor I do brag in saying that he made.

XIII.

Which was, indeed, in course of time well put unto the test,
As I for her and for myself exerted for the best.
There was a lowly poor estate fell forfeit to the crown,
To which she drew with me, her babe, and where she sat her down—
No let or hind'rance did she meet her entrance to withstand,
But took possession quietly both of the house and land;
Which, from its stream and fry, with which it doth abound, doth claim
The blessings and substantial honours, Troutbeck, of thy name.

XIV.

My parent dear there I supported with my utmost skill,
With fish out of the beck and all the game that I could kill,
And guarded her from foes, whom I brought down with arrows keen,
Whenever lurking at the Rake the ambush'd Scotch were seen—
O, ever in the time of tribulation and distress,
How flocking friends and foes do then a man of strength address!
So did it fare with him from goodly neighbours, far and near,
In any raid or foray, with the Cork Lad of Kentmere.

XV.

And when, at length, this poor estate was granted by command,
The grantee came to take possession of the house and land;
But as, i'faith! I knew no law except of heavy hand,
Th' intruder on his batter'd pate could not its force withstand:
For which to London I was summon'd, where I boldly hied,
Of which the issue ye do know that did my call betide—
Nor need I say how joyfully with my ain mother dear
I lived upon this poor estate, the rich lad of Kentmere!

XVI.

Until, at last, alas! beneath my evil ruling star,
My labours, with my zeal and courage, carried me too far,
Beyond my reach in struggling for their branches and their fruits,
At forty-two I died of tearing trees up by the roots—
What wonder, then, her feeble pow'rs could not resist the blast
That o'er her head, unsheltered, with a fatal fury past?
And that, where so she lived with him for many a happy year,
His mother soon be laid beside the Cork Lad of Kentmere!

XVII.

Then sternly as the spirit stalk'd away
As Ajax' spectre, though in happier mood,
A smile upon its features seem'd to play
Until it faded in the dusky wood—
Whence, in the moonlight, came in sable hood,
In figure and in face so mystic, one,
Who swelling, as a sibyl, as she stood,
And in the veil and vestment of a nun,
Prophetic of its legend thus her lay begun.

XVIII.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

OR,

THE SKULLS OF CALGARTH.

A LEGEND.

With spectres, with goblins, there stands by the lake,
To be haunted, a house, that shall fearfully make
With its sights and its sounds its inmate to shake
Whom conscience doth prick with its goad!
At his crimes each trav'ller with terror to quake
Who visits the awful abode!

XIX.

There two skulls shall be placed, resisting Time's rust,
Though plunged in the lake, though crumbled to dust,
Though blown into atoms, returning they must
Their station as proudly adorn
(Though sightless each socket, though reft of its bust)
With their grin of triumph and scorn!

XX.

In the north or the south, in the east or the west,
At one mile or ten thousand, with dulness opprest,

In every strange land like a comfortless guest,
So sad and reluctant to roam,
These relics a moment will never find rest
Until they return to their home!

XXI.

Though I bear them to China, to Fez and Peru,
Though I compass the globe, no country will do
With them but their own, to which, e'er as true
To the Pole as the needle, they'll steer—
On the wings of the wind or the lightning so blue
Again in their station appear!

XXII.

To the moon, to the sun, to the planets and stars,
Afar from the din of all mortal jars,
By angels though carried aloft in their cars,
Yet the skulls will still yearn to adorn
Their station on earth with their worm-eaten scars,
And their grin of triumph and scorn!

XXIII.

So the skulls of Calgarth with the skulls of Cologne
Of the kings, with their crowns, that still blaze as they shone,
With their jewels arrayed, as each sat on his throne,
In his pomp and his state, royally—
Though bare of all gems each grim brow of bone
In the light of their glory shall vie!

XXIV.

Then, reader, off that figure so demure
Know as the mystic veil and vestment fell—
Off one, so sage, who'll keep (to kill or cure)
Two skeletons, of which the skulls will tell
The art in which the doctress did excel
(From such a source doth superstition spread
Full oft the baleful influence of her spell,
And deeper in the mind her poison shed,
As bolder she uprears her ghastly Gorgon head)—

XXV.

And (further as the vision does inspire)
"The glowworm shows the matin to be near
And 'gins to pale its ineffectual fire,"
As, at the warning shrill of chanticleer,
The fairy tribe must soon all disappear—
The filial feelings of that simple swain,
The bearing of the Cork Lad of Kentmere,
Might well awake their tributary strain,
Ere with another scene they end their dreamful reign.

XXVI.

Before the play when the enchanter came
(So oft invoked), propitious to his aid,
Nor, Merlin, scarcely need the poet name
Thee with thy wand, black garb, and cap array'd,
On British ground as thou hast oft display'd
Thy power, as now, with thy complacent smile—
Upon the stage upon this moonlit glade
As I may well invoke that aid the while,
To close the drama of the fairy lake and isle.

[*Before Merlin retires he waves his wand, at which the Wood opens with a view of the site of the Shire Stones in Langdale, with three Witches appearing within their respective boundaries; in the distance is seen Dungeon Ghyll.*

XXVII.

THE WITCHES OF THE SHIRE STONES.

A LYRICAL SCENE IN LANGDALE.

THREE WITCHES.
HARD KNOT, } SATYRS.
WRY NOSE, }
MERLIN.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.

FIRST WITCH.

In Cumbria I my power can show,
E'er since against the Saxon foe
The Briton gallantly sustained
So long the contest and maintained
His station, in the age so rife
In civil broil and border strife—

In every foray and each raid
My craft and rancour I display'd,
With weapons, that were forged in hell,
Arm'd from the Land Debateable!

XXVIII.

SECOND WITCH.

I in Westmaria, since the lands
Were ravaged by the Pictish bands
(Of which the chieftain when he cleared
The red cross on Stanemoor he reared),
O'er many a hapless moon-struck child
Of woe upon the dreary wild,
As well as those, in monkish hood,
Who in a cave or cloister brood,
By bigotry and witchcraft bound,
Have through the province been renowned!

XXIX.

THIRD WITCH.

I in Lancastria, since its flight
The Roman eagle to thy height,

Caer Werid,* wing'd, with wide-spread fame
The empire of the witch do claim—
But mostly in the mortal jar
Of the intestine raging war,
Like our Queen Hecate, then I reigned,
Then when the rival roses stained,
With all the blood they did bedew
The land, from kindred veins they drew!

XXX.

FIRST WITCH.

I come, arm'd with the charms and spells
From lakes and rivers, glens and fells—
But, chiefly, from thy haunted height,
Blencath'ra (where a beam of light
Ne'er play'd upon its gloomy wave),
Beside thy tarn,† hid in a cave—
There where mine art would make the sun
To sicken at the spell it spun,

* Meaning Lancaster "The town that Agricola found here belonged to the western Brigantes, and in their language was called Caer Werid; i.e., the Green Town."—*West's Guide.*

† The well known Tarn in the mountain, Saddleback, called also Glaramara.—*See Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain,"* Canto I. St 10.

Whence jaundiced envy goads me on
To mar the fête of Oberon!

XXXI.

SECOND WITCH.

I come, arm'd with the charms and spells
From lakes and rivers, glens and fells—
But, chiefly from the haunted grove
Of Grisedale,* where so oft I wove,
Midst grunts and groans, my choicest charms—
My goblins and my ghosts in swarms
To gather and to work my will,
To rob, to worry and to kill,
Whence hell-sprung hatred goads me on
To mar the fête of Oberon!

XXXII.

THIRD WITCH.

I come, arm'd with the charms and spells
From lakes and rivers, glens and fells—

* "Nigh the chapel, towards the west, lies a little hollow or gill, which they call Grisedale. Grise is a common name for swine, and it may well seem to have taken its name from being frequented by wild boars."—*Burns' Westmoreland.*

But, chiefly, from the haunted stream
On which but witch-light sheds its gleam,
Where, in the depth * of Dunald mill,
My incantation I fulfil,
To make the toad and bat to creep,
With fear and trembling, from their sleep,
Whence viper malice goads me on
To mar the fête of Oberon!

XXXIII.

TRIO BY THE WITCHES.

So let us, as, with heart and voice,
We at our several tasks rejoice,
Each vice of which we make a choice,
As envy, hatred, malice goad us on,
Summon our cloven-footed pair,
With horns and elf-locks of goat's hair
Profusely deck'd, with us to share
The joy to mar the fête of Oberon!

* In the addenda to West's Guide, (p. 236), there is a description of this curious cavern.

XXXIV.

[*Enter Hard Knot and Wry Nose.*]

HARD KNOT.

Obedient, potent hags, unto your will,
Each from his haunt upon his towering hill
Descends, with pipe and tabor, dance and glee,
The faithful servants of your ministry—
The joyful echoes as we caught afar,
We thought that you would call on us to mar
Their mirth, the fancies of the crew to foil
And of its fruits the Fairy Fête to spoil,
And so we set our wits to work, to slake
Our spiteful tempers in the merry wake—
And, with each instrument of punishment,
To make each member of the club repent
To their last moments, with their shrieks and squeaks,
All their vagaries and their moon-lit freaks—
So I my lash tipp'd with a scorpion sting

[*Cracks his whip.*]

With crack as loud as pistol shot do bring,
To make my naughty boys to change their song,
And, wincing, feel, beneath my tickling thong,

Upon each smarting hide to be applied,
The hardest Knots that I have ever tied!

XXXV.

WRY NOSE.

Obedient, potent hags, unto your will,
I come to you from off my tow'ring hill,
Where, after a carouse, like bloated swine,
And with my jovial brethren stretch'd supine,
I, through a pipe, though broken, did discourse
Music as eloquent as Langdale Force—
Though the distorted feature may proclaim
Something to my discomfiture and shame,
In my vocation still I'll tempt my fate,
E'en at the peril of a riven pate—
My powers of assault and battery try,
Though they should turn my nose still more awry—
And with this staff of strength (the which the while
With a shillela of the Emerald Isle

[*flourishes his bludgeon.*

May vie, or with that of Alcmena's son),
To the encounter marching on,

With his most richly merited reward
Will serve the Fairy Fête's ill-fated bard,
For all his anxious cares and toils and pains,
Upon his broken heart and batter'd brains!

XXXVI.

[*A horde of Satyrs is seen descending the mountain, with their wonted frantic dancing and gestures, who, joined by the Witches, Hard Knot and Wry Nose, ring out the following*]

CHORUS.

Hear from your lowest depths, ye spirits dire,
Ye fates, ye furies and ye fiends of fire!
And, charged with your utmost hate, arise,
And with your cloud o'ercast the dawning skies—
Thence in a whelming water spout descend—
With bolts the island to its centre rend—
And, in the whirlwind of our vengeance, sweep
It altogether from its odious deep,
As, envy, hatred, malice goad us on
To mar the merry fête of Oberon!

XXXVII.

GRAND FINALE BY THE SAME.

And when we have achieved the glorious feat,
For which we pant with atrabilious heat,
We, from our *literary cabinet*,
We, *critics*, mean to publish a *Gazette*
So extraordinary and so strong,
Loud with the lashes of our scorpion thong,
In rabid ribaldry and silly dogg'rel song!

XXXVIII.

MERLIN.

Tarry awhile, my noble friends,
To know that here the drama ends
Not, with an upshot so sublime
As ye would figure in your rhyme:—
Back to recoil upon yourselves,
I will, ye most malignant elves!
Another issue bring about,
To make you and your revel rout
To rue the hour, in which you laid
Your plot and plied your evil trade—

Your spirits to exhale in spleen
In each review and magazine,
Rural or metropolitan,
To bray its note and breathe its ban—
With cloven foot to rival thine,
Silenus, e'er inflamed with wine,
And with a Midas' length of ear
To scrape each planet in its sphere!
And whilst I, with my charming rod,
Do fix ye three upon the sod,
I chase ye, howling from the hill,
Into the depth of Dungeon Ghyll!

[*Merlin waves his wand, and transforms the Witches into the Shire Stones; he then snatches the whip and the bludgeon out of the hands of the Satyrs, with which he beats, chasing them into Dungeon Ghyll.*]

A VISION

OF THE

VALLEY OF THE LAKES

OF

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK,

AND

LOWES WATER.

PERSONS OF THE VISION.

The Spirit of Solitude.
Pilgrim.
Ariel.

A VISION

OF THE

VALLEY OF THE LAKES

OF

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK, AND LOWES WATER.

* There, where my fancy seems again to climb,
Huge Honister, thy rocky side sublime,
As when to range upon thy crag I came,
And from their heathy cover rouse the game,—
As on thy brow (though with no murd'rous gun)
To hail the glories of the rising sun,
Awe-struck, to thy commanding verge I stray'd,
And the whole valley at thy feet survey'd,
That with its triple Naiads' empire gleams,
Reflecting, as they catch, the solar beams.

I.

And so, in Vision, as it comes again,
Yes, as in Vision, with each glowing hue
(Turning past pleasure into present pain)
As when the prospect could so charm my view
Upon the station where the sketch* I drew,—
On which, though in such different mood, the theme,
In luxury of grief, I must pursue,
With all the raptures vanish'd like a dream,
To ken "Lake after Lake" so beautifully "gleam!"

II.

And though the emblem (which in hues so faint
In vista, Fancy, through that beauteous vale,
Of her anticipated joys would paint,
As when so charm'd the prospect she did hail,—
So fondly cherish) of its promise fail,
Compared with others, yet her station here
Let not unthankful Memory bewail,
With Hope in Her, the Angel, now to steer
My course,—to lift my view up to her Blessed Sphere.

III.

Nor would I, if I had the power, recall
Her Spirit here its state to undergo,
Or break the sleep in which I saw her fall,
To pay the debt to nature that we owe,
For all the joys it would again bestow,—
For her again the chances to endure,
In mortal coil, of such a world of woe,
As, from her course on earth, her spirit pure
Has left the pledge her place in Heaven to secure.

IV.

No, not for all the joys it would bestow,
Would I her spirit from its blissful state
Recall, each chance and change to undergo,
And to repass the awful closed gate,
To meet again the threatening ills of Fate—
No, as it quivers there, Affliction's dart,
With all its pangs, I'd rather bear the weight
Of her bereavement on a riven heart,
In fervent hope to meet again no more to part!

V.

And as the Memory, in her cherish'd grief,
Our chosen haunts must e'er love to retrace,
So, in that hope more strongly the relief
May I experience, in the shortening space
To meet again, blest spirit, by the grace
Of Him, inscrutable to mortal sense,
Of which, I trust, each sorrow to efface
Of his frail creatures, He will so dispense
His mercies, in His bountiful omnipotence.

VI.

So, by the aid of that omnipotence,
Blest spirit, as in vision I survey
Our sojourn from the glorious eminence,—
Our sojourn, on which its auspicious ray
Our guiding planet shed upon our stay,
Which the romantic realm could so beguile—
Which as the musing memory would portray,
Amid a mountain wild it seems, the while,
To kindled Fancy like an oasis to smile.

VII.

Blest spirit! making now that spot so holy!
Thee, Hassness,* all, indeed, such hallowed ground—
There to indulge a sacred melancholy,
The memory seeks thy solitude profound!
There, as the giant guardians that surround
Thee, as a garden midst thine Alps arrayed—
Thy knolls and steeps with varied foliage crowned—
Through which, in vista, down a sloping glade,
As gleams and glooms thy mirror with its light and shade.

* A villa on the banks of Buttermere, the temporary residence of the author, on which Green justly remarks that "it has, in its construction, a considerable portion of elegant fancy; it looks to the foot of the lake."

VIII.

There, heav'nly contemplation, thy delights
(With such keen pangs as now the memory thrills—
The memory of those tranquil days and nights—
His heart,—in the celestial calm that fills
That " awful depth of" silent circling " hills")
As he recalls, his sorrows to assuage,—
The anguish of his bosom as it stills,
His fancy, Ariel, fain would so engage
Thy guidance on his melancholy pilgrimage.

IX.

To where, athwart that cavern as the sun
Then shot one brilliant transitory ray,
Illumining its walls so damp and dun,
Adown which as he glanced, the glorious fay,
His homage, Scale Force, to thy shrine to pay,
(Though it was but the cataract's lighten'd gleam,
Of vapour, in its bright ascending spray,
That mocks the vision), Ariel, thou might'st seem
Half formed or woven of the mist lit by that beam.

X.

As through a thin and fleecy cloud we hail,
Whate'er the orb of Cynthia can display,
A female figure, in her azure veil
Of sparkling vapour wrapt, to the survey,
Did there but half reveal her bright array ;
Which now with such increasing lustre shone,
As on that cat'ract beamed the light of day,—
As sat the maiden with her rainbow zone,
Romantic Solitude, upon her cavern throne.

XI.

Whilst on the Pilgrim's ear so soothing stole
Her tuneful voice, which thus arose to greet,
As well as tranquillize his troubled soul :—
" Know, here, thou who revisit'st my retreat
(Where mingled pain and pensive pleasure sweet
May prompt, indeed, your stay), that I would fain
In all my honours thus resume my seat,
And, in sincerely sympathizing strain,
Haply impart a lesson to allay your pain.

XII.

Behold an emblem in this cat'ract's course,
And to its voice a due attention lend,
These waters, threatening with their swollen force,
Enough the mountain then in twain to rend,
That now so tuneful from their heights descend,
And thence in such mellifluous murmurs flow—
In those, for you to cherish and defend,
With all the blessings left to soothe your woe,
So, in their channel, may your days a charm bestow!"

XIII.

Nor could the Pilgrim fail an anxious ear
To turn to all the Vision seem'd to say,
And, at her counsel, drop a natural tear,
As with her girdle she did fade away,
The iris that illumed the cat'ract's spray:—
Nor, Crummock, tracing thence in memory
Thy land and lake, without a sigh survey
The region erst he travers'd with such glee,
And gazed upon its beauties with such ecstacy.

XIV.

Until those giants on their furrowed sides
(In memory further as he doth survey)
Present the frightful chasm that divides
Them,—of such desolation and dismay
There, in that scene an emblem to portray:
Whence, as a warning, he may meditate
How Providence from being swept away,
In thy miraculous and rescued fate,
From that tremendous torrent saved thee, Bracken-
thwaite!

XV.

So, in his trial, to sustain the shock
He has experienced and its force control,
May Fortitude support him on the rock
Of Faith. Thus, e'er, how o'er his sorrowing soul,
Impetuous, like the Lissa, they may roll,
The rage and ravage of Adversity,
May he resist upon that rock—the goal
To crown his efforts, so triumphantly,
As thou unfold'st, Lows Water, in thy sanctuary!

XVI.

As, like a bird of passage of his mate,
Reft of the tender partner of his flight,
In memory he may love to ruminate
Each region that awakes such lost delight,—
As to his melancholy musing sight
The memory there rekindles every charm,
In all its glowing hues and tints so bright,
Without a cloud his bosom to alarm,
As when the prospect with such sanguine hope could
warm.

XVII.

Beneath that blighted hope—the sudden scowl
Which all at once so overcast his sky,
Undaunted may he hear the tempest howl
And gaze upon it with an eagle's eye,
Around his eyry as the lightnings fly,
Unscared, upon the mountain's quaking crest,—
There, like the bird of Jove, the storm defy,
His young ones, in that hour, more closely prest,
With all a parent's fondness, to his widowed breast.

XVIII.

With such a call upon his heart and mind,
Joined with his passion for sweet poesy
And love for thee, Retirement, he doth find
A charm which he now feels, exceedingly,
Spread o'er his breast with soothing sympathy—
As he would cherish that it may impart
Its balm more deeply, with due piety,
To ease it of the anguish of thy dart
That he endures, Affliction, in his riven heart!

As an appendage to the foregoing poem the author adds the following lines, to which he prefixes this motto :—

> What 'vails to tell how Virtue's purest glow
> Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
> And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know
> That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
> Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop, and wither there!*

MONODY.

From her though with such racking anguish torn,
With whom I hoped to reach the awful bourn,

* Conclusion to the "Lord of the Isles."

The sunbeam, on my path that ever shed
Such lustre, in this darken'd world now fled,—
With agonizing pangs my heart so cleft,
Yet, in her pledges of affection left
Me, can I mourn each ray of solace gone,
And say I'm doomed to travel all alone?
Forgive me, gracious Heaven, in my grief,
That hast vouchsafed my sorrows such relief!
And on my broken heart effused the balm
O'er it to spread a melancholy calm;
And though through life I may expect the swell
I fear no efforts of my soul can quell
(Like that which heaves and sinks the storm-swept
breast
Of ocean ere it can subside to rest),
Yet, if my spirit like the bark can ride
The gulfs in triumph of the settling tide,
I'll strive, howe'er my strength the task may strain,
With resignation to endure my pain:—
As here, now, with an heart-wrung sigh again
(Turning past pleasure into present pain),

Here with the partner of my joys I hail
The beauty, Ullsmere, of thy peaceful vale,—
The scenes recalling, with her at my side,
I travers'd, high as there my sun did ride
And on this lovely lake its lustre shed,
That now hath set for ever on my head!
O (ere I gazed the last time on the sea
With her from solitary Allonby,
Across the Solway, Criffel, where thy height
Cheered with its gilded top in vain my sight,
And where the oft invigorating wave
Failed her fair drooping form from death to save)
To me, once, Ullsmere, with so high a pride
Of thee enamour'd, be not now denied
In thee to hail the emblem of the main,
By which the haven I may hope to gain,
With our dear children, as she deigns to steer
Our course, the Angel, to her blessed sphere!

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE TEMPLAR.

Note I.

Fain would I for awhile, enraptured, dwell
Beneath me where the charming realms appear.
St. iii. p. 164.

At starting I may quote the subjoined passage, and recommend it to the attention of the tourist for the justness of its description: — "Ascending the road from Pooley Bridge to the south, from the brow of the common, you have a grand general view of Ullswater, with all its winding shore, and accompaniments of woods, rocks, mountains, bays, and promontories, to the entrance of Patterdale. To the north-east, you look down on Pooley Bridge; and the winding of the river guides to a beautiful valley, in the midst of which Dalemain is seated, queen of the Vale of Emont. Turning south, proceed by White Raise, a large karn of stones, and near it are the remains of a small circus, ten stones of which are still erect. A

little further on are the vestiges of a larger one, of twenty-two paces by twenty-five. All the stones except the pillar are removed. It stands on the south side of the circus, and the place is called Moor Dovack. Here the Vale of Bampton opens sweetly to the view, ascending to the south, and spreading in variety of dale land and beauty. At the bridge, the road turns to the right, and soon brings you upon Hawes Water."—*West's Guide to the Lakes.*

Note II.

There, boldly shooting tow'rds the adverse shore
The promontory leaves so scant a space
For the fair lake—St. vi. p. 170.

"Hawes Water is three miles long, and generally about half a mile across. A richly-wooded promontory, which from the lower grounds appears to cut the lake in two, shoots boldly towards the opposite shore, and leaves scarcely more than two or three hundred yards in breadth. Measand, with its school, stands near this promontory, on the side of which, in wild impetuosity, rushes Fordingdale Beck, a stream abounding in picturesque Waterfalls."—*Green's Guide.*

Note III.

There as ascending from their deep-sunk bed
Of rock, so foaming where the waters dash,
Beside their richly wooded bank, the Rash.—St. xvi. p. 186.

"Askham church is finely situate on the western bank of the river Lowther. The vicarage, which commands a

charming view, joins the churchyard, and the bridge is a good feature in the scene, either looking up or down the river. The rectory of Lowther is a cheerful object from the churchyard, having on the right a high wooded bank called the Rash."—*Ibid.*

NOTE IV.

O Riggendale!—St. iii. p. 190.

"Riggendale stretches in a craggy descent, with a ridge as sharp as the back of a deserted racer, from High Street down to the bridge between Chapel Hill and Mardale Green. Riggendale probably gave name to Mardale, though it divides the vale of desolation from that of fertility; for between Riggendale and the lake the river passes, in many a sportive curve, through level but well cultivated lands. These flats are succeeded by easy undulations and rocky knolls, over which the native trees are scattered with a bewitching wildness, while others travel high up the rugged steeps towards the summits of the circumjacent mountains." —*Ibid.*

NOTE V.

Shap Abbey.—p. 198.

"The abbey of Shap was transferred from Preston, in Kendale; perhaps for the sake of the situation, which is in a lonely vale on the west side of the river Lowther, about a mile from the church of Shap, well adapted to the purposes of retirement and contemplation. Thomas, son of

Cospatric, by his charter without date, (which was about the year 1119, in the twentieth of Henry I.) gave to God, and St. Mary Magdalene, and the canons of Preston, of the order of Præmonstratenses, a portion of his lands in Preston, in Kendale, to build a mansion for the said canons; to wit, his own demesne park there, and other lands, specifying the respective metes and bounds." — *Burns's Westmoreland.*

Note VI.

Shap, as we roamed upon thy dreary tracts,
Oft did we see the spirits, in their shrouds,
Of those we murder'd, in the flying clouds,
And heard their voices in the cataracts.—St. vi. p. 201.

"Continuing the Shap and Penrith road for about four miles and a half, we turn off to the left and pursue a bye-road to Long Sleddale, which is a long, narrow, and deep vale, inclosed with high ridges of rocky mountains. Soon after our entrance into the valley, we pass a small chapel, where the inhabitants of the dale, issuing from their cottages, assemble to offer up their public devotions to the Almighty. A large brook intersects a strip of meadow ground, which runs along the bottom of this vale. The fields on each side rise in irregular swells, till the rocky declivity of the mountains precludes all cultivation; where brushwood and coppices commence, and often climb almost to the top, sometimes finding support even on the craggy precipices The surrounding mountains continue to ascend

with increasing grandeur. The dale then contracts a little, and towards its head the rocks become eminently conspicuous; one of which, on the right, called Crowbarrow, or Backbarrow, is truly awful. Cascades and cataracts tumble over the precipices in various places, some of them from a very great height; the magnificence of this scene is greatly augmented after falls of rain. A strong wind, in some directions, also produces a curious appearance in these waterfalls, which we were so fortunate to enjoy when we passed through Long Sleddale. As the water begins to pour over the tops of some projecting rocks (upwards of one hundred yards in perpendicular height from the bottom of the vale), it is caught by a strong gust of wind, and violently forced forwards, exactly in the form of smoke, for several minutes together. So much were we deceived, that, after viewing it with great attention, we concluded that, notwithstanding the frightful situation, the smoke must proceed from some fires below, and we were about to make inquiry of a shepherd whom we met, when, again looking to the summit, in a more calm interval, we were surprised to see little torrents of water where the smoke seemed to issue before. In half a minute after, again the water disappeared, and violently ascended into the air in the appearance of smoky vapour." —*Houseman's Descriptive Tour.*

THE HERMIT OF THE ISLE.

Note I.

From Castlerigg each bold invasion quell'd.—St. iv. p. 217.

Although Green doubts of this being the site of the castle of the family of De Derwentwater from his observation, that, "if these paltry stones were those on which their fabric was erected, it could not have been of great importance," yet he adds — "Its situation, however, on the side of a rocky declivity, while receiving the morning and noontide sun, protected it from the northern tempest; and, commanding views of craggy elevations, was fitted by nature as the seat of opulence and power, and, when fortified, as a secure retreat from marauding depredators."

Note II.

Thence, as they launch into their little main,
Nature, responsive, owned the chant divine,
With which, Saint Herbert, they approach'd thy shrine,
Hymning thy glory in their fervent strain.—St. vii. p. 222.

"St. Herbert's Island is famous for being the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who, to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was well adapted for the severity of his religious life. He was surrounded with the lake, from whence he received his diet.

On every hand the voices of waterfalls excited the most solemn strains of meditation — rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, inspiring his mind with the might and majesty of the Creator. Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear to this day, being built of stone with mortar, and formed into two apartments. The outward one, about twenty-two feet long and sixteen broad, has probably been his chapel; the other, of narrower dimensions, his cell. St. Herbert was the bosom friend of St. Cuthbert, who wished and obtained his desire of departing this life on the same day, hour, and minute with that holy man. In the year 1374, at the distance of almost seven centuries, we find this place resorted to in holy services and procession, and the hermit's memory celebrated in religious offices." Mr. Green observes—"In what follows, the feelings of the writer are in consonance with those of Mr. Hutchinson. 'As to our own parts, we should have had much pleasure in viewing this lake on *its great festival*, crowded with devotees, and to have heard the echoes making solemn repeats to the sacred songs by which this holiday was celebrated.'" — *Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.*

Note III.

So sweetly lies ingulph'd a beauteous bay.—St. i. p. 234.

"Derwent Bay," where stands the residence of Lord William Gordon, "from a semicircular sweep on the north-west, runs in two parallel lines, south-east, to two grand and far out-stretching promontories, covered with fine trees.

These promontories assist in forming two other bays, which, though pretty, are inferior in size and beauty to the middle bay . . . In every direction from Derwent Bay the wanderer may find amusement. Should he delight in solemn gloom he may find it; and he may, in cloudless weather, occasionally exchange it for the cheerful beams of sunshine."—*Green's Guide.*

THE FANATIC RECLAIMED.

NOTE I.

Romantic region! &c.—St. i. p. 251.

This stanza alludes to the subjoined tradition, on which the tale of the poem has been founded. "Marks of the plough appear on the tops of many of the hills. Tradition says that, in the reign of King John, the pope cursed all the lower grounds, and thus obliged the inhabitants to make the hills arable; but I rather suspect John himself drove them to this cruel necessity, for, out of resentment of their declining to follow his standards to the borders of Scotland, he cut down their hedges, levelled their ditches, and gave all the cultivated tracts of the north to the beasts of the chase, on his return from his expedition."—*Pennant's Tour.*

NOTE II.

Brabançons.—St. iii. p. 252.

"In middle-age writers, a kind of Netherland soldiery, infamous for rapine, being little better than commissioned

banditti, who hired themselves to fight for any that could pay them best. The word is variously written by the historians of those days; all given them from the country of Brabant, which was the chief nursery of those troops."—Article "*Brabanciones*," in the *Encyclopæd. Brit.*

NOTE III.

As oft was wisely in secluded nooks
Performed the service of the sanctuary.
St. i. p. 266.

"In a hollow, and out of sight of the road, stands, obscurely sequestered, the parish church of Bassenthwaite. In troublesome times (particularly in the time of popery), the churches in these parts (or most of them) were built in the remotest and most obscure part of the parishes: this was done, to the end that their enemies might not so easily find them, as they were often most sought for, being generally the richest prizes, containing the reliques and plate; and at this day, when we have a war with a popish kingdom, our sailors make no objection to landing upon their coasts, and piously visiting a few of their churches."—*Clarke's Survey.*

NOTE IV.

The shrine Saint Bridget's.—St. iv. p. 268.

"The church stands in Upper Bassenthwaite, and is dedicated to St. Bridget. Waldeof, son of Gospatric, gave this church to the abbey of Jedworth. In the tenth year

of King John, Duncan Lascel and Christian, his wife, impleaded Hugh, abbot of Jedworth, for the advowson of the church of Bassenthwaite; and it was adjudged to belong to the abbot, by the gift of Waldeof, son of Gospatric, father of the said Christian."—*Burns's Cumberland.*

THE ABBOT AND THE KNIGHT.

NOTE I.

Sir Michael was a prosperous gentleman.—St. iii. p. 278.

There is a very full account of the Flemings of Rydal (with whom, with poetical licence, the principal person in the poem has been connected) in Burns's Westmoreland, which commences with stating, "There seems to be no doubt that the first of the name who had possessions in England came in with William the Conqueror, out of Flanders; in some writings he was called *Flandrensis*, unto whom William de Meschiens, brother to Ranulph de Meschiens, gave extensive territories in Cumberland." The account adds, "When Stephen, earl of Boulogne (who was afterwards king of England) founded the abbey of Furness, in the year 1127, he granted to the said abbey whatsoever was in Furness, except the land of Michael Fleming. Which grant was confirmed by Pope Eugenius, with the like exception. This Sir Michael was also lord of the manors of Aldingham and of Gleston in Furness, in the county of Lancaster. And as he sometimes also resided at

Gleston, he received from thence the name of Michael de Furness: on the contrary, he gave the name of Mitchelland (or Michael-land) to a great part of Furness, which continues to be so called to this day. In the nineteenth year of King Stephen, he granted Fordebote to the said abbey of Furness, and soon after died, and was buried in the said abbey, wherein most of the nobility and gentry in those parts were interred, as was very usual also in other places, many bequeathing their bodies, together with a legacy, to the religious houses."

NOTE II.

Lever's and Low Water's lofty lakes.—St. xxiii. p. 289.

"A mountain trip, perhaps rarely equalled, is that from the bridge by the Black Bull in Coniston to Lever's Water. The road is steep and angular, bearing in its progress to every point of the compass—it sees in its course at least one pretty waterfall, many picturesque stones, precipitous crags and mountains, one of which is the Old Man: its retrospect is on the fairy grounds of Coniston and the lake, on which, ever and anon, the wayworn traveller will turn about in admiration of the prospect . . . From Lever's Water there is a road, or rather a way, to Low Water, a little lake, just under the top of the Old Man; but this is rugged ground, and should not be undertaken without a guide, and, if he cannot procure one, the walker will show his prudence in descending from the tarn by the way he approached it."—*Green's Guide.*

Note III.

Till, Furness, ent'ring thus thy glen she hails,
Through which her way the beldam to the Abbey takes.
St. xxiii. p. 289.

No less an enthusiast than Mrs. Radcliffe of such scenes thus describes this glen and abbey: "In a close glen, branching from this valley, shrouded by winding banks clumped with old groves of oak and chesnut, we found the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its gothic arches, and the luxuriant yet ancient trees that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn yet delightful emotion. Its romantic gloom and sequestered privacy particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life. The glen is called the 'Vale of Nightshade,' or, more literally, from its ancient title, 'Bekangsgill,' 'the Glen of deadly Nightshade,' that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood."

Note IV.

What time with fire and sword King David came
From Scotland to assert his niece's claim,
The rightful heiress to fair England's sovereignty.
St. iii. p. 292.

"David, king of Scotland, appeared at the head of an army in defence of his niece's title, and, penetrating into

Yorkshire, committed the most barbarous devastations on that country. The fury of his massacres and ravages enraged the northern nobility, who might otherwise have been inclined to join him, and who assembled an army, with which they encamped at North Allerton, and awaited the arrival of the enemy. A great battle was here fought, called the battle of the *Standard*, from a high crucifix, erected by the English on a waggon, and carried along with the army as a military ensign. The king of Scots was defeated, and he himself, as well as his son Henry, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English." — *Hume's Hist. of England.*

NOTE V.

Until the spoiler's Vandal hand defaced
And in the dust its mangled carcase laid.

p. 298.

" Coniston Hall stands on the margin of the lake. It was, till lately, a splendid ruin, and is yet such when seen from the south and west, but the view from the north is frightful, and must affect with mixed feelings of disgust and sorrow every lover of the picturesque. By way of improvement, the projecting wings have been severed from the main body of the building, and without leaving " a wreck behind."—*Green's Guide.*

THE

BRITON, SAXON, AND THE DANE.

NOTE I.

Lo! where, upon the mountain's cloven crest.
St. i. p. 301.

"The summit of Helm Crag is one of the most rugged in the neighbourhood. The Lion is a prodigious stone, and the Lamb, which is near it, is not a small one; but there are two other stones north of the first two, and the pairs bear a striking resemblance to each other. Only one pair can be seen from the south end of the valley. The stones on Helm appear as if they had fallen perpendicularly, for they rest upon each other in every possible direction, forming deep and frightful fissures, and, perhaps, caverns which were never diligently explored . . . Helm Crag and Deer Bields are two of the fortresses of cunning Reynard. Probably Helm Crag is the place alluded to by Mr. Gilpin in the following words: "The depredations of foxes are the only depredations to which the cottagers in these valleys are exposed. Our postillion pointed to a rugged part of the summit of a rocky mountain on the left, which he told us was the great harbour of these animals. Here they bred; from hence they infested the country; and to this inaccessible asylum they retreated in the hour of alarm."— *Green's Guide.*

NOTE II.

Song of the emancipated Saxon.—p. 305.

This song alludes to the following account of the conversion of Edwin, king of Northumbria: "From the south the knowledge of the gospel passed to the most northern of the Saxon nations. Edwin, the powerful king of Northumbria, had asked and obtained the hand of Edilberga, the daughter of Ethelbert; but the zeal of her brother had stipulated that she should enjoy the free exercise of her religion, and had extorted from the impatient suitor a promise that he would impartially examine the credibility of the Christian faith. With these conditions Edwin complied, and alternately consulted the Saxon priests, and Paulinus, a bishop, who had accompanied the queen. Though the arguments of the missionaries were enforced by the entreaties of Edilberga, the king was slow to resolve, and two years were spent in anxious deliberation. At length, attended by Paulinus, he entered the great council of the nation, requested the advice of his faithful Witan, and exposed the reasons which induced him to prefer the Christian to the pagan worship. Coifi, the high priest of Northumbria, was the first to reply. It might have been expected that prejudice and interest would have armed him with arguments against the adoption of a foreign creed; but his attachment to paganism had been weakened by repeated disappointments, and he had learnt to despise the gods who had neglected to reward his services. That the religion

which he had hitherto taught was useless, he attempted to prove from his own misfortunes; and avowed his resolution to listen to the reasons and examine the doctrine of Paulinus. He was followed by an aged thane, whose discourse offers an interesting picture of the simplicity of the age. 'When,' said he, 'O, king, you and your ministers are seated at table in the depth of winter, and the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth in the middle of the hall, a sparrow, perhaps, chased by the wind and snow, enters at one door of the apartment, and escapes by the other. During the moment of its passage it enjoys the warmth; when it is once departed, it is seen no more. Such is the nature of man. During a few years his existence is visible: but what has preceded, or what will follow it, is concealed from the view of mortals. If the new religion offer any information on these important subjects, it must be worthy of our attention.' To these reasons the other members assented. Paulinus was desired to explain the principal articles of the Christian faith; and the king expressed his determination to embrace the doctrine of the missionary. When it was asked who would dare to profane the altars of Woden, Coiffi accepted the dangerous office. Laying aside the emblems of the priestly dignity, he assumed the dress of a warrior, and, despising the prohibitions of the Saxon superstition, mounted the favourite charger of Edwin. By those who were ignorant of his motives, his conduct was attributed to a temporary insanity. But he disregarded their clamours, proceeded to the nearest temple, and, bidding defiance to the gods of his fathers, hurled his spear

into the sacred edifice. It stuck in the opposite wall ;* and to the surprise of the trembling spectators, the heavens were silent, and the sacrilege was unpunished. Insensibly they recovered from their fears, and, encouraged by the exhortations of Coifi, burnt to the ground the temple and the surrounding groves."†—*Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

NOTE III.

The awful spirit of the water spout.—St. vii. p. 310.

Green says of this region " that few districts seem to have been so subject to the numerous consequences of water spouts as the neighbourhoods of Saddleback and Helvellyn. Several have fallen within the last fifteen years. On the 4th of August, 1806, one descended ten miles and a half from Ambleside, which did considerable damage," the ravages of which the author recollects in his first tour to the lakes. The following is Clarke's description of an inundation that took place in 1749 : " In the evening of the 22nd of August, noises were heard in the air, gusts of wind at intervals burst forth with great violence, and were almost instantaneously succeeded by a dead calm. In this country

* This circumstance is not to be found in the latter copies of Bede, but it has been preserved by King Alfred in his version.

† Alcuin has celebrated the fame of Coifi in his poem on the church of York:

O nimium tanti felix audacia facti !
Polluit ante alios quas ipse sacraverat aras.

the inhabitants are accustomed to the bosom-winds and whirlwinds; the howling of the tempest among the rocks and mountains gives them no serious alarm: on this evening the inhabitants went to repose at their usual hour. About one in the morning, a heavy rain began, and, before four o'clock, the whole face of the lower country was covered with water, many feet in depth: several houses were beat down by the torrents, and others filled with sand to the first story. Legberthwaite mill was totally destroyed, and not one stone left upon another; even the mill-stones were washed away — one of them has not yet been discovered, the other was found at some considerable distance. The affrighted inhabitants climbed the roofs of the houses for preservation, and there waited for the subsiding of the waters."

NOTE IV.

Then, ere the ancient wall, that marks that bound, &c.
St. xiv. p. 313.

"This vale of peace (vale of Grasmere) is about four miles in circumference, and guarded at the upper end by Helm Crag, a broken pyramidal mountain, that exhibits an immense mass of antediluvian ruins. After this the road ascends Dunmail Raise, where lie the historical stones that perpetuate the name and the fall of the last king of Cumberland, defeated there by the Saxon monarch, Edmund, who put out the eyes of the two sons of his adversary, and, for his confederating with Leolin, king of Wales, first wasted his kingdom, and then gave it to Malcolm, king of Scots,

who held it in fee of Edmund, A.D. 944 or 945. The stones are a heap that have the appearance of a karn or barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them, which proves their priority of time in that form."—*West's Guide.*

NOTE V.

The Doom of the Kings, &c.—p. 314.

Upon the preceding note and the subjoined extract this prophecy is founded: "Edmund was young when he came to the crown; yet was his reign short, as his death was violent. One day, as he was solemnizing a festival in the county of Glocester, he remarked that Leolf, a notorious robber, whom he had sentenced to banishment, had yet the boldness to enter the hall where he himself dined, and to sit at table with his attendants. Enraged at this insolence, he ordered him to leave the room; but, on his refusing to obey, the king, whose temper, naturally choleric, was inflamed by this additional insult, leaped on himself and seized him by the hair: but the ruffian, pushed to extremity, drew his dagger, and gave Edmund a wound, of which he immediately expired."—*Hume's History of England.*

NOTE VI.

Rydal, by thy murm'ring fall.—St. iii. p. 319.

"The guide conducts the stranger in front of the house to the lower waterfall, under a sunk fence, by a path. On leaving the fence, the path enters a dark and dismal grove

of firs, at the end of which, on the opening of the door of a summer-house, is presented a scene of singular beauty. The house is an excellent protection to the spectator against sun, rain, and cold, while he enjoys the charming little picture it commands, and which bears no characteristic resemblance to any other in the country. The scene depends not principally on the water for its charms, though it is diversified by the streams which pass in elegant associated lines; it is the general assemblage of its component parts, the sobriety of the colouring of the rocks and trees, the solemn stillness which usually prevails, and the refreshing coolness of these shades, which make this sequestered retreat the favourite haunt of meditation in that sultry season when

' Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car.' "

Green's Guide.

THEODORE AND DOROTHEA.

NOTE I.

Saint Bees.—p. 323.

" St. Bees had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her. The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschines, son of Ranulph and brother of Ranulph de Meschines, first earl of Cumberland after the Con-

quest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks, to the abbey of St. Mary of York."—*Burns's Cumberland.*

"The monastery of St. Bees" writes Hutchinson, "is situate in a narrow dell, with low and marshy lands to the east; the west exposed to storm from the Irish channel:" and Green observes, "On the right hand of the road from Whitehaven to St. Bees is that bold promontory, St. Bees Head, which is a mark for mariners entering the channel. This place abounds with sea-fowl and the favourite plant, samphire."

NOTE II.

Ennerdale.—p. 332.

In the Addenda to West's Guide there is the following account of Ennerdale: "In a ride from Keswick to Ennerdale, the mountains, between whose bases an irregular avenue opens for the curious tourist, are more variegated than those in other regions of this little world of wonders. In the course of ten minutes' travelling he will behold the most beautiful verdure climbing to the summit of one, a bushy wood creeping to the top of another, and the most tremendous fragments of rock scowling from the front of a third. The Pillar challenges particular notice.——The mountains which serve to heighten this scene, and enhance its surprise, are Sty Head, Honister Crag, Wastdale, the Pillar, and Red Pike. The Liza waters the base of the latter; and on its margin lies an even, level road, not formed by the hand of man, but presenting to the eye the appearance of a pavement. The delighted tourist will in-

sensibly confine his view (though it is not bounded by any of the lofty objects already mentioned) to the verdant island of Gillerthwaite, whose romantic situation must be *seen* — description cannot furnish an idea of its beauty.—An essayist, in the provincial paper of this country, speaking of this place, says, 'It forms a picture such as the canvas never presented; it embraces a variety so distributed as no pencil can ever imitate. No designer in romance ever allotted such a residence to his fairy inhabitants—I had almost said, no recluse ever wooed religion in such a blessed retirement.' Gillerthwaite is not, however, an island, though almost as much contrasted in the landscape as land with water. It is a patch of enclosed and apparently highly-cultivated ground, on a stony desert of immeasurable extent; for the mountains on each side of it are the most barren in their aspect, and continue that appearance till their heads mix with the horizon. There are two decent farm-houses on the inclosure, and, from the serpentine tract of the valley, no other habitation of man is visible."

KENULF AND CLARE.

NOTE I.

Calder Abbey.—p. 345.

"The parish of St. Bride's, or St. Bridget's, lies on the north side of the river Calder, upon which river stands the abbey within the manor of Calder, so named from the rill

or beck falling down the mountain called Caldfell (from its cold situation) into the dale where the abbey stands, and thence into the Irish sea. This abbey (which was of the Cistertian order) was founded by Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph de Meschines, in the year 1134." — *Burns's Cumberland.*

Hutchinson thus describes its present state: " We approached the remains from the west, and the first appearance of the ruins which catched the eye was singularly striking, the chief object being the tower, supported by four fine clustered columns, seemingly detached from the other parts of the structure. To the south, the winding banks of the river are clothed with brushwood, forming an amphitheatre, though not very extensive, yet remarkably beautiful, the area of which consists of level meads. To the north the eminences are clothed with a spring of young oaks . . . . . In this situation, the solemn ruins seemed to stand mourning in their sacred solitude, concealing woe in the secluded valley, and bending to the adversity of ages, like the image of Melancholy looking down desponding on the tomb of interred honours and wasted ornaments."

NOTE II.

Wastdale.—p. 349.

" Wastdale Head is a narrow but fruitful vale, and, if ridded of its stone walls and more profusely planted, would truly be a pastoral paradise: all its inhabitants are shep-

herds, and live at the feet of the most stupendous mountains . . . On the north of Middle Fell runs Nether Beck, and on the south of Yewbarrow, Over Beck; these rivers and the lake enclose three sides of an extensive plot of cultivated land, called Bowderdale, on which stands a solitary house, owned and inhabited by a family who have possessed it for many generations. The Screes, in one grand succession of aspiring cliffs, bound Wast Water on the eastern side."—*Green's Guide.*

Note III.

The lightning the arrested maiden sees
Playing upon the crumbling crags of Screes.
St. iii. p. 350.

"The cliffs called Eskdale Screes are truly formidable: our correspondent says they are computed to be two miles and a half in extent, and a mile in height; we presume the mile is computed in traversing the slopes in the ascent. He speaks of a phenomenon worthy the attention of the naturalist, and which he thus describes: "Part of the cliffs or scar consists of rotten stone and red gravel, which is continually running down into Wastwater lake with great precipitancy, which, sometimes, when a more than ordinary break or rent happens, causes a prodigious noise, fire and smoke, which in the night-time appears like lightning to the inhabitants of Nether Wastdale, which lies opposite to the Screes, on the north side of the lake."—*Hutchinson's Cumberland.*

NOTE IV.

——————— the siege 'gainst such a host
When forty-eight freebooters could so boast.
St. vi. p. 353.

" Seven desperadoes of the Marches, without any motive that we know of but their natural restlessness and desperate love of plunder and violence, broke into and seized upon the castle of Berwick, killed Sir Robert Boynton, the governor, but dismissed his family, on condition that they should either pay two thousand merks for their ransom, or return again. In consequence of this violence, Piercy of Northumberland, the Lord Warden, made his complaint to the Warden of the Scots Marches, who disclaimed all knowledge of the business, and offered to join his forces to those of Piercy towards redressing it. Upon this Piercy summoned them with all possible expedition, in the name of the king of England, and required an immediate surrender; but so many similar tempers did the neighbourhood furnish, that, notwithstanding the shortness of the time, their numbers were increased to forty-eight, who, refusing to yield either to the king of England or the king of Scotland, declared that they would keep the fortress for the king of France only. They were therefore directly invested by Piercy with seven thousand English archers and three thousand horse under Neville, Lucy, Stafford, and others, against whom they defended the fortress for eight days, with the loss of only two of their comrades; but, on the ninth, after a long and furious assault, an entry was made by storm, and

they were all put to the sword." — *Introduction to Clarke's Survey of the Lakes.*

THE FAIRY FETE.

NOTE I.

Lo! where, amid its fairy ocean's smile
In emblematic miniature portrays
Her realm the glories of the mother isle.—St. i. p. 367.

Gilpin observes of Curwen's Island, or Belle Isle, that "a more sequestered spot cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life, or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make retirement pleasing. The whole island contains about thirty acres. Its form is oblong, its shores irregular, retiring into bays and broken into creeks. The surface, too, is uneven, and a sort of little Appennine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down, in all shapes, into the water. Like its great mother island, the southern part wears a smoother aspect than the northern, which is broken and rocky."

NOTE II.

The trophies blazoned in the roll of Fame,
That through her trump their influence sublime
May hold, in many a brilliant action's name
To the most distant age, in every clime,
Of the renowned achievements of my time!—St. xxiv. p.379.

The author, in support of his "Regatta," refers the

render to the following "Apology," by Professor Wilson, "for the little naval temple on Storrs' Point, Winandermere:"

"Nay! stranger! smile not at this little dome,
Albeit quaint, and with no nice regard
To highest rules of grace and symmetry,
Plaything of art, it venture thus to stand
'Mid the great forms of Nature. Doth it seem
A vain intruder in the quiet heart
Of this majestic lake, that, like an arm
Of ocean, or some Indian river vast,
In beauty floats amid its guardian hills?
Haply it may: yet in this humble tower,
The mimicry of loftier edifice,
There lives a silent spirit, that confers
A lasting charter on its sportive wreath
Of battlements, amid the mountain-calm
To stand as proudly as yon giant rock,
That with its shadow dims the dazzling lake!
Then blame it not: for know 'twas planted here,
In mingled mood of seriousness and mirth,
By one* who meant to Nature's sanctity
No cold, unmeaning outrage . . .
See! in the playfulness of English zeal
Its low walls are emblazoned! there thou read'st
Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and that mightier name
Whom death has made immortal."——

* The late Sir John Legard.

Note III.

The Siege of Belle Isle.—p. 383.

Of the siege of this island, and the extraordinary man who defended it, Nicolson and Burn, in their Antiquities (vol. i. p. 185), give the following account: "This island contains thirty acres of ground, most of it arable, and had an handsome neat house in the middle of it, called Holme House, which, in the civil wars, was besieged by Colonel Briggs for eight or ten days, until the siege of Carlisle being raised, Mr. Huddleston Philipson of Crook, to whom it belonged, hastened from Carlisle, and relieved his brother Robert in Holme House. The next day, being Sunday, Mr. Robert Philipson, with three or four more, rode to Kendal, to take revenge of some of the adverse party there, passed the watch, and rode into the church, up one aisle and down another, in expectation to find one particular person there with whom they were very desirous to have met with (our author, Mr. Machel, who was a royalist, out of delicacy did not choose to name him, as he was then living, but probably it was Colonel Briggs). But not finding him, Robert was unhorsed by the guards in his return, and his girths broken, but his companions relieved him by a desperate charge, and, clapping his saddle on without any girth, he vaulted into the saddle, killed a sentinel, and galloped away, and returned to the island by two o'clock. Upon the occasion of this and other like adventures, he obtained the appellation of Robin the Devil. He was killed at last in the Irish wars, at the battle of Washford."

To the above, Clarke, in his Survey (p. 134), adds the following particulars: "The large island on Winandermere Lake belonged to Robin's brother, Huddleston Philipson, who, being at the siege of Carlisle, left the care of the family treasure to Robin; this he kept in the strong house upon the island, which was on that account besieged by Colonel Briggs, one of Cromwell's commanders."

NOTE IV.

The Cork Lad of Kentmere.—p. 401.

The author presents the following detail, not only in elucidation of his Ballad, but as a curious piece of history: "There lived at this Troutbeck a man of amazing strength, whose name was Gilpin, commonly called the Cork Lad of Kentmere: I cannot tell much more about him than what I picked out of the church register and some memoirs of one William Birket of Troutbeck. He lived in the time of Edward VI.; his mother was a poor woman (some say a nun), and begged from house to house to support herself and son, and drew to a house upon an estate called Troutbeck Park, which had been forfeited to the crown, and of so little value that no notice was taken of it for some time. At last being granted, the grantee went to take possession, but was prevented by this Cork Lad, who was then just come to man's estate, quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength. He was thereupon sent for to London, and by fair speeches and wiles got thither. During his stay, the king held a day, as he did many, for gymnastic amuse-

ments. This Cork Lad observed the several combatants, but particularly the wrestlers; at last he mounted the stage (in his undyed dress, which his mother had spun him), and threw the champion with ease, and did other feats; so that the king sent for him, and asked his name, where he came from, &c. He told the king that himself could neither write nor read, therefore could not well tell his own name. 'But folk commonly,' says he, 'call me *the Cork Lad a Kentmere*,' (which name he undoubtedly received from his *corcousness*, or corpulency). The king asked him what he lived upon? He said, '*Thick pottage and milk that a mouse might walk upon dryshod, to his breakfast, and the sunny side of a wedder to his dinner, when he could get it.*' With many other such like questions and answers.

"At last the king, wanting to reward him as champion of the wrestlers, asked him if he had want of any particular thing and he should have it: all he asked for was the house he and his mother lived in, the paddock behind it, to get peat for fuel, and liberty to cut wood for the fire in Troutbeck Park. These were immediately granted him, as the whole estate would have been, if he had asked it, being at that time not worth more than five pounds a year, besides the wood: no one, however, attempted to interfere with him in the enjoyment of the whole, which was not long; for tradition tells us that he killed himself at the age of forty-two with pulling up trees by the roots. He was never married, and the estate was granted by Charles I. to Huddleston Philipson of Cawgarth. He was reputed to be a natural child, and his mother, (according to one of my

authors) a nun, turned out of Furness Abbey for being with child of him; he is by some called Gilpin, by others Herd.

"There is a beam in the house at Kentmere Hall, said to be laid up by him. I wrote to a Mr. Birket of Kentmere to see if he could find any date upon it, who wrote me the following letter:—'Sir, I received your letter, and have taken the dimensions of the beam at Kentmere Hall, which is thirty feet in length, and thirteen inches by twelve and a half in length; but there is no inscription upon it, as you mentioned in your letter; but I shall inform you what has been given by tradition, (and I had it from a man that was one hundred and four years old when he died). When the Hall was building, and the workmen gone to dinner, this man, whose name was Herd, happened to be there, and while they were at dinner laid it up himself. He lived at Troutbeck Park, in a cottage house there, and was remarkable for his strength. At that time the Scots frequently made incursions into England; he with his bow and arrows killed them in coming off the mountains, at a place which still retains the name of Scot Rake, which is about a mile distant from where he lived. One of the kings of England, hearing of him, sent for him to London, and got him a bow made, which he said was no bow for a man; they then made him another; he tied them together and broke them. At that time there was a man, the most capital wrestler in the kingdom, whom he was to wrestle with; the first fall was not satisfactory to the man; they took hold again, and Herd broke his back, threw him off the stage, and asked if that was a fair fall. The king asked what he would have

for his journey; he only asked for the little place where he lived, and it still retains the name of Herd's House. This is the best information I can give, and what has always been common report. I am, sir, &c, Matt. Birket. Kentmere, the 1st of March, 1786. P. S. I think the man's name was Hugh Herd.'

"It may seem strange that the name of so remarkable a man should be so ill ascertained: this paradox may partly be solved, if we recollect *that he did not know his own name*, and that perhaps the clergyman of the parish might, previous to his death, give him baptism, least that sacrament should, in the rude manner of his early education, have been neglected. Gilpin is a common name in this country, and might probably be the name of his sponsor."—*Clarke's Survey*

Note V.

The Haunted House, or the Skulls of Calgarth.—p. 406.

This legend is founded on the following note in West's Guide (p. 61):—"The old mansion here (Calgarth Park) is built much in the style of Levens and Sizergh. Some of the rooms have been elegantly finished, but, having been a long time in the possession of farmers, who occupy but a part of it, it is much gone out of repair, and has on the whole a melancholy appearance. This circumstance, in concurrence with the superstitious notions which have been common in country places, and the particulars mentioned below, have probably given rise to a report, which has long

prevailed, that the house is haunted. And many are the stories of frightful visions and mischievous deeds which the goblins of the place are said to have performed to terrify and distress the harmless neighbourhood. These fables are not yet entirely disbelieved. Spectres still are seen, and there are two human sculls, which have lain in the window of a large room as long as can be remembered, whose history and reputed properties are too singular not to contribute something to this story of *the haunted house*, and to let them pass over in this note.

"It has been a popular tale in these parts, of immemorial standing, that these sculls formerly belonged to two poor old people, who were unjustly executed for a robbery; that, to perpetuate their innocence, some ghost brought them there, and that they are for that end *indestructible*, and, in effect, *immoveable*. For, it was said to what place soever they were taken, or however used, they were still presently seen in their old dormitory, the window. As the report goes, they have been buried, burnt, powdered, and dispersed in the wind and upon the lake, several times to no purpose, as to their removal or destruction. So far says common fame. Certain it is, human remains still exist. And it would be thought an impeachment of the taste and curiosity of the nymphs and swains of the neighbouring villages, if they could not say they had *once* seen the sculls of Calgarth.

"As a more *rational* account of the matter (though still lame and unsatisfactory), it is told by some, that there formerly lived in the house a famous doctress, who had two skeletons by her, for the usual purposes of her profession;

and the sculls happening to meet with better preservation than the rest of the bones, they were accidentally honoured with singular notice. But, be their origin what it may, their legend is too whimsical and improbable to deserve being recorded, otherwise than as an instance of the never-failing credulity of ignorance and superstition."

NOTE VI.

The Witches of the Shire Stones.—p. 410.

"In Langdale are two high hills, in the road from Cumberland to Grasmire, called Hardknot and Wrynose, the latter being so denominated from its crookedness. Upon the latter of which mountains are placed the *shire stones*, being three little stones near the highway, about a foot high, and a foot from each other, set in a triangle, where the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancaster, do all meet together in a point, each of the said stones being in one of the three counties aforesaid." — *Burns' Westmoreland.*

NOTE VII.

I in Westmaria, since the lands
Were ravaged by the Pictish bands, &c.—p. 411.

"Westmorland, *Westmoreland*, or, as it is anciently written, *Westmerland*, hath its name, according to common acceptation, from its being a western moorish country. The learned Archbishop Usher, in his Antiquities of the British Churches (page 303), quotes several authors as deriving it from Marius, a king of the Britons, who in the first or second century defeated Roderic or Rochinger.

a Pictish general from Scythia, upon the mountain now called Stanemore; in memory whereof (he says), Reicrois, or Rereerosse (a red or royal cross) was erected; and from him that part of the kingdom was called *Westmerland;* the Latin termination is Westmaria, sometimes Westmeria."—*Ibid.*

THE VISION OF THE VALLEY OF THE LAKES.

NOTE I.

Scale Force.—St. ix p. 427.

"Scale Force is sixty yards high. Mr. Crosthwaite says, 'It falls one hundred and fifty-two feet within six degrees of perpendicular;' but above this there are several little falls. After many dry days, Scale Force suggests the idea of a white riband stretched upon a piece of black velvet. In such a season, a visit through the awful chasm (one hundred yards in length), towards the foot of the fall, will not only please the eye, but the ear; for, while the one is enchanted with the spectacle, the other, with the responses produced by it, is charmed with a 'concord of sweet sounds,' altogether 'most musical, most melancholy.' The walls of this extraordinary excavation are, in places, perpendicular, and in others, overhanging. Dun, and gloomy, they serve as foils to the most lively and verdant ferns, grass, and mosses, and to the trees, which, growing from their chinks, and putting forth their branches, do but dimly

show daylight through the pendent foliage. There is a lower fall, which, succeeding certain quantities of rain, is very beautiful; but, for that beauty, more is required than in aid of the mellifluous warblings of the upper fall. But, covering the rocks to the desired extent, it is wonderfully aided by the upper fall, which, involved in gloom, and consequently lowered in tone, is not only a fine apex, but an elegant contrast to the spreading waters and the sparkling lustre of the lower fall After much rain, the waters swell out of a pleasing littleness into a sublime breadth; then they are hurried through the narrow channel with an impetuosity seemingly sufficient to rend in twain the mountain."—*Green's Guide.*

Note II.

From that tremendous torrent saved thee, Brackenthwaite!
St. xiv. p. 430.

"Grasmire and Whiteside," observes Green, "are separated by a frightful chasm, which, fifty years ago, was the channel of a tremendous waterspout . . . Mr. Gilpin's description of this desolating waterspout will be read with interest, as combining great accuracy with language of uncommon elegance: 'On the ninth of September, 1760, about midnight, the waterspout fell upon Grasmire, nearly, as was conjectured, where the three little streams just mentioned issue from their fountains. At first it swept the whole side of the mountain, and, charging itself with all the rubbish it found there, made its way into the vale, following

chiefly the direction of the Lissa. At the foot of the mountain, it was received by a piece of arable ground, on which its violence first broke. Here, it tore away trees, soil, and gravel, and laid all bare, many feet in depth, to the naked rock. Over the next ten acres it seems to have made an immense roll, covering them with so vast a bed of stones, that no human art can ever again restore the soil. When we saw the place, though twelve years after the event, many marks remained, still flagrant, of this scene of ruin. We saw the natural bed of the Lissa, a mere contracted rivulet, and on its banks the vestiges of a stony channel, spreading far and wide, almost enough to contain the waters of the Rhine or Danube. It was computed, from the floodmarks, that, in many parts, the stream must have been five or six yards deep, and near a hundred broad; and if its great velocity be added to the weight of water, its force will be found equal almost to any effect. On the banks of this stony channel we saw a few scattered houses, a part of the village of Brackenthwaite, which had a wonderful escape. They stood at the bottom of Grasmire, rather on a rising ground, and the current, taking its first direction towards them, would have undermined them in a few moments (for the soil was instantly laid bare), had not a projection of native rock, the interior stratum, on which the houses had, unknowingly, been founded, resisted the current and given it a new direction. Unless this had intervened, it is probable these houses and all the inhabitants of them (so instantaneous was the ruin), had been swept away together.'"

Note III.

Lows Water, in thy sanctuary.—St. xv. p. 430.

"This lake is beautified with three small isles: one of rock lies just before you. The whole eastern shore is diversified with bays, the banks with scattered trees and a few inclosures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of the lake a high-crowned hill pushes forward, fringed with trees, and sweetly laid out with inclosures; and above it, on a cultivated slope, is the chapel of Lows Water, surrounded with scattered farms."—*West's Guide.*

THE END.

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